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SECRET

MEMOIRS

AND

MANNERS

Of ſeveral

PERSONS of QUALITY

of Both SEXES.

FROM THE

New *ATALANTIS*,

AN

Iſland in the *Mediterranean.*

In Four Volumes.

VOL. III.

The Sixth Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for *John Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall.* 1720.

W. Musgrave.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO

Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſq;

SIR,

AS a Dedication ſeems of neceſſity towards the Ornament of a Work of this Kind, I could not heſitate upon my Choice, becauſe Experience (and the Example of the *Indians*, who, in the Worſhip of their *Demons*, conſult only Fear, which in ſome Caſes ſeems to be our ſtrongeſt Paſſion) has taught me to endeavour to ſecure any one that may henceforward prove my Heroe, from the well-bred further Reflections of ſo polite a Pen as yours. Tho' your Worſhip, in the TATLER of *November* the Tenth, has been pleaſed to call a *Patron the Filthieſt Creature in the Street*, &c. yet I cannot but obſerve, in innumerable Inſtances, that you are ſo delighted with ſuch Addreſſes, as even to make them to your

ſelf: I hope therefore, a corroborating Evidence of your Perfections, may not be unacceptable.

I have learnt from your Worſhip's Lucubrations, to have all the Moral Vertues in Eſteem; and therefore take this Opportunity of doing Juſtice, and asking a certain worthy Gentleman, one Capt. *S—l*, Pardon, for ever miſtaking him for your Worſhip; for if I perſevere in that Accuſation, I muſt believe him not in earneſt, when he makes the following Aſſurances in a Letter, which according to your Example, Sir, who ſeem prodigiouſly fond of ſuch Inſertions, I venture to tranſcribe *verbatim*.

To Mrs. *M——y*.

MADAM,

'I Have receiv'd a Letter from you, 'wherein you tax me, as if I were 'Bickerſtaff, with falling upon you as 'Author of the *Atalantis*, and the Per'ſon who honour'd me with a Chara'cter in that Celebrated Piece. I ſo'lemnly aſſure you, you wrong me in 'this, as much as you know you do in 'all elſe you have been pleaſed to ſay

'of

'of me. I had the greateſt Senſe imaginable of the kind Notice you gave me when I was going on to my Ruin, and am ſo far from retaining an Inclination to revenge the Inhumanity with which you have treated Me, that I give my ſelf a Satisfaction in that you have cancelled, with Injuries, a Friendſhip I ſhould never have been able to return.

'This will convince you how little I am an *Ingrate*; for I believe you will allow no one that is ſo mean as to be forgetful of Services, ever fails in returning Injuries.

'As for the Verſes you quote of mine, they are ſtill my Opinion, *i. e.*

'*Againſt a Woman's Wit, 'tis full as low,*
'*Your Malice, as your Bravery to ſhow.*

'and your Sex, as well as your Quality of a Gentlewoman (a Juſtice you would not do my Birth and Education) ſhall always preſerve you againſt the Pen of your provok'd

Sept. 6. 1709. *Moſt humble Servant,*
R——d S——le.

Soon after, two moſt mighty *Tatlers* came out, levell'd directly at humble Me; but That I could have forgiven, had they not aim'd to aſperſe one *too great to name.* Vain! ridiculous Endeavour! as well the Sun may be cover'd with a Hand, as ſuch Merit ſullied by the Attempts of the moſt malicious, moſt witty Pen.

Since Mr. *S——le*'s reconcil'd Friendſhip (promiſed after my Application to him when under State-Confinement) could never be guilty of ſo barbarous a Breach, ſince he could not commit the Treacherouſeſt! the baſeſt! the moſt Abject thing upon Earth! ſo contrary to his Aſſurances! It muſt be you, Sir, to whom my Thanks are due; making me a Perſon of ſuch Conſideration, as to be worthy your important War. A weak, unlearn'd Woman's Writings, to employ ſo great a Pen! Heavens! how valuable am I? How fond of that *Immortality*, even of *Infamy*, that you have promiſed! I am raviſhed at the Thoughts of *living a thouſand Years hence* in your indelible Lines, tho' to *give Offence.* He that burnt the Temple of *Diana* was ambitious after much ſuch a Sort

Sort of Fame as what your Worſhip ſeems to have in ſtore for me! Nay, (juſt tho' you are) you even ſtrain a Point to oblige me; as to the Fate of my *Atalantis*, calling that *preſent State Oblivion*, which was more powerful *Suppreſſion*. I doubt your Worſhip muſt be forced to make many as bold Attempts, elſe in my frail Woman's Life there will be little of Heroick Ills worth recording: Nor would I for the World, by (as your Worſhip ſeems to fear) *feign'd Names, or none at all*, put you to your Criticiſms upon *the Style of all your Contemporaries*, though to give you an Opportunity to ſhow your profound Judgment. No, Sir, I will not hazard loſing my Title to ſo promiſing a Favour: Draw what Lengths you pleaſe; I ſhall be proud of furniſhing Matter towards your inexhauſtible *Tatler*, and of being a perpetual Monument of Mr. *Bickerſtaff*'s Gallantry and Morality.

As to the following Work (for which I humbly implore your Worſhip's Allſufficient Protection) I refer you to it ſelf and the Preface: But could I have found you in your *Sheer-Lane*, in which

Attempt I have wander'd many Hours in vain, I ſhould have ſubmitted it, with that Humility due, to ſo Omnipotent a Cenſor. Receive then, Sir, with your uſual Goodneſs, with the ſame Intent with which it is directed, this Addreſs of,

SIR,

Your moſt Oblig'd

Moſt humble Servant,

D. M.

THE PREFACE.

THESE *following* Memoirs *were found by me in my Father's Library, and much valued by him for the Merit of the Author, and the Scarcity of the Book: He had met with it ſomewhere abroad. in his Exile for the Royal Cauſe, having been obliged by his Articles, at the Rendition of* Colcheſter, *to depart the Kingdom. The* French *is ſo obſolete, that I have beſtowed much Pains and Application in the Work. The* Preface *tells us,* 'Twas wrote originally in *Latin* by *Eginardus*, Secretary and Favourite to *Charles the Great*, King of the *Franks*, *who wrote that Emperor's Life, and the Hiſtory of thoſe Times, from whence he was called by* Valafrid Strabo, Eginard the Great.

They were deſigned for Charles's *particular Entertainment, and to inſtruct him in the Merits and Capacity of his Contemporaries, as well Miniſters as Princes: The Secretary and Favourite, having been Ambaſſador at* Rome *and* Conſtantinople, *ſeems to expatiate upon the* Fineſs *and* Defects *of thoſe Courts, (more particularly of* Irene's *the Empreſs, who was once in Treaty to have marry'd his Maſter, ſo to have join'd the* Eaſt *and* Weſt, *making it worthy the Name of Empire) as afterwards with equal Succeſs upon his own.* Charlemagne, *to witneſs the Eſteem he had for the Piece, depoſited a Copy of it in the Univerſity which he had founded at* Pavia, *whence* Francis the Firſt *(equally an Admirer and Incourager of Learning) brought it again into* France, *in the Year* 1535, *order'd it to be done in their own Language, printed and dedicated with much Applauſe to himſelf.*

Paulus Diaconus, *Secretary and Hiſtoriographer to* Deſiderius *King of the* Lombards, Baron. Annal. Theophanes, Caſſiodorus, *and* Zonoras (*who wrote the Hiſtory of that Century in the Reign of* Alexius Comnenus, *A. D.* 1118.)

agree

agree with Eginardus *in moſt Points: They are meer Hiſtorians relating bare Matter of Fact; whereas by way of Narrative, Characters, and Memoirs, he takes in and refines upon whatever occurr'd of particular Importance and Deſign, in the Age wherein he flouriſh'd. The* Sarmatæ *were a People ſo diſtant, that ſcarce any Author has ſhown us ſo early and ſo clear a Proſpect of their Country and Intereſts, as* Eginardus: *The ſucceeding Volume giving a full Account of the Wars between* Theodorick, Genſericus, *and* Beraldus, *'till after the Death of this latter, and the Election of* Leſcus II. *who was killed in Battle againſt* Charles the Great.

Mr. Echard's *Continuators ſpeak of Eaſie* Conſtantine's *Reign, much to the ſame Purpoſe as* Eginardus; *they indeed differ as to* Plato, *calling him only the Monk, not Patriarch, though agreeing as to his Perſecution, and that his ſacred Perſon was impriſon'd, and the reſt of the Monks baniſhed for their Excommunicating* (Irene's *Patriarch)* Tharaſius, *who had married the Emperor to* Theodecta, Mary *his Wife, (whom they had confin'd to a Monaſtery) being ſtill living.*

As

As to Irene, *though the Champions of the Papacy extol her blind Zeal for Image-Worſhip, yet the reſt of the Writers concur, That ſhe was an Adultereſs, a cruel, cunning, avaritious Woman, who would ſtick at no Villanies that could promote her Deſign; an arrogant, haughty, and ambitious Princeſs, whom neither the Tongue of Men or Angels could excuſe for her unnatural Barbarity to her Son; yet have the* Papiſts *prophanely preſumed to vindicate it by Texts of Scripture. The enſuing Work compleats the Cataſtrophe: This leaves, where (with the unanimous Conſent of all Hiſtorians) the Legions and Empire roſe againſt her, humbly adviſing and petitioning* Cæſar, *That he would diſmiſs her and her Adherents, take the Adminiſtration of Affairs upon himſelf, and be pleas'd to reign alone.*

OF

OF all thoſe numerous Hiſtories which in all Ages have been wrote, how few, very few, have remain'd with Applauſe to Poſterity? Incapacity, Partiality, Hopes and Fears, mingling with the Ink, cauſe their Work to retain eminently of the Compoſition. How ſmall a Number (comparatively) ſurvive their Authors? How many more (like Muſhromes of a Night, or Abortives under the Mother-Pangs) have left their unhappy Parent the Mortification of ſeeing them expire, as ſoon as they began to be?

Who ever voluntarily becomes an Author, and at the ſame time cries out Indulgence from his Reader, in that he finds he has choſen too elevated a Subject for his humble Pen, writes Idiot on his own Forehead. Tho' doubtleſs, a Perſon may believe too well of himſelf, yet I am bold to advance, that if he owns an Incapacity for his Theme, the World will be complaiſant, and come early into his Opinion: But for ſuch that barely attempt, without Preſumption or Deſpondence; who tremble neither with too forward Deſires, nor abject Fears; who think no Place lovely, which Truth and Glory do not adorn, nor wou'd climb the

the Hill of higheſt Favour without their Support; let us with a chearful Boldneſs looſe the Reins, in View of attaining the Latter, as the Reward of our Endeavours, and impartially entertain our Readers with the Former.

Our Deſign is to treat of rough *Bellona*'s formidable Charms; *Mars* dreadfully gay, adorned with the Spoils of Conqueſt, and covered with the Effuſion of human Blood: But to take in and compleat our Circle with the lovely Sex, to attempt their Heart, Eyes, and Attention by ſomething leſs dreadful, tho' not leſs fatal than the native Horrors of the Warrior God; we ſhall not forbear to introduce the Queen of Love, her bitter Sweets, her Hours of Pain and Joy: With the fantaſtick Sway of this ſtill changing Goddeſs, who in her various Diſpenſations, unequal Movements, Prodigality and Penury of Favours, fatal Frowns, and her more fatal Smiles, proves as unconſtant to her Votaries, as that fickle Deity, Fortune, yet unto whom there are more Knees and Vows addreſſed, than to the whole cœleſtial Hierarchy beſides.

About the Declenſion of the eighth Century, *Conſtantine* the Vth, a weak manageable Prince, reſted upon the eaſtern Throne, with a Spirit unequal to the noble Task of Empire: Not ſo the mighty *Charles*, his Contemporary, call'd the Great, King of the *Franks*; who, by his own Conduct, rais'd his Nation to a Summet of Glory, which for

for a while, blinded the Eyes of the unwary Gazer. At the ſame time, young *Theodorick*, King of the *Vandals*, made ſuch an Irruption of Brightneſs by his Actions, as dazled and amaz'd the North; the North! that trembled both with Terror and Admiration, and no longer doubted thoſe Performances of Old, recited by the Poets, which they had ſometime (but now no more) thought fabulous; becauſe whatever they had hear'd, they found ſurpaſs'd by *Theodorick*. And, as if it were an Age fruitful of Prodigies, and conſummate in Heroes, it produc'd One (but Time ſhall never produce Another) in whom all the Graces and Vertues were advantagiouſly mingled. It was *Horatio*, nam'd *Immortal* from his ſtupendous Conqueſts in *Iberia*. But as if Fortune had a Mind to mingle her ſelf in all Things done below, and to put it to the Teſt, whether he could be every way a Heroe, and if that noble Ardor of Soul, ſo conſpicuous in Proſperity, would not forſake him, or at leaſt degenerate in Adverſity; ſhe caus'd the Spirit of Emulation, or rather Envy, to ſeize upon thoſe who had diſmiſs'd him to *Iberia*, there to gather unnumbered Laurels, tho' from their Scheme of Affairs, they had had a Proſpect of nothing but Therns: But *Horatio*'s Valour and inimitable Conduct, cauſing Things to ſucceed beyond human Expectation, the Empire was highly advantag'd by him; yet he was recall'd, tho' he went on conquering

and

and amazing, performing Actions, which it was neceſſary to behold before one could believe, and in the midſt of ſtupendous Matter of Triumph, made to reſign; which he did, and with a Grace inſeparable from him, reſign his handful of Conquerors (for no larger was that miraculous Army with which he had regain'd Kingdoms) to another General, an upſtart *Perſian*, a Foreigner, whoſe utmoſt Glory it was to appear but as a Foil to *Horatio* in all Things.

His Perſon was of the talleſt Make, you read a Prince in hs Aſpect, lofty by the Animation of noble Sentiments, yet in which there was not the leaſt Ingredient or Appearance of Pride; his Eyes were as difficult to gaze upon as define, a Luſtre, a Brightneſs participating of the Sun that dazled and delighted: Whoever beheld him, could not but ask themſelves, What muſt be the inexhauſtible Store of Spirits and Lights within, which ſo profuſely darted themſelves thro' thoſe Caſements of the Mind, and taught 'em to expect prodigious Vivacity from his Converſation, which his Converſation never fail'd of anſwering? All the Lineaments of his Face were noble, capable of uniting thoſe two Contraries, Love and Reverence, for he had the Art of inſpiring both. How, without a Murmur, did *Horatio* depart from the Station whereto his Valour and Management had rais'd him? Depart! free from any other Regret, than leaving thoſe few Companions of his Victo-

ries,

ries, deſtitute of the Recompence he had deſign'd them, and which the End of the War, and his accumulated Conqueſts, would have put in his Power to beſtow; far from that gloomy Diſcontent which ariſes from Self-love, he preſented the Batoon with a generous Chearfulneſs, and modeſt Requeſt of being ſtill permitted to ſerve in Quality of Volunteer, ſince (as he ſaid) the Experience he had gain'd, might poſſibly make him uſeful to his Prince: And when it was thought beyond Precedent, and not convenient to grant, he withdrew with a ſolemn Grace, and Tenderneſs of Sentiments which aroſe from his general Humanity and particular Love of that little Army he was made to forſake: But with them it could not be ſo calm! Their Grief was tumultuous and extream! not a Soldier, but under his auſpicious Eagles, was become many times a Conqueror; he had exchang'd his own Property, his very menial Neceſſaries for Bread to ſupport them: They would more willingly have dy'd at his Command, than have liv'd to be ſeparated from him! Their condoling each other! Their Repinings! Their mutual Fears, beſpoke the Adoration they had for him! Their Grief and Murmurs roſe ſo high, that they wanted but the ſmalleſt Encouragement from *Horatio* to make them criminal, ſince but for him they would have diſputed the Emperor's Commands, and ſacrificed their new General, to have ſtill preſerved *Horatio*. His heroick

roick Tenderneſs made him but ill endure thoſe Proofs of the Soldiers Affection. Since he could not but find it barbarous to puniſh the amiable Sin of Love in an Army that idoliz'd him; and it being againſt his Duty to his Prince to permit the Marks they continually gave him of it; he haſted to retire. And as if Fortune would every where aſſault him, finding him Proof againſt Self-Love, Self-Intereſt, Ambition, and Falſe-Glory, (by diſobeying he could not reap the True) ſhe ſet upon him from within; he was attack'd, in his Retreat, in the only Place where Nature had made him acceſſible, his Love, his Tenderneſs for his adored *Ximena!* The Loſs of his Lawrels, the Recompenſe of his Toils raviſhed from him, were but little compared with the Loſs of her; he heard ſhe was no more! Miraculouſly heard that ſhe was dead, without dying with the News! *Ximena!* whom his Soul was fond of, a lovely, faithful Wife, whoſe Beauty, Tenderneſs, and good Senſe, made him place the Reward of his brighteſt Actions in her Endearments, Approbation, and Applauſe. When once relieved from the Fatigue of Conqueſt, he travel'd with Joy towards the Sea, with a Deſign to embark for *Conſtantinople*, becauſe in *Ximena*'s Arms he could not but be happy; but alas! the News of her Death reach'd him even whilſt he was redoubling his eager Steps to embrace her; ſo that having given way to the firſt Irruptions of Woe (which are not in the Power of

of Reaſon to reſtrain) he found a ſettled Calm of Grief ſucceed the firſt Guſts of Sorrow, and which had the Air of working more ſure and fatally than the moſt violent Efforts of Paſſion. He grew in Love with that melancholy Habit which taught him to forſake Mankind, and to retire into himſelf, there perpetually to entertain the Idea of his adored *Ximena*, which his Imagination had ſo faithfully treaſured up. To indulge that deſtructive Poiſon to his Conſtitution, he reſolved to wander about the World, in Contemplation of *Ximena*; and ſince the whole Earth was but a larger Wilderneſs to him, ſince ſhe no longer civiliz'd and adorn'd it, it became equal to *Horatio* where he ſhould languiſh out the Remainder of a Life, which his perfect Adoration of *Ximena*, had entirely dedicated to her Remembrance.

In this little Regard for other Objects or Intereſt, ſometimes by Land, and ſometimes by Sea, he viſited (almoſt without ſeeing) the greateſt Part of *Europe*; unaffected and unconcerned at Conqueſts or Defeats, till his Martial Ardor, in ſpight of that lethargick Grief that poſſeſs'd him, could not but rouze it ſelf, with a ſort of glorious Emulation, to hear of the unexpected Victories that had been gain'd by young *Theodorick*, King of the *Vandals*: Fame ſpoke ſo loudly in Favour of his Perſon, Conduct, Temperance, Courage, and Piety, that *Horatio* reſolv'd to make himſelf the Judge of that Renown ſhe had ſo profuſely beſtow'd upon this

this Prince; ſo that travelling to the neareſt Port, he embark'd on the Eaſt Sea. After many Days toſſing on that boiſterous Element, he came to a Gulf, whence reimbarking himſelf upon the River *Nova*, he deſigned for that City, till he heard that *Theodorick*, with a ſmall Army, was advancing to endeavour to raiſe the Siege which *Genſeric* Emperor of the *Goths* and *Ruſſes*, maintain'd by a numerous One. When he came within half a League of *Nova*, which was open on that ſide next the River, he beheld with Pleaſure a Work of Nature, for the Water falling with an extraordinary Violence and Noiſe, forms a Precipice, and by Accident produces a wonderful Effect; for the Sun all the Morning ſhining thereon, cauſes the Appearance of a Rainbow as glorious as that which is ſeen in the Clouds; by reaſon of this Fall, the Merchants are obliged to unload in that Place all their Goods, to be Ship'd off upon the Gulph. *Horatio* reſolving not to ſhut up himſelf in a beſieged City, took Directions from the Mariners how he might fetch a Compaſs, and by avoiding the *Gothick* Army, join the King of the *Vandals*, who was, as we have ſaid, in motion to attempt the raiſing of the Siege.

After he had been ſet on Shore, and had mounted his Horſe with only two Attendants, Grief ſo wholly employ'd his Soul, that there was not Room for the leaſt Ray of Joy, much leſs was there any Concern remaining

ing in him for what the Univerſality of Mankind find the greateſt Taſte in, Pomp, Attendance, Ambition, and Pleaſure. He had already wandered ſome Miles, when looking up to the Heavens, he ſaw the Winter Sun weakly ſhining in the Weſt, and from thence informed himſelf, That it was time for him to ſeek ſome Habitation, if he did not reſolve to paſs the Night without any other Covering than that bleak Canopy above. He was in the midſt of a wild open Country, covered here and there with Shrubs and ſhort Buſhes, with no living Creature in View: Advancing towards a lofty Pine, the only beautiful Tree of the Place, (all the reſt, by the Rigour of the Seaſon, being diſrobed of their native Bloom, nothing remaining but the ſapleſs Twigs where Leaves had formerly flouriſh'd;) againſt this Evergreen, there was leaning, in a careleſs Poſture, a fair Woman, who ſeeming to be driven out of the World, no longer beheld the Light as any thing of Moment to her, as if it were no more the Object of her View; ſo retired into her ſelf, ſo full of Contemplation from within ſhe appear'd! Notwithſtanding the Inclemency of the Seaſon, her Head was without any Covering, ſave a vaſt Quantity of graceful fair Hair, which fell in Curls all down her Shoulders, the Whiteneſs not to be equal'd but by her Face; her Complexion had ſo dazling a Luſtre, the Vermilion upon her Cheeks and Lips in full Strength of native Bloom, unharm'd by the

the driving Snow, or wounding Northern-Blaſts, and in whoſe Countenance there appear'd ſo ſatisfied, ſo ſweet a Languiſhment, that Joy it ſelf was never ſo charming or ſo inviting!

Horatio approach'd very near this ſolitary Fair, with an Intent to inform himſelf of the Name of the Place where they were, what Retreat was at hand, and the Occaſion of her extraordinary Manner and Garb, in ſo cold, ſo deſtitute a Region! a certain new-born Curioſity (which he had been a Stranger to ſince the Loſs of his adored *Ximena*) reviving in his Breaſt; but ſhe repay'd him not in Kind, nor witneſſed the leaſt Inclination to raiſe her Eyes or her Contemplation at the Noiſe his Horſes might poſſibly make, tho' it could not be great, upon that withered graſſy Carpet. *Horatio* ſtop'd ſome Moments to contemplate ſo ſatisfying a Beauty! When from that Part of the Wild that immediately faced her Eyes, he ſaw advance another blooming Maid, who ſeem'd to carry her Heart in her Hand! Her flowing Robes and Hair, as if not affected with any Seaſon, diſcovered all the Charms of her Face and Perſon! There was no Diſguiſe, nor the Attempt of any, all was artleſs, all was raviſhing and heavenly! *Horatio*, ſeiz'd with a certain Reverence and Awe, believed himſelf advanced upon forbidden Ground, that theſe were not Mortals he beheld, but ſomething divine; and the rather becauſe in the Form which laſt appear'd, he

ſaw

ſaw the Emblem of *Sincerity* bearing her tranſparent Heart in her Hand! He was confirm'd in his Conjecture, when he heard the beautiful Virgin (after having, by a preſſure of her Hand to her Breaſt, re-ſeated that lovely Heart in its native Throne) careſs and embrace the melancholy Beauty whom he found to be *Solitude*, who then lifted up her languiſhing Eyes, and ſeemed with a ſatisfyed Smile, to claſp, kiſs, and congratulate the Arrival of her amiable Companion! Well, my Dear, ſaid ſhe to her, Did I not propheſy to thee aright? Did not I tell thee, thou would'ſt return to me again, that the World was unworthy of thee! Mankind having been ſo long ſince abandon'd by *Juſtice* and *Vertue*, what Employment can *Sincerity* expect? Of what Uſe art thou amidſt a Race who never know what it is to converſe with Truth? Haſt thou not beheld in the greateſt Courts, how little Refuge there is for thee? Intereſt! Corruption! Ambition! Flattery! every Thing has excluded thee from ſo much as the Poſſibility of being cheriſhed among Them? Live then with me, my adored Companion! Here all is native Honeſty and Truth! Returning to the World, thou muſt reſolve to take up thy Habitation with the Indigent and Forlorn, for thou bringeſt along with thee Principles, that will make him that entertains thee poor! Principles deſtructive to falſe Glory! glittering Pomp! ſwelling Ambition! pretended Loves! boaſted Knowledge!

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ſeeming Piety! affected Honeſty! Wert thou to appear thus artleſs array'd in native Beauty, how would'ſt thou be admired, and avoided? Oh! how faded would all their Pretences ſeem? How ridiculous! How unworthy the divine Original from whence they pretend to derive themſelves? Haſt thou not an Abhorrence at beholding their ſublimeſt Wits, their brighteſt Genius's, proſtituting that Brightneſs to thoſe in Power? Such are to be bought and ſold according to their real or imaginary Neceſſities, who live up to the Enjoyment of every Vice that their narrow Circumſtances can reach, yet declaim againſt what they notoriouſly purſue, their whole Lives being but one continued Maſquerade. Theſe are no nearer acquainted with Vertue than by Name, which they have indeed by Rote, and apply thoſe Attributes only to thoſe who have Power to raiſe and compleat their Advancement. What generous Breaſt can bear, without a Glow of Indignation, to hear a Tyrant fam'd for Cruelty, one that gratifies his own ſpecifick ill Nature, under the Appearance of publick Good, and who would rather ruin than preſerve the World: To hear him, I ſay, commended for Religion, who never knew ſo much of it as the very Pretence, purſuing his Averſion to all Opinions under his Perſecution of one; whoſe tyrannical Principles and barbarian Temper would equally lead him (were his Power equal) to the Deſtruction of the Whole? And who, tho

tho' as bold as witty Vice and native Confidence can make him, was never ſo hardned as to pretend the leaſt Acquaintance with any of the Vertues, eſpecially Religion, till the fulſome Orator had applauded him for the Extirpation of it, inſomuch that he himſelf forced a Smile at the Report, and cry'd, till now he had never thought to have been Kalender'd for a Saint!

Again, muſt not *Sincerity* be cover'd with lovely Bluſhes and Confuſion, to hear a great Man (becauſe he has Power to reward his Flatterer) prais'd for Learning, who knows no more of it than the Name; who heaps together a valuable Library, not for what it contains (for that is never his Enquiry) but for the falſe, fine Reputation he may obtain by ſuch a Collection? To hear a forward Zeal for his own miſtaken Principles, term'd Steddineſs, Conſtancy, and good Senſe! A perpetual burning Deſire of vindicating his Conduct by the Deſtruction of all Oppoſers, even to Impriſonment and Perſecution of thoſe who dare ſo much as glance upon his Errors; to have this, I ſay, term'd Humanity, Honeſty, and a Wading thro' Prejudice and Difficulties to the deſir'd Point; is an Impudence, an Adulation ſo glaring, as not to be equal'd by all the baſe abject Incenſe offer'd to the Vices of the old *Roman* Tyrants, who murder'd Nations in Sport, and ſet the Miſtreſs of the World on a Blaze, only to enlighten a fantaſtick and abominable Maſquerade!

Doſt thou not bluſh, doſt thou not weep, adorable *Sincerity*, in purſuit of theſe fawning Sycophants? Who, were a Turn of Affairs to arrive, would as baſely deſert, as they had falſely prais'd! For Self-Intereſt being their true and only Motive, they know no Principles of their own, but ſhift as often as do their Patrons, and only wear appearing Vertues, nay, and their very Vices, but as they are faſhionable Habits! To have theſe drawing indelible Characters of Abuſe againſt thoſe by whom they have been tenderly oblig'd, flouriſhing out in Threatnings and Self-conceited Boaſtings, as if Immortality, whether of Praiſe or Infamy, ever drop'd from a proſtituted mercenary Pen, ſure to fade and die reproachfully away with its Supporters; or even if they had ſuch a Power, for vertuous Perſons to be blaſted by them, is ſtill a greater Glory than to be praiſed.

Theſe (who matter not to be call'd baſe, ſo their Fortunes are but eſtabliſh'd) act even againſt the Judgment of their better Senſe, and the private Beating of their own coward Hearts; they neither condemn nor applaud but as they are directed, and with their perpetual Pens are ſet to watch and affright whoever ſhall be ſo honeſt as (without Hopes or Fears) to tell the Vicious of their Vices, the too many Great of their Pride, Reſerve, and Haughtineſs; That Pride which cauſes them to conclude themſelves made of another Mould than their Fellow-

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Creatures, forgetting that ſome who are now Noble, had perhaps a Mechanick for their Anceſtor; the immortal Species being ſtruck at a Heat by the wiſe Almighty Original! Vertue only ſhould claim that Pre-eminence which (they are ſo blinded as not to ſee) is oftentimes given to them barely by Merit of their fleeting Poſſeſſions! Larger Banks of Gold! The Brillancy of their Diamonds! the Diſtinction of fading temporary Titles.

Hence alſo is the noble Debauchee alarmed! If the Poet introduce either by Fable or any other fictitious Repreſentation, a glowing Lover ſet on Fire, more by the Charms of another, than thoſe of that beautiful Partner which firſt his own Choice, and then binding Laws have aſſigned to him alone, he reſents, as a particular Reflection, what was intended but as a general; and tho' the Vice was only meant to be arraigned, not the Perſon, yet is the Arraigner excruciated and expoſed by all the bitter Calumnies of ſlandrous avenging Tongues! And if guilty of any Fault (as if Humanity could be ſpotleſs) that Fault in the Multiplication-Table of Revenge and Malice, ſhall be certain, in a very little time, to amount to above a Million, and ſo to Infinity! Weak, ſhort-ſighted Recriminators! As if the Truth were leſs the Truth for being repeated by any Perſon however circumſtanced; or would the leſs be believed; when as obvious and glaring as the God of Day in his meridian Force.

Deſpair, Deſpair, my lovely Companion, ever to prevail amongſt Men, whilſt the united World is arm'd againſt thee! and that theſe Mercenaries are ever at hand with their Thunder, to ſtigmatize all that ſhall imitate thy Purity. Who ſhall dare to treat of Corruptions? Thoſe congregated Corruptions that darken the Scene of unhappy Life! Thoſe ignoble Deſigns; thoſe publick Squandrings of Millions of wretched harmleſs Lives, to raiſe the Pride, the Oſtentation, and the falſe, hard-laboured for, Glory of One, who drawing (as it were by Inchantment, or as by Inſtinct the Loadſtone does the Needle) the Spoils of Cities, of Provinces, of whole Nations, Foreign and Domeſtick, into his own Coffers, leaves the brave and ſuffering Soldier, (if he has not Gold,) to deſpair; he who has fac'd Death with a Courage almoſt ſuperior to Humanity, is not permitted to fill thoſe Vacancies (to which by the Law of War, he has an indiſputed Right) without a Purſe of much more Value than his Pretences.

This Sordidneſs of Temper, this Allay to the brighteſt Actions, is not only upheld, but applauded by our modiſh Panegyriſts, for being ſo much akin to their own; though theſe Proſtitutes to a Party are often odious, even to thoſe by whom they are employ'd, ſcorn'd for their ſervile Compliance and Readineſs in abuſing, and in private ridicul'd for Apoſtacy! Since Wit (next to Vertue, the

the nobleſt Gift of Heaven) ought to be unbiaſs'd and incorruptible.

Let ſuch have ever the deſerv'd Fate of Self intereſted Scribblers, be always attending in Hopes of a mighty Reward, and never in Poſſeſſion but of (what they ſhall think) a little. Let them have the ſame Fortune as Traitors of a larger Magnitude, the Uſefulneſs of whoſe Treaſon is incouraged, while the Traitor generally is neglected, and always deteſted.

Yet further, my innocent tender Maid! Wert thou ever ſo little encouraged, ſo much abandon'd as now? Hitherto the glowing Lover and wiſhing Fair, woo'd thee as a Principal in all their Myſteries: There cou'd be no Extaſie, no Joy, where thou wert not of Accord. Thou! that little valuable ſpirituous Particle, that animated the Whole! Thou! Life of Love! Thou! without whoſe Preſence there can be no Vivacity! No Purity! No Happineſs! Thou! the Refuge of the trembling doubting Virgin! Who no ſooner beheld thy lovely Face! Thy ſacred Charms! but the Roſes return'd to her frightned Cheek and quivering Lip! Thy Arms were to her a Sanctuary! She no longer ſcrupled to make happy the ardent Youth! She was ſecure! She was convinced! Her Joys were permanent where Thou wert in place! Thou! the inviolable Pledge of her Lover's Truth! Thou! the Amulet againſt Treachery! Falſe Vows! Pretended Ardors! And deceiving Adjurations! Oh!

How many bliſsful Pairs haſt thou formerly beheld, when the World was young in Deceit and Love of Gold! When there needed no Bribes, but mutual Deſire! When Intereſt was not ſo much as thought upon amongſt them! Haſt thou not Indignation at reflecting upon thoſe paſt, thoſe happy Ages? Or is the Remembrance vaniſhed? And art thou turn'd Apoſtate to thy ſelf? Art thou as much delighted with the pretended Adorations as the Real? With the falſe Incenſe now offered to thee, as formerly thou wert with the true? Thou, whoſe Name they never invoke but to prophane! And make no further Uſe of, than till the deluded Virgin ceaſes to be ſuch, or the rich and powerful Widow empties all her Store into the Arms of her Bankrupt Lover. Nay, the Neglect of thee is more and more conſpicuous, ſince not alone confin'd to that Sex who glory to be term'd Deceivers! Ours alſo is infected! Treachery is become mutual! They are now upon the ſquare with one another! They have no longer Occaſion for Sincerity! A new Syſtem of Amour wherein thou art not ſo much as mentioned! Gold circulates inſtead of thee! They ſtand in need of no other Recommendation! The blooming beauteous Virgin ſells her Charms for Gold, tho' the Purchaſer be never ſo deſpicable and old! Their impure unnatural Deſires have occaſion for nothing but Gold! Gold, which accompliſhes all Things! The antiquated Maid, and fading Widow,

Widow, by help of Gold, find means to have their irregular Appetites appeas'd! And, whilſt they can buy and bribe, they prove without thee, Gold alone, to be of ſufficient account to Happineſs.

Sincerity thus returned, My dear *Solitude*, the lovely Companion of my Youth, with whom I have worn away ſo many pleaſing Hours of Day and Night: Oh! let me ſpeak my Wonder and my Joy! You are in ſome Things miſtaken! I am received, I am careſs'd in the World! I lodge in the Arms and Heart of a young Triumpher! He is all Piety, all Juſtice! He knows not what it is to equivocate or falſifie his Word! He is all my ſelf, ſo very ſincere! 'Tis *Theodorick* King of the *Vandals*, once more employ'd in endeavouring to overcome that imperial Reformer of his People, *Genſericus*; *Genſericus*, who would be too great, cou'd he be but faithful. I took the Advantage of the Battle, to ſnatch a View of my dear Companion, to boaſt of my unexpected Reception at Court, to ſpread my fond Arms around thee, and ſo proteſt, that (this Scene of Novelty excepted) I never taſted any Happineſs ſo pure, as that which I have found in thee.

Horatio, charm'd with what he had ſeen and heard, alighted from his Horſe, and advancing with a ſlow Pace and graceful Mein, bowing low, began; Will you deign, amiable Virgins, to receive a Stranger into your Habitation? A Stranger, driven

(by the Exceſs of ill Fortune and Heart-breaking Anguiſh) to ſeek his Happineſs in *Solitude*. Oh lovely Maid! You that have all your Pleaſures pure! Neither mingled with Hopes or Fears, and are unacquainted with Crimes neither knowing nor needing Repentance, You, the Preſerver of Innocence! Receive, I beſeech you, with Hoſpitality, the forlorn *Horatio!* Perſecuted by an acute Paſſion! A Paſſion unprecedented! A hopeleſs Deſire for what no longer exiſts! A Love more fervent for a departed Wife, than was yet ever felt for a living Miſtreſs! And you, amiable *Sincerity*, with whom I have ever had as great an Intimacy, as was conſiſtent (in this bad World) with the Service of my imperial Maſter, and Self-Preſervation! Do not reject a Votary, that in all Things relating to himſelf, reveres and follows what you dictate.

Alas! My Lord, (gracefully reply'd the ſolitary Maid) what can I promiſe my ſelf, ruſtick as I am? What Charms, what Hopes of entertaining the polite *Horatio*, whoſe Renown has filled the Globe, and even extended to this forlorn Retreat? Yet ſuch as you ſee, I am proud to be all yours; my two lovely Companions, *Innocence*, and *Content* are within my Call; they ſhall always attend your Retreat; we will make it the Buſineſs of our Hours to perſuade your Lordſhip to Happineſs, and be proud to find our ſelves ſo agreeably employ'd.

Here,

Here, a Burſt of Glory from the Eaſt of Heaven, enlighten'd all the Wild! And as they were attentively conſidering the Quarter from whence it aroſe; Behold, the Goddeſs of Wiſdom! *Pallas*, the Giver of double Victory, ſlowly deſcending upon a Cloud, fixed at a convenient Diſtance, whence all her Charms became conſpicuous; Her blue Eyes ſeem'd as if they were animated with new-born Fire and additional Sweetneſs, darting gracious Regards upon the attentive Mortal. Having thrice call'd *Horatio:* Oh Favourite! ſhe continued, of me and of the Gods, I come to tear thee from the Embraces of that ſimple, yet inchanting Maid: It is not for ſuch a Heroe as *Horatio* to reſign up himſelf to Indolence and Solitude. Reject her feeble Charms, and let thy active Soul ruſh again into the Field of Glory: Thy Country expects thee; thy unhappy Country, oppreſs'd by Faction and Favourites: The Emperor himſelf groans under the Tyranny, which by thy Arm and Head can only be overthrown. We prepare a double Reward; a Crown of Valour, and of Wiſdom. Our Self will attend and animate thee throughout. Paſs on, *Horatio*, and implore Aſſiſtance of the *Vandal* King to tranſport thee to *Conſtantinople*, where unlimited Glory does await thee.

Horatio, in proſtrate Adorations, receiv'd this Oracle from the Goddeſs of Wiſdom, with his Eyes and Praiſe accompanying her

Return, till the Heavens had confeſs'd their former Serenity, and Fear and Awe were a little diſſipated: Then turning to thoſe two amiable Forms that had engaged his Admiration; He told them, however unwilling to forſake bewitching *Solitude*, he muſt obey the divine Diſpenſation; but it was in hopes, when the Task aſſign'd him by the Goddeſs was perform'd, to be again happy in ſuch a Retreat, and re-united to the two lovely Boſoms of *Solitude* and *Sincerity*; that his Thoughts and Heart ſhould not be divided from them, tho' Deſtiny carry'd away his Perſon. They careſs'd him, and confirmed his Obedience; then directed him into a Road, and told him, 'twould bring him, with a little Riding, to the Entrance of *Sarmatia*; where poſſibly he might be better provided of a Retreat for himſelf and his Servants, than any that *Wild* could afford.

He had not travell'd above a League, but Night overtook him: At the ſame time he diſcover'd a ſumptuous Tent, (as it is the Cuſtom in that Country, when Perſons of Quality travel, becauſe the *Cabarets* are few and very ill provided) oſtentatiouſly enlighten'd with a vaſt Number of White-wax-Flambeaux: *Horatio* ſent one of his Servants to enquire to whom it belong'd; who immediately returned with another, who brought an Invitation, from the Perſon within that magnificent Field-Apartment, for him to repoſe himſelf, and paſs the Night

Night there. *Horatio* was ſatisfy'd with his good Fortune, which had in that deſolate Place thrown him into the Converſation and Conveniencies of one of the politeſt, moſt refin'd Genius's of the Age; it was *Merovius*, Prior of *Orleans*, and who had been a long time Envoy from *Charles* King of the *Franks*, to the Republick of *Sarmatia*. *Horatio* was formerly of his Acquaintance at *Conſtantinople*, where once *Merovius*'s Curioſity (which wou'd be ſatisfy'd in all Things) had led him.

Monſieur *L' Envoyé*, after he had embraced *Horatio*, whom he received at the Extremity of the Tent, led him into that Part which was his Bed-Chamber; where renewing his Careſſes and Embraces, he ſtop'd abruptly, and throwing him of a ſudden, with a gallant Air, a Step or two from him; Is it poſſible (he cry'd) that this ſhould be the mighty Man that makes all Men tremble! He! who has not only catch'd, but deſerv'd the Applauſe of the Earth. Not *Hercules*, *Theſeus*, *Hector*, *Achilles*, or *Ulyſſes*, with their united Exploits, perform'd half the Wonders as has *Horatio!* To you it is given both to conquer and perſuade! Whether in your Tent, or at the Head of your Army, you are alike victorious! You deſign as admirably as you perform. Whence then comes it, that I find you reduc'd with no Train, no Conveniencies, wandring and alone, in a cold, bleak, northern Corner of the Globe? Oh! my Lord,

either

either your Fate is very fantaſtical and unjuſt, or you have grown too faſt: Your Renown is too tall! You overlook the reſt of Mankind! And there are, I fear, thoſe at Home who find themſelves concern'd to remove you; becauſe your Proſpect is ſo wonderful and fair, that it forbids us to ſee any other but you! But, went he on (perceiving *Horatio* ſilent) I am too intruding, 'tis now a time, my Lord, to refreſh your ſelf, after which I will endeavour to deſerve your Confidence by giving you all mine; and if the Relation may be entertaining, as I cannot doubt, to one whom the Deſire of Knowledge has made inquiſitive of all Things, I'll give you a Relation, from the firſt Hand, of the Troubles of *Sarmatia*, and of what has occaſioned them.

Here he led *Horatio* into another Room, where was prepar'd a Supper ſuitable to the Plenty of the Country, and the Delicacy of the grand Prior's Taſte. Their Diſcourſe during the Repaſt, was of *Horatio*'s Deſign to viſit *Theodorick*, his Travels from *Iberia*, and the Heart-wounding Loſs of his ador'd *Ximena*, whom *Merovius* could not forget he had ſeen and admired at *Conſtantinople*. After the Linnen was remov'd, and the beſt *Pannonian* Wines ſet upon the Table, he endeavour'd to comfort *Horatio* for his Loſs, obſerving a melancholy Deadneſs which obſcur'd in him a great Part of his native Brightneſs: He began to diſcourſe of Love;

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It is my Opinion, my Lord, continued the *Envoyé*, that one of the greateſt Wonders of Love, is, That this Paſſion being ſo univerſal, that we may ſay all knowing Men, nay, and the ſimpleſt too have been touched with it; none have ſucceſsfully defin'd either its Origine or Nature: And yet almoſt all who have wrote, have attempted it. The Philoſophers have been as blind as the Poets: He who told us 'twas a Deſire of Beauty, ſeems to have confounded two Paſſions in one, ſince Deſire can only move towards what we have not, and is ſatisfied, and ceaſes when in Poſſeſſion. The hopeleſs Paſſion for the admired *Ximena*, that ſtill ſurvives in your Lordſhip's Breaſt, explains what I advance, and ſhews Love not to be well defin'd when term'd a Deſire of Beauty; becauſe you cannot be thought to deſire what you are in deſpair of, and are ſure you never can poſſeſs; and yet ſtill you feel your ſelf to love; and love to ſuch a height, that That one only Paſſion makes you dead to all Things beſides. That is true, my Lord, anſwered *Horatio*, yet it does not forbid Love to be term'd juſtly a Deſire of Beauty. Since there is no Poſſeſſion, how full ſoever, where Deſire may not abide! If it be only employed in wiſhing a Continuation of what we enjoy, 'tis enough to render it inſeparable from Love. Then, reply'd the Envoy, your Poſſeſſion can't be entire, becauſe it ſuppoſes a Part yet unenjoy'd, and he who wiſhes the Continuation of a Good,

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conſiders it as what is not yet arrived, and has a different Motive to what its Preſence gives, and that is enough to cauſe two ſeveral Paſſions; otherwiſe we ſhould confound Love with Hope! For if Love be a Deſire, it would, when in Poſſeſſion, be no more Love, ſince we cannot deſire what we enjoy! And by the ſame Reaſon, Deſire would no longer be Deſire.

To form then a Definition, without thoſe Difficulties and Defects, we are at firſt to ſuppoſe the Difference betwixt Love, which is a Habit like yours, and that which is a real Paſſion! For Paſſion being a Motion! when that Motion ceaſes, the Paſſion is at an End; and we may ſay there is no more Love! But the Habit forbears not to be there ſtill, which is nothing but the Impreſſion the lovely beloved Object has made on the Mind, and which cauſes that all times, when the Thought propoſes it to the Appetite, it moves and forms the Paſſion of Love, and becauſe we cannot poſſeſs without (in ſome manner) uniting our ſelf to it, it neceſſarily follows, that Love is a Motion of the Appetite, by which the Mind unites it ſelf to that which appears to it amiable and good.

This does not ſeem clear to me, my Lord, anſwered *Horatio*, becauſe, that in Love, the beloved Object is often dead or abſent, with whom the Appetite cannot then unite it ſelf! But, conſider (interrupted Monſieur *L'Envoyé*) that Objects may be united to the

the Powers, by their Species! By their Images! or by their true Beings! That there is an intentional Union, and an Ideal; but becauſe the true Being of Things enters not into the Imagination, it's their Image only! And this Union is that alone which naturally belongs to the Appetite; for as Imagination is the Center of all the Senſes, ſo is the Appetite of the Inclinations.

But, reply'd *Horatio*, if Love be a Motion to unite it ſelf to what is lovely; when united, there would be no more Motion, and conſequently no more Love? And as this Union may be made in a Moment, (for that there is nothing can hinder it) it ſeems as if this Motion were alſo made in an Inſtant, and that therefore Love ſhould not laſt any longer, which is abſurd and contrary to the Truth.

Beſides, it continues to agitate, and as differently as are the different Perſons it poſſeſſes. There are no Diſorders in the other Paſſions that are not found united in this! It's capable of all the Follies that can ruffle the moſt diſtracted Mind! It wears ſo many ſeveral Faces, that it is impoſſible to take their Pictures. What Colours? Nay, what Words can expreſs all the Workings and Changes of the Heart and Eyes? How can that reſplendent Humidity be repreſented? That modeſt Diſquiet? That laughing Grief? That amorous Anger? Sometimes dwelling on the beloved Object as if they were fix'd, then turning away, as though their

their Sight were dazzl'd. It was well feigned of them, who call'd Love the Son of the changing Wind, and the various colour'd *Iris*, metaphorically to explain his Nature, and ſhews that his Original is as much concealed from us as that of thoſe two Meteors.

But, my Lord, we amuſe the Time in a dry Diſpute, a Diſpute which can afford us no greater Certainty than that, whatever is the Origin of Love, he is a Tyrant whoſe Sway we may oppoſe, but muſt however obey; therefore if your Excellency pleaſes, we will forbear to diſcourſe of what we feel, in relation to that Deity, and enter upon what you were graciouſly pleaſed to promiſe me before Supper, an Account of what has paſſed in *Sarmatia*, ſince the King of the *Franks* ſent you to reſide there: I muſt further beg your Lordſhip, that you will take in the Country, Genius of the People, Manner of Living, and whatever you may judge may be entertaining to one as greatly fond of Knowledge (and of all Things that your Excellency ſpeaks) as he is a perfect Stranger to what relates to ſo remote a Region. Monſieur *L'Envoyé* having made a Bow to return *Horatio*'s Gallantry, began his Relation thus.

Since, my Lord, there is often as great a Pleaſure in being entertain'd by the ſeveral Follies of Mankind, as their ſeveral Wiſdoms and Wit, why may not the Knowledge, and ſome of the Adventures of a bar-

barbarous Northern People, ſerve to amuſe the Mind (at leaſt for once) as well as that of the more polite Eaſtern World? At worſt, I have Novelty to ſtrengthen my Argument, and an implicite Deſire of Pleaſing, which ſhall make me forget you have been a General for the Emperor, and by your great Capacity the moſt formidable Enemy of my Maſter: I will alſo forbear to remember that I am Envoy from the King of the *Franks*, and only conſider your Lordſhip in your own Perſon, that is to ſay, the moſt finiſh'd, the moſt accompliſh'd Man upon Earth, and who has a Soul too large ever to make a diſ-ingenuous Uſe of what is in Confidence reported to you, and which always carries with it ſuch a tacit Implication of Truſt, that I need not pre-ingage your Lordſhip to what is either reaſonable or fit.

Sarmatia is a flat fruitful Country, affording moſt Things neceſſary to happy Living; here is to be found plenty of Corn, of Fowl, Fleſh, Honey, Wax, Wood, Amber, Salt, Iron, Horſes valu'd for their Swiftneſs; it furniſhes other Nations with vaſt Numbers of Oxen, Sheep, Hogs; but as for Trade, the *Sarmatians* are abſolutely forbid it; I mean the Gentry, upon Forfeiture of their Honour; therefore what Trade they have, is generally carried on by Foreign Merchants. They exceed all Nations of *Europe* in Vivacity of Spirit, Strength of Body, and living hardily, except the Nobleſs, where the Luxury

ury of the East is in Requeſt. They are generous and covetous, more apt to be deceived than deceive; not ſo eaſily provok'd as appeas'd; fond of foreign Cuſtoms, and full of Imitation, to which their Genius leads them rather than to Invention; Ingrateful, as not thinking themſelves ever ſufficiently recompens'd for any Service: Couragious, having never ſubmitted to any foreign Force, no not even to the *Romans*, who once boaſted themſelves to be Maſters of the World; running mad after Liberty, and rather driving than inviting their Kings to obſerve their Laws; they not only hate the Name of Slavery, but abhor a juſt and hereditary Monarchy. Licentious in their Morals. The People of Condition claim Privileges that will ſcarce give them leave to be guilty of any Crime, and when they happen to own themſelves ſo, the Prince hardly has the Power of puniſhing. All the Gentry are equal by Birth; there are no Princes but what belong to the Royal Family; they refuſe, and think Titles odious if beſtowed by a foreign Prince, and hate that any ſhould pretend to a Superiority among them, unleſs it be by Employments, which conſtitute them Senators. Every Province ſends their Deputies, which meet and are called, The general Convention of the Eſtates. Here they make and defend their own Laws and Liberties, elect their Monarchs, appoint Counſellors to inſtruct him, and their Number far exceeding the Senate

Senate (which are conſtituted from their numerous dignify'd Prieſts, great Officers of the Army, Crown and Houſhold) they eaſily keep the King and Senators in their Duty, and threaten both very often, eſpecially in the Convention, where each Member has a Liberty to ſpeak what he thinks, and think as he pleaſes; for if but one diſſents, it hinders any Law from having its Force, or any Bill from paſſing; neither is that Perſon obliged to tell his Reaſons any otherwiſe than after their uſual Manner, *It is not my Pleaſure it ſhould be ſo*; whereupon he immediately withdraws into the Country, if he can ſo eſcape, but very often is prevented, and by their Sabres cut in Pieces upon the Spot.

Not only theſe exceſſive Privileges make the *Sarmatian* Gentlemen powerful, but the vaſt Territories which a great Number of them enjoy with a deſpotick Sway over their Subjects: Some poſſeſs thirty Leagues of Land out-right; ſome alſo are Hereditary Sovereigns of Cities which the King has nothing to do with, and theſe maintain ſix or ſeven thouſand Horſe and Foot in Pay; for when the great Men have any Difference between themſelves, they ſcorn to ſubmit the Determination to any Power but that of the ſtrongeſt Sword; hence it is they plunder and burn each others Towns and Cities, and generally decide by a Field-Battle, while the King never declares himſelf for either Party.

The

The Peaſants are born Slaves, and having no manner of Notion of Liberty, live quiet and contented; the Gentlemens Riches partly conſiſt in Ruſticks, whom they call their Subjects, and are often ſold off with the Land on which they are eſtabliſh'd; they have no Laws, no Judges, but their Lord's Pleaſure, to whom they pay an obſolute blind Obedience and Adoration, fight for them to the Death, and, which is more wonderful than all, they love them. They can enjoy nothing of their own, or ever become free without their Maſter's Conſent, unleſs he debauch a Wife or Daughter, and then that Slave to whom the Woman belongs is freed by the Law; nor is ſhe leſs eſteem'd or valued by thoſe poor Wretches, who do not think themſelves diſhonour'd by it. The Sound of Property or Glory never reaches their Ear. They often work four Days in a Week for their Lords for one that they work for themſelves, who having never ſeen or known a better Condition (their Fathers, and ſo backwards, being ever Slaves before them) are well ſatisfy'd and contented with their Servitude; ſo true it is, that Cuſtom and Education, by making any State habitual, renders it eaſie; whilſt thoſe only can be called wretched, who, born and nouriſhed in Splendour and Proſperity, are reduced to deſcend and ſit in Obſcurity and Poverty; whence ſurely it is no Impropriety to ſay, that 'tis a Misfortune to ſuch to have been happy.

Their

Their Religion is ſtill that of the old *Gentile*; they will by no means hear of what they call the Chriſtian Superſtition, but worſhip many Deities, pay Divine Adoration to Fire, which they call ſacred, and keep it always burning in particular Towns; ſeveral Prieſts attend to preſerve it, by whoſe Neglect or otherwiſe, if ever it comes to be extinguiſhed, they are immediately beheaded. They worſhip Thunder, and pray to tall-ſtraight-Trees, ſet apart in ſeveral Groves, which they hold it Sacrilege but to touch: When the Sky becomes clouded, they are in Deſpair, and of Opinion, the Sun is angry with them, and uſe their utmoſt Art to appeaſe him, by Muſick, Prayer, and other Ceremonies. They worſhip the God *Eſculapius*, under the Form of a Serpent, which is their Lares, or Houſhold Deities, and therefore each Family keeps one in their Houſe, to whom they daily ſacrifice Milk, Fowls, *&c.* and one of which if they happen at any time to offend, they look upon it to be an Omen of Deſtruction to their whole Progeny. Upon their Return from War, they offer one of the Chief of their Captives, with all their Booty to the Fire. Burn their Dead dreſs'd in the richeſt Ornaments they us'd to wear whilſt living, together with one of their moſt faithful Servants, Horſes, Arms, Dogs, and whatever the Deceas'd was fond of; whilſt all the Relations bring Milk, Honey, Wine, and the like, with which they feaſt

and

and dance about the Funeral-Pile, to Muſick of various Kinds.

No Arguments cou'd ever prevail with them to make their Monarchy hereditary; though 'tis obſervable, that but in the laſt Election, they ſtill choſe one of the Royal Family, not ſo much as a Daughter having been excluded when there were no Sons; yet always telling them, that they were not to attribute their Acceſſion to the Throne to any Right contracted from their Parents, and that they thought themſelves no longer obliged to pay Obedience than that they kept to their Oath, reſerving to themſelves a Right of Depoſing them whenever they broke the Laws.

Not conceiving, my Lord, that you are abſolutely ſtraitened in Time, or that it is of much Importance to your Lordſhip whether you depart to Morrow, or favour me with a longer Stay, I ſhall not find my ſelf under a Neceſſity of finiſhing my Relation to Night, ſo to confine my ſelf to the Buſy, and omit the Diverting; for even in Reading (where we generally bring more Attention than in Diſcourſe) we love a Relief, becauſe the Mind is wearied like the Body, if it continues long upon a Bent.

Therefore, my Lord, I think it not amiſs to amuſe your Lordſhip with an Adventure of my own before I left *Gallia*; an Adventure ſo far ſingular, that neither by Reaſon, Reading, or Reflection, I can ſatisfactorily

factorily account to my ſelf for it. I know your Lordſhip is as great a Philoſopher as a General, and as well acquainted with *Ariſtotle* and *Plato*, as *Alexander*; therefore, as ſomething curious, I will not omit it.

Charles King of the *Franks*, held then his Court at *Orleans*: I was always about his Perſon, and durſt boaſt of the Honour of being ſometimes heard by him. Nothing could be more ſhining than the Ladies that form'd the Circle; Gallantry, Luxury, and Pleaſure, reign'd in full Splendour under this Monarch; but it was not to any Beauties of the Court that my Heart ſurrendered: So far as Amuſement, and that Sort of Engagement which is neceſſary to gain the Character of a gallant Man, I was at their Devotion; this is a ſort of Amour where a reaſonable Man ſhould reſt, and not dip himſelf further, the Pleaſing without the Painful: What though there is not that Extaſie of Bliſs, that tranſporting Pang, which the ſublime Joys of Love, reſulting from the Favours of a long ador'd Miſtreſs can beſtow? Yet is the Senſe gratify'd, and the Heart, whilſt unconcern'd, may well be at eaſe, and advantagiouſly compound, by the Abſence of pungent Pain, for the Loſs of ſupreme Delight.

I ſtuck a long while to this Opinion, and had not departed from it, if my Reaſon had ſtill been free; neither yet is my Underſtanding clear-ſighted enough, to define the

the true Nature of that Pain which tormented me: That it was Love, is moſt certain, but of ſuch a Kind that the Circumſtance made it as aſtoniſhing as unhappy to me; your Lordſhip, who ſo well underſtands natural Philoſophy, may perhaps help to explain it.

Not longer to amuſe your Lordſhip with Introduction, be pleaſed to know, That for ſome Years I had an Acquaintance with a Man, who, though of no higher a Degree than a *Burgeoiſe* of *Orleans*, yet was he very ingenious: What Time he had to ſpare from his Calling, he employed in Reading; he had beſides a Genius for Painting, and added to his own Profeſſion, that of collecting valuable Pieces, which being to be diſpoſed of at his Houſe, drew thither a Reſort of ſeveral Perſons of Condition that delighted in that Art, and who came to buy Pictures of my Merchand; whoſe Converſation was always ſo ſenſible, and above his Rank, that I pleaſed my ſelf in it, and grew into ſuch an Intimacy with him, that I ſought how I might be ſerviceable to him, and had the Satisfaction to ſucceed in ſeveral Affairs relating to his Buſineſs: This gave me a free and welcome Acceſs to the Houſe, where I was always careſs'd, as well by himſelf as his Wife, who was a handſome Woman, but a very Coquet; ſome ill Neighbours would ſay, at the Expence of her Vertue, but that I leave to her own Conſcience, as having never ſeen any thing of

of it; ſhe was very ſilly, very vain, and talkative, yet very ſecret, which is a Talent ſo few of that Sex poſſeſs, even thoſe who are moſt eminent for fine Qualifications, that I could never give my ſelf a Reaſon why this Woman ſhould be endowed with a Property ſo directly contrary to thoſe I have named before, and which were her Aſcendants in all Things where Secreſie was not required.

To ſtudy Nature's Productions was always delightful to me, eſpecially in any of her irregular Workings: This gave me to contemplate my Merchant's Wife for what I have lately told you, but much more a Daughter of hers, of whom ſhe was very fond; this Girl was called *Agnes*; moſt beautifully featur'd, but an Idiot, her Eyes of the fierceſt fineſt Black, ſparkling 'till they ſtruck again; but attentively conſidering them, you found no Knowledge, no Management, nothing informing in their Luſtre, and yet wonderfully bright; her Eye-laſhes were peculiarly full, long and charming, ſo that whenever ſhe looked down, they bewitched one. Her Eye-Brows were ſuch as *Apelles* would have choſen for his *Venus*, juſtly arch'd in a fair ſmooth Forehead, that look'd more poliſhed than Marble; the reſt of her Features were anſwerable, and her Complexion a Friend to all: No Vermillion was purer than that upon her Cheeks, no Coral more lively than her Lips; nor had ſhe any Defect through her whole Limbs or Perſon, but ſomething too

large a Head, whence it is plain, that That it is no Indication of great Underſtanding. But now, my Lord, I am coming to the melancholy Part of fair *Agnes*'s Deſcription, her Mind; 'twas all a Blot, nor had it ever been otherways; ſhe had no Notion of Things, no Diſcourſe, no Memory, I have carefully minded her, had her carry'd abroad and entertain'd with all that may be ſuppoſed pleaſing to a Girl of her Age, but could not get her to report the leaſt Syllable, nor was ſhe ever known to tell a Tale, or complain of the ill Uſage of the Maids, though, by way of Experiment, I was an Encourager to one of them, naturally cruel, to uſe her harſhly; her Mother, who doated ſo far upon the Girl's Out ſide, that ſhe never ſaw the Defect within, by her kind Uſage gave her Confidence enough to make any Complaint, had ſhe been capable of it. Her Appetite was large, and rejected nothing, nor did Inſtinct, as far as I could perceive, carry her to diſtinguiſh in her Meats or Drink; whether it were that her Mother's Fondneſs ſeldom put her to the Choice, becauſe ſhe always gave her the beſt of every Thing, or that lovely *Agnes* in Election was even below a Brute: But ſhe eat promiſcuouſly of every Thing, tho' rather the Savory than the Sweet, which ſhe might copy from her She-Parent, who loved the *Bonne-Gouſt*: One Thing puzzled me above the reſt, that ſhe had an Ear for Muſick, ſhe wou'd learn a Tune or a Song by

by hearing it; but the Notes could never be beat into her; to bid her ſing ſuch or ſuch a Thing, was ſaying nothing to her; but if you began to ſing, ſhe immediately follow'd, and whatever was in her Power, ſhe certainly perform'd juſtly and harmoniouſly; for her Voice was very good, though the Motion was never ſpontaneous in her; ſhe would alſo trip about to Muſick, or by an imperfect Imitation of others, but her Dancing-Maſter with all his Endeavours could make nothing of her. It was with a wonderful Diligence and long Application, that ſhe was brought to know her Letters, as Parrots talk, by Rote, but could not read them, ſo that it was of little or no Uſe to her; and as to Writing, or Working with her Needle, all their Endeavours were ſucceſsleſs; yet was her Mother ſo infatuated, or proud, ſhe either did not ſee, or would not own theſe melancholy Defects in the fair *Agnes*, but never forbore to extol her Beauty, and to adorn that Beauty in all the Ornament of modiſh Dreſs, 'Tis true, her Father was more reaſonable, or leſs prepoſſeſs'd; one could not have ſo much of ill Nature, or ſo little of Manners, to entertain a Parent upon ſo melancholy a Subject, or elſe he could not but have given us great Lights into this irregular Work of Nature, by the Obſervations he doubtleſs made of her Childhood; but how curious ſoever I was, I forbore to diſcourſe him upon ſo ingrateful a Theme, having often found

him too ſenſible of his Misfortune, and at her awkward Performance of many Things, to wiſh her dead, and laid at Reſt in her Grave.

Agnes was ſuch as I have deſcribed her; and yet, my Lord, the malicious God of Love (that ow'd me a Revenge for having hitherto only play'd with his Bow and Darts) thought fit to give me a mortal Wound in Favour of this fair Idiot: It was a long time before I could ſo much as gueſs at what ailed me. The Court and Royal Favour became Taſteleſs to me; I fell into a languiſhing Melancholy, a hectick State of Health, and other Marks of a violent Reſtleſneſs of Mind. I was beſt alone, or at my *Marchand*'s, contemplating Nature in the beautiful *Agnes*. I thought Philoſophy cauſed my Search, and that it was That which made me ſo nicely inquiſitive of all which related to that ſimple Maid; but it was the Philoſophy of Love, and ſuch a Love which proſtrated my Reaſon, and all diſtinguiſhing Advantages, till it reduc'd me almoſt to as great an Incapacity of acting, as the Defect of Nature had done in *Agnes*.

The Phyſicians finding that viſible Decay in my Perſon, occaſioned, as they judg'd, by an entire Loſs of Appetite, adviſ'd me to change the Air: I left the Houſe I had in the *Faux-bourg* of *Orleance*, and tranſported my Moveables to one I had taken three Leagues diſtant from the City; but becauſe the Reſpect I ow'd his Majeſty, often obliged me to be either at his Riſing or his

Couchee,

Couchee, I ſhould inconvenience my ſelf too much if I every Night return'd Home; therefore I took the beſt Apartment in my *Marchand*'s Houſe, which was very handſome; and there I found more ſecret, unknown (to my ſelf) Pleaſures than the World beſides could beſtow. Dear *Agnes* was now about Thirteen, with an Air ſo majeſtick and ſtriking, that I am ſtill at a Loſs to know what Nature meant in her Chmpoſition; ſo dangerous and ſo harmleſs, ſo lovely and ſo hateful, inſpiring ſo much Admiration and Contempt, ſo great an Object both of Love and Pity, of Deſire and of Allay.

By much Application and long Study, I gain'd this Knowledge of my fair Maid, that ſhe could diſtinguiſh enough to Love, but ſhew'd no ſigns of Hatred: When I ſay Love, I ought only to ſay Liking, which ſhe expreſs'd in an extraordinary Manner, as thus: After the Abſence of any that were her Favourites, at the Review, ſhe wou'd ſtand as if it were to recollect her little Remembrance, ſeem buſily employ'd, and when her Memory, as narrow as it was, had drawn from her Brain into her Mind, the Knowledge or Repreſentation of the Idea which the Object occaſion'd, ſhe would burſt out into Tears, and by Kiſſes and Cries, expreſs her Joy; which uncommon Sort of Tranſport has fooliſhly given me more real Delight than the Embraces of the fineſt Woman I ever convers'd with in the Affairs of Nature. Love I found required no great

Store of Wiſdom. Her Tears were charming, having the ſingular Property of adorning inſtead of diſfiguring, and whoſe Motive being Joy, there was none of that Bitterneſs, thoſe Lines of Diſtortion which Sorrow occaſions. How often have I drunk thoſe lovely Pearls with a Prodigality of Thirſt? a Thirſt which by indulging, increas'd the Fever of my Soul. She never forbore to diſtinguiſh me by that enchanting Rain of Love, and which indeed was the only Diſtinction in favour of any one that I ever obſerv'd her capable of.

The King, my Maſter, whoſe vaſt Capacity makes it a Queſtion, whether he underſtands Men or Buſineſs beſt, did me the Honour of a gentle Reprimand, for reſigning my ſelf up to Solitude: He told me, That he deſign'd me for his Service, and would take the firſt Opportunity to employ me; that it was my own Fault if I ſuffer'd my ſelf, by Abſence, to be forgotten. I anſwer'd his Majeſty, That my ill State of Health had baniſh'd me into the Country, the Preſervation of which, could only ſeem to interfere with the Inclination I had of paying my Duty to his Majeſty; but that I had no greater Regard in that Preſervation, than by regaining my native Vivacity, to ſhow how much I deſir'd to be his moſt humble and dutiful Servant. The King graciouſly received my Excuſe, and bid me continue in the Country till I was perfectly recover'd.

I in-

I invited a Siſter of mine to be with me; one that Nature put into the World with a Deſign to make ſome honeſt Gentleman hereafter happy in a good Houſewife, but ſhe had little or no part in the Entertaining, or the *Belle Demoiſelle*; however, ſhe was agreeably enough to my preſent Temper of Mind, which took no Pleaſure in Converſation. I languiſh'd under ſo ſenſible a Decay, that I did not at all diſpute, but that I was far gone in a Conſumption, which Air could not recover; therefore I was more at the *Marchand's* than at my *Villa*, amuſing my ſelf with Pictures, and beholding the amiable *Agnes*. Her Parents had no manner of Diſtruſt of the Inclination I had for her (indeed it was as yet unknown to my ſelf) and therefore did not diſpute her being in my Apartment as much as I would have her: It came into my Mind to invite her Mother to bring her with her, during the fine Seaſon, to keep my Siſter Company; ſhe was like all Citizens, fond of the Country, ſo that having eaſily inclin'd her Husband, whoſe good Senſe never ſuffer'd him to diſpute her domeſtick Sway, ſhe carried *Agnes* along with her, and by that means ſo entirely endear'd my own Houſe to me, that during her Stay, I was but ſeldom at the *Marchand's*.

My Appetite began feebly to return; I was where I would be; that is to ſay, with the lovely *Agnes*: I would often reflect on the Pleaſure her Contact gave me, not ſuſ-

pecting my Underſtanding could be ſo falſe as ever to betray me to become a Votary to an Idiot; but it was too true, the Cauſe and Knowledge of this Misfortune was ſo obſcure and hid, even from my ſelf, that purſuing rather Inſtinct than Reaſon, I ſought what was to gratifie the former, without imparting the Reſult of Nature to the other: I preſſed the dear little Idiot's Lips with a Tenderneſs and Pleaſure that ſet me all on Fire. I concluded at firſt, that 'twas only an Effect of the Sex, and therefore try'd all the other Girls that came near me in the ſame manner, but 'twas no ſuch thing; *Agnes* was not there, and wanting her, I quickly found all Pleaſure was wanting: I had often heard ſay, that loving a fair Fool, was doating upon a Picture; but whilſt it was animated by Life, and ſuch warm beautiful Colours of Fleſh and Blood, as were in *Agnes*, it afforded Pleaſure enough (to thoſe who could be ſway'd only by their Senſes) to recompence any other Defect.

This gave me to know of what Nature was the Diſtemper I had ſo long complained: Never was any Admiration greater than mine! I began then to rally my abſconded Reaſon, to ask what I could intend by ſo ſhameful, ſo deſtructive a Paſſion? *Pygmalion's* Love for a Statue (had it been true) appeared no longer a Miracle to me; I queſtion not but the Poet took the Hint from ſuch a beautiful Idiot as mine; but no Metamorphoſe

tamorphoſe would appear in Favour of this Image, to endue her with the Life of Reaſon, of which ſhe was as utterly void (to all Uſes of Converſation) as *Pigmalion's*, before it was informed from above. The dear Idiot lov'd my Fondneſs, whether moved by Inſtinct, that teaches all Animals the Deſire of making themſelves in ſome ſort eternal, and vehemently incites to propagate their Species, or peculiarly by Cuſtom inclined to me, ſhe would give me her Ruby Lips to kiſs and preſs as ſoon as ever ſhe came near me; this I had a thouſand times done, without Heſitation, before all the World, 'till convinced of my extravagant Paſſion, I bluſh'd and guiltily declin'd the Offer; but when I got her alone, I greedily devour'd her Breath, her Lips and Kiſſes, and had the Pleaſure to ſee Nature was not deficient in the charming *Agnes*. Oh! what could I not have done, had I not been reſtrain'd by Vertue and Honour? Oh! how happy? Ah! how guilty might I have made my ſelf? And how near (one Day) was I to forfeit both Vertue and Honour, to ruin my lovely Idiot, and render my ſelf the greateſt Villain alive? It was upon a Bank of Greens and Flowers, in a pretty retir'd Arbour, where her balmy Kiſſes had wrought me up to a degree of Diſtraction and Deſire, her ſhining black Hair was adorn'd with yellow Ribands and Carnations; nothing oppos'd my Joys, the ſimple artleſs Maid purſuing the Dictates of Nature,

clinging around and embracing me in a manner bewitching and enchanting, prompting me by Kiſſes and ardent Breathings to give what Inſtinct requir'd, 'till the Tears burſt from her Eyes, the only Indication in her, as I before told your Lordſhip, of Joy and Pleaſure.

Never was my Vertue put to ſo bold a Trial; never did I gain ſo noble a Conqueſt; yet not I alone; it could not be my Work, it was the Inſpiration of that Eternal Power who reſtrains us in Evil, but in Goodneſs has no Bounds! Not, my Lord, that I have ſcrupled to be concerned in Gallantry with Ladies who have met my glowing Wiſhes half-way; but it was ever my Opinion, that he who debauches a young Creature is a Villain, and in a great meaſure the Author of all thoſe Follies ſhe afterwards becomes guilty of. But here I had been ſuch upon a double Score, both as *Agnes* was a Virgin and an Idiot; and though I was ragingly in Love with her, and that probably nothing but Poſſeſſion could cure me, yet I reſolv'd to endure whatever was moſt painful, rather than depart from the Laws of Honour and of Juſtice.

To proſecute this Reſolution, I would not truſt my ſelf any more alone with her; the beautiful Creature's Fondneſs (that inceſſantly purſu'd me in all Companies with her Kiſſes) made me conſcious and aſham'd: I was afraid that Action of hers might be interpreted to our Diſadvantage, though I had

had not (her Mouth excepted) tranſgreſſed the ſacred Laws of Vertue; nor could all my Paſſion or Curioſity betray me to the leaſt Indecency, though I was ſure ſhe had never produced any Act of Memory, ſo as to make me fear ſhe would be able to tell her Mother what I ſhould offer to her.

I left the Charge of Entertaining her and her Mother to my Siſter, and went back to *Orleans* to determine with my ſelf what I ſhould do to eaſe my Paſſion, preſerve my Vertue, and not diſhonour my Family, which a Marriage with the Daughter of a *Bourgeois* would conſequently have done. Love that never ſtands upon any Intereſt but his own, inceſſantly tempted me to paſs over that Diſadvantage: It repreſented to me Monarchs who had waved their Dignity, and, when throughly wrought by Love, had ſubmitted to ſhare their Diadem, and all the Glories of a Throne, with ſome humble She whoſe Beauty was her only Merit. In that Particular I was ſure my fair *Agnes* was exceeded by none; her Charms were faultleſs and peculiar, but her Mind was a Rock upon which my Reſolution ſtruck: Love with all his Omnipotence could never carry me over that Difficulty. I ask'd my ſelf, what was become of my ſo boaſted Reaſon, if I muſt unavoidably reſign to Inſtinct, to a Love only for the Sex? What could not entertain the brighter Part, was poor and ſhameful. I well knew I was never to expect the Pleaſures of the Mind in

ſuch

ſuch an Union; nay, thoſe Follies, when once nearly allied to my ſelf, would more exquiſitely pain me; I ſhould bluſh, I ſhould hang the Head, expiring with Shame at my dear Idiot's Preſence, which all beautiful as her Face and Perſon were, could never make a reaſonable Man's Excuſe for having ſo much preferr'd the ſenſitive, to the rational Part.

To be ſhort, my Lord, this raging Paſſion was like to vanquiſh my Reaſon; but no longer to put it in my own Power to do an Action that would diſhonour me by its Weakneſs, and procure me a whole Life's Repentance, a Thought came into my Head, which as ſoon as it was born, I put in Execution: You may gueſs at the Height of my Diſeaſe, by the Violence of its Cure; it was this, to take holy Orders, and engage my ſelf to the Church, by which Vow I for ever incapacitated my ſelf to marry, without the Penalty of being burnt alive. All Mankind that had known the former Gaiety of my Temper, wondered at this Reſolution. Thoſe who lov'd to hear themſelves talk, prophecy'd my Repentance; the wiſeſt contented to ſhow their Aſtoniſhment by ſilent Geſture and ſhrugging their Shoulders. My Change was acceptable to none but the Clergy and the King, whoſe Approbation was worth that of a Million of the Vulgar: His Majeſty, who was of late become really truly religious, told me, he was well ſatisfied with me, and would take

take care of my Fortune, which he ſo effectually did, that by his gracious Bounty, I was, as your Lordſhip knows, preferred to be Prior of *Orleans*.

Yet could not either Religion or Ambition, create any Abſence or Alteration in my Paſſion: It devour'd all my Quiet, Days and Nights were but as ſo many wretched Turns of Time, which only ſerved to prolong Miſeries, that had the melancholy proſpect of never ceaſing but with my Life; neither was it in my Power to deny my ſelf the Pleaſure of ſeeing lovely *Agnes*, whoſe tender Tears and Kiſſes would make me tranſported and mad. How ridiculous and abſurd was it for a Man in my Circumſtances, whom all the World concluded to have ſome Senſe, to be thus agitated? My Folly was indeed unknown to all beſides my ſelf, but even that Knowledge I could not forgive; and I am perſwaded, if it were poſſible for Mankind to hate themſelves, I had done it: But I doubt I have too long amuſed your Lordſhip with theſe Trifles. Therefore to conclude, I grew in Pain for any Accident that might arrive to my lovely Maid from the Charms of her Beauty; ſince they had ſo ragingly inflamed me, I dreaded their Power over ſome Lover who would not prove ſo diſcreet and juſt to her as I had been. Beſides, her Mother's Gaiety led her into Converſation, which though the Daughter was inſenſible of, Inſtinct might make it terminate in her Ruin; which

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caus'd me to move her Father that ſhe ſhould take the Veil and become a Religious. The honeſt Man ſincerely proteſted to me, that his Affairs were far from being in ſo good a Poſture as the World believ'd them; that he could not ſpare ſuch a Sum as was requiſite to make *Agnes* a Nun, though it was the only Deſire of his Life, becauſe he ſhould ſee her freed from a Number of Inconveniences that her Incapacity would make her liable to in a World, where, in all Probability, (if her Underſtanding were ever enlighten'd) ſhe would be forced to get her own Maintenance, or elſe prove miſerable for want of it. My poor *Marchand* made this Confeſſion with Tears in his Eyes, and which I gueſs'd to be too true from his Wife's Extravagancy and Fruitfulneſs, having every Year preſented him a Child, ſometimes two. I told him, to ſhew the Reſpect I had for himſelf and his Family, if he would take care it ſhould not be known whence it came, I would furniſh him with two thouſand Crowns, which I freely gave to dear *Agnes* to ſecure her from all worldly Inconveniences, in hopes of making her an acceptable Deodand to Heaven; that he ſhou'd order the Matter ſo well with his Wife (whoſe miſplaced Fondneſs would poſſibly prevent our good Intentions) that ſhe might ſuſpect nothing 'till it was ready to be performed, and paſt her Power to prevent.

Thus

Thus was I empower'd by the Aid of a more mighty Arm than my own, to turn this Paſſion (ſo blameable in it ſelf) to a praiſe-worthy Event. When we had got all Things ready, I went to take her and her Father in my own Coach, to carry her to the Monaſtery; which I did, and reſign'd her with tender Recommendations into the Hands of the Lady Abbeſs, who was my Relation. Sure if Self-denial be meritorious, my Heart wore enough of it to recommend me to the Giver of all Victory. Never was *Agnes* ſo lovely! Never was I more ſenſible! I kiſs'd and embraced her in the Parlor of the Monaſtery, with that Paſſion and Anguiſh, that I thought my Life would have fled from me upon the Place. Her Father wept by Cuſtom, for he was really rejoyc'd at having ſo well reſign'd her. I ſhewed Tranſports which were not in my Power to contain; none but a Lover, who loves to the Height that I did, could gueſs at my Agitation: I was to ſee no more that innocent lovely Creature, without Grates and Bars of Iron between us! No more to embrace that beautiful Body! To gaze upon all that wondrous Harmony of Features, which had ſo entirely charmed me! No more to receive her wounding, healing Kiſſes and amiable Claſpings! Oh! ſevere Self-denial! Oh! rigid Law of Vertue! I obey'd! I obey'd ye! then at a time when her Beauty was haſtning to Perfection, when my ardent Wiſhes were at their moſt glowing Height——

Height——Forgive me, my Lord,——this Scene muſt ſtill be touching to the Imagination; I ſaw her ſhut from my Sight for ever! I ſaw her conducted far away from me! And yet I ſurviv'd her Loſs! Which ſhews the Heart of Man capable of mighty Sufferings, and that none but little Genius's ſink under Misfortunes and Diſappointments.

I will not enlarge, by dwelling upon her Mother's Impertinence; only this, ſhe was diſtracted at miſſing the Girl, and wou'd know whence it was that her Husband, with whoſe little Circumſtances ſhe was acquainted, had it in his Power to make her darling Daughter a Nun, and of that Order the leaſt ſevere, and where they are never received under ſuch a Sum of Money: To quiet her, he was forced to diſcover me, by which he pretended to engage her Silence and her Gratitude. This miſtaken Woman levelled all her Rage againſt me; ſhe came to a Houſe I had taken in Town, and never ceas'd abuſing me; as if I had been guilty of the higheſt Act of Diſhonour to her Daughter. I knew not how to deal with one upon whom Reaſon was loſt. She would complain to the Biſhop of the Dioceſs for making her Child a Nun without her Conſent, and expreſsly againſt her Daughter's. *Agnes* was yet in her *Noviciate*, and I juſtly fear'd this weak Woman might tutor the ſimple Maid to ſay as ſhe directed, by which means ſhe could never be made to profeſs without her

her own Words that ought to deſire the Veil. Therefore I went to the Lady Abbeſs, who very well ſaw I cou'd have no other End in it than poor *Agnes*'s Good, and ſhe readily received my Inſtructions. The Money I had given was no longer in my own Power, but already ſettled upon *Agnes*; ſo that if ſhe did not like, when her Year of Probation was expir'd, it was to go along with her to maintain her, which made her Father more eaſily give in to his Wife's paſſionate Deſires that ſhe might not become a Nun, by which means he hoped to have that Sum of Money in his own Hands to further his Trade. The Lady Abbeſs gave me an Intimation of their Deſign, which I imparted to the Biſhop, whom her Mother had petitioned; he was perfectly aſſured, that Charity could be the only Motive; and deſired to ſee this Miracle and Irregularity of the Species. My beautiful Idiot, at this Interview, was all her ſelf; that is to ſay, in her full Bloom of Charms and Folly! Not but that I find this Word very defective, and wanting of Force to explain her Defect, which properly comes under another Head. He was both raviſh'd and mortify'd at this Error of Nature, this Contradiction to her ſelf, and preſently became tender and compaſſionate of the miſerable Maid: He agreed that it was beſt for her to be encloſed, ſince ſhe had not Underſtanding to guard her Beauty from the ill Effects it might produce upon Hearts unacquainted with Vertue.

His

His Lordſhip adviſ'd the Lady Abbeſs not to let her Mother ſee her, and in the mean time, to win her by all Manner of good Uſage, to teach her proper Words that ſhe might demand the Veil; which in ſhort at the End of two Months ſhe did, and was accordingly profeſs'd, beyond the Capacity not only of her Mother, but any other living Power, to recal her into the World. When it was over, I was ſo far eaſie, that now I was ſure I had ſecured her an Eſtabliſhment liable to no ill Accidents, and not only provided for the Repoſe of her Perſon, but her better Part the immortal Soul, which Caſuiſts perhaps may think a Work of Supererogation, becauſe in her it was protected againſt the Power of Crimes by native Simplicity.

Soon after this, his Majeſty finding me willing to travel, asked me if I car'd to be his Envoy to the King of *Sarmatia*, who labour'd under an incureable Diſtemper, and in all Probability could not live long, ſince in the View he himſelf had of being made Emperor, it extreamly concern'd him that the *Sarmatian* Crown (which had ever been Elective) might fall to one who ſhould be in his Majeſty's Intereſt? that he had a potent Deſire to advance his Couſin, Prince *Armutius*, Son to the Duke of *Aquitain*; but the young Gentleman ſeem'd inſuſceptible of Ambition; however, as he did not uſe to be diſobey'd (eſpecially by thoſe of his own Family) he ſhould have time enough

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to work the Prince to a Compliance. His Majeſty alſo complain'd of the *Sarmatian* Queen, from whoſe great Genius, and her Aſcendant over her Husband (conſidering that ſhe was a Native of *Gallia*) he had promis'd himſelf much better Things; but ſhe had been for ſome few Years entirely in the Intereſt of the King of the *Almains*, ſince her eldeſt Son had married the Siſter to the Queen of that Nation; whence it was that his Majeſty ordered me to have a watchful Eye upon her Conduct; rever to confide in her, even tho' ſhe pretended to return to my Maſter's Intereſt, whoſe Principle it is, That he who truſts a Foe tho' reconcil'd, ought, unpitied, to be deceived by him.

The Uneaſineſs of Heart I labour'd under, made me willingly receive the Honour his Majeſty deſign'd me: I ordered my Affairs with all poſſible Expedition, becauſe I long'd to be out of a Kingdom that gave me ſo many Diſquiets, tho' all center'd in the Paſſion I ſtill had for the too lovely *Agnes*. It was not in my Power to depart without ſeeing her. I took my Leave at the Grate; her Charms were in Perfection! The Veil admirably became her; but this was the firſt time I had any Diſguſt againſt her want of Senſe, it had always pain'd, but never before diſpleas'd me: Hence I hop'd that I was recovering my Underſtanding, which was ſo far of Uſe to me now, as to make me object againſt her whom I had

had hitherto only adored. I wanted from her that engaging Senſibility, that noble Movement proceeding from Gratitude, and not always the Effect of high Birth, a *Je ne ſcay quoy* of Tenderneſs, ariſing from the Senſe of Benefits, and which cannot forbear breaking forth into modeſt Sorrow and beautiful Diſtreſs, at being for ever ſeparated from thoſe who have powerfully oblig'd and ſerv'd us.

The dear Natural was entirely ſuch, ſhe knew nothing of Separation; Hopes, Fears, Diſtreſs, and Joy near her loſt their omnipotent tumultuous Power: To talk of parting, was not to ſpeak at all; 'tis true, the Compaſſion and Love I had for her, caus'd the Water to come into my Eyes, which Reaſon cou'd not reſtrain or hinder from falling down my Cheeks; this ſhe intently gaz'd upon and imitated, the Tears ran from her's, as if by Sympathy. In that Burſt of Sorrow I tore my ſelf from her Preſence, and immediately departed *Orleans*.

View me from henceforth, my Lord, as a Man void of all but the Pretence of Pleaſures, taſteleſs, and alone devoted to the Service of my King, by whoſe maſterly Inſtructions I was capacitated to enter upon a Scene, and to manage a conſiderable Part in a Nation ſo far remov'd, both in Cuſtoms and Manners, from that where I had been brought up.

As

As the *Sarmatians* love nothing more than Pomp and Shew, there is no Country where Ambaſſadors are oblig'd to make ſo great a Figure, eſpecially if they have any Intereſt of the Prince they ſerve to carry on in the Grand Council of the States; for the noble *Sarmatians* deſpiſe all thoſe, who either do not, or cannot make ſo good an Appearance as themſelves; of which the firſt Article is, a great Train of rich Coaches, and Servants proportionable; for in this laſt Particular they are very profuſe: Next, an open and luxurious Table, with a Sort of familiar Humility, which is there wonderfully taking, being themſelves generally very civil and eaſie in their Converſation. He muſt not likewiſe forbear to be a good Fellow, and have Plenty of the richeſt Wines to entertain them; for the Coldneſs of the Climate, in ſome ſort, makes that Exceſs neceſſary, ſo that Neceſſity makes their Excuſe for ſo bad a Cuſtom. Laſtly, an Ambaſſador that wou'd infallibly ſucceed and obtain Voices in their *Divan*, muſt be perpetually preſenting them with Gold, for a Nation ſo avaritious and profuſe was never known; and yet that is not enough, he ſhould be ſure always to ſpeak to their Hopes, for whatever has been receiv'd goes for nothing, the future is able to engage them even beyond the preſent.

I had my Audience of his *Sarmatian* Majeſty, ſome Days before the Marriage of the Princeſs his Daughter.

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The King was then at *Marſovia*, his Capital City, which was crouded upon this extraordinary Occaſion, by moſt of the Nobleſs of the Kingdom, together with their Ladies and Children, for there had not been a Daughter Royal marry'd in more than a hundred and fifty Years: Nothing was more ſhininig than that Court, the Women were glorioufly habited; I may venture to aſſure your Lordſhip, that tho' I have ſeen *Conſtantinople*, *Rome*, and the Circle of the King my Maſter, yet I never beheld ſo vaſt a Quantity of Jewels in any Aſſembly as in this.

The King was old and declining, nay, he dy'd ſo ſoon after, that, however glorious had been his Reign, I ſhall not think fit to trouble your Lordſhip with a Deſcription of either his Mind or Perſon, tho' both were very accompliſh'd. As for the Queen, ſhe was, of her Age, the moſt lovely Princeſs in the World, and tho' ſhe be more than forty, in looking upon her, you wou'd not give her above thirty, which is exactly the Point of Time when Ladies firſt begin (unwillingly) to believe that there may be ſome ſmall Alteration in their Charms. Her Birth was a Myſtery; however, a *Gallick* Count and his Lady were willing to oblige her Mother (a Woman of exalted Quality) and own'd this Infant Beauty for their own Daughter. A Princeſs of the *Lombards*, eſpouſed by Proxy to the then King of *Sarmatia*, in her Travels through *Gallia*, took her

her at twelve Years of Age in Quality of Maid of Honour, and carry'd her with her into this Country, where ſhe ſoon after marry'd to one of the Chief of the Nobility, who did not long enjoy his good Fortune, but left his charming Princeſs young and very rich; whence ſhe fell in Love with the Captain of the King's Guard, who having at that time a Pre-engagement of the Heart, did not receive the News of ſuch Happineſs with ſo good a Grace as might be expected. Your Lordſhip may be pleas'd to know, that tho' the Ladies of *Sarmatia* are modeſt beyond Example (ſcarce a Precedent being to be found of any that have wrong'd their Husband's Bed) yet it is counted no Indecency, no Motive for their Bluſhes, to like any Man while they are yet unmarried, and ſo to like him, as to cauſe a Marriage to be propos'd to his neareſt Relations, upon which the Perſon belov'd is left to his Choice, as Ladies are in other Countries, whether he will be kind or cruel.

Our young Widow had ſo great an Aſcendant over the Queen her Miſtreſs, whom ſhe then ſerv'd in Quality of firſt Lady of the Bed Chamber, that through her Majeſty's Favour, ſhe influenced the King to propound her to the Captain of his Guard for a Wife, with ſo many Advantages, as more eſpecially making him great General of *Sarmatia*, that he ſoon conſented, and by that Marriage had an Opportunity of forming

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ing an Intereſt ſo conſiderable, that upon the Death of his Maſter he was elected King, and had a proſperous, long and glorious Reign.

Sometime after my Day of Audience, I was upon a Viſit to the great Field-Maſter, and moſt agreeably diverted, to ſee his beautiful Lady enter the Chamber, preceeded by a Train of twenty four Maid-Servants handſomly habited, every one carrying two White-Wax Flambeaux in Silver Candleſticks gilt; the Lady was led by an old Gentleman who officiated as Gentleman Uſher, a reverend Matron march'd on the other ſide, in Quality of *Governante*; The Train of her Robe was born by two Dwarfs: The young fair Creatures that carried the Lights, ranged themſelves on each ſide of their Miſtreſs, who, after ſhe had made her Reverence to me, with a ſlow and ſolemn Grace, made directly towards her Lord, and caſting her ſelf at his Feet, fell to embrace his Knees, to call him her Benefactor, her Sovereign, her amiable Husband, the Diſpenſer of Happineſs, of Love, of all Things that were to her valuable and adorable.

When this beautiful Lady firſt kneel'd, I imagin'd her in Diſtreſs, and alarm'd as I was, ran, *Mal a propos*, to raiſe and pity her, but with a majeſtick Nod and graceful Motion of her Hand, ſhe ſeem'd to forbid my Intruſion, and I contented my ſelf to expect the Conſequence. Her Lord received her

her Careſſes with ſuch an Air of Satisfaction and Tenderneſs, as encourag'd her to make known her Sute, which, after all the mighty Expectation ſhe had raiſed, ended in a Demand of a nuptial Preſent for the Princeſs of *Sarmatia*

It is a Cuſtom, in thoſe of that Nation, thus to implore their Husbands when they have any extraordinary Expence to make; for the Women never keep the Purſe, and are forced to content themſelves to have all Things provided to their Hand; the Men are the ſole Managers, ſo that the Ladies have nothing to do but to dreſs, divert, eat, drink, and make Viſits, which are always perform'd with Oſtentation; for the *Sarmatians* love Shew, rich Equipage, and Habits: The Women ſeldom croſs the Way without a Coach, ſix Horſes, and a numerous Train of Servants; yet have they no Money, but upon every Occaſion are forc'd to kneel and implore their Husbands, who take a Pleaſure in being importun'd.

The Field-Maſter's Lady was ſo cunning as to time her Requeſt, while I was with her Lord; ſhe knew his Temper, that he was vain-glorious and covetous; in my Abſence, the latter, wou'd, ſhe fear'd, predominate, and therefore gave him an Opportunity of exerting the former. It came to paſs exactly as ſhe had foreſeen, for he did not fail to tell her, that ſhe ſhould make a Preſent equal, or ſuperior to thoſe that ſhou'd go before her, not excepting what came

from the Part of crown'd Heads; this gave me to liſten with new Attention, for as yet I knew not that all who go to any Marriages in *Sarmatia*, from thoſe of the Princeſs to that of the meaneſt Gentlewoman, are oblig'd to give ſomething; that theſe Preſents are often their only Dowry; ſo that a Lover makes it his Buſineſs as well to enquire after the Number of Relations and Friends which his Bride may have, as what her Fortune is.

In purſuit of this her Lord's Compliment, the Lady caus'd a Jeweller to enter, who had brought her a World of Curioſities; amongſt which, there was a Watch ſet with very valuable Diamonds, yet it ſelf more valuable for its admirable and juſt Performance of Time: This the Lady was pleas'd to pitch upon for the Princeſs, and ſaid ſhe deſir'd nothing of greater Expence; her Lord, to expreſs his Generoſity, order'd the *Marchand* ſhou'd be paid for it, and at the ſame time made choice of a very fine Jewel which he preſented his Wife, to ſhew he had not been diſoblig'd at her Requeſt.

The King had for a long time labour'd under a Complication of incurable Diſtempers: He ſeem'd to have nothing at Heart but heaping up Money, and getting his eldeſt Son, Prince *Alexis*, elected. The Queen had not that Tenderneſs for him as ſhe had for his Brothers, who were yet too young, by the *Sarmatian* Law, to pretend to the Crown.

The

The Prince had ſome Merit, but not equal to his Father's, whom he approach'd in none of thoſe eminent Qualities that had juſtly given him the Character of the moſt valiant, moſt learned Prince of his Time. Indeed he exceeded him in Liberality, which, tho' taking with the *Sarmatians*, yet Prince *Alexis* was not belov'd, principally becauſe of the Endeavours the King had uſed to ſecure him the Promiſe of Voices in their Aſſembly, when he ſhould be no more: They look'd upon this as a Step towards making their Monarchy hereditary, a Rock which they have carefully preſerved their Conſtitution from ſplitting upon, and which of all Things they the moſt induſtriouſly endeavour to avoid.

I quickly found that the Queen's great Genius, her exalted Wit, Capacity for Buſineſs, her affable Demeanor, and real Sweetneſs of Temper, had given her a great Aſcendant, not only over the King, but moſt of the Senators and great Officers of the Crown; no inconſiderable Step towards the Hopes ſhe might have of her Son's Advancement. This I was oblig'd under Hand to traverſe, and by force of Gold (the moſt powerful way of Reaſoning to a *Sarmatian* Nobleman) gave them to ſee the Danger of Precedents, and that ſuch a pre-engaged Election wou'd quickly make their Monarchy hereditary.

Whether the prodigious Quickneſs of her Majeſty's Parts and Senſe, caus'd her to ſuſ-

pect that the King my Maſter, and conſequently my ſelf, was not in Prince *Alexis*'s Intereſt; or that I was diſcovered by ſome of the many I was oblig'd to preſent and diſcourſe: I cou'd eaſily find ſhe gave but little heed to the Promiſes I made her on the part of King *Charles* my Maſter: I obſerv'd, notwithſtanding, an exact *Decorum* as to what related to her Wit and Perſon; for it was impoſſible, all inſenſible as Reaſon and Misfortunes had made me, not to do Juſtice to the Charms and Graces of this lovely Queen; a certain ſort of Tenderneſs which knew not how to forſake, ſince it had once ſo wholly poſſeſs'd me, gave me to betray an Air of it in all I ſaid and did, in relation to that bewitching Princeſs: Endeavouring to gain her Eſteem and Confidence, I purſu'd my Maſter's Deſires as well as my own Inclinations; there was nothing I outwardly omitted to be well with her Majeſty: She lov'd thoſe of her Nation, their Manners and Cuſtoms, as was apparent by her Habit, which ſhe had not only her ſelf retain'd, but brought in Requeſt, and caus'd to become the Faſhion and general Wear of all the Ladies; ſo that in beholding the *Sarmatian* Women, you wou'd believe your ſelf in *Gallia*, tho' they have, it's confeſs'd, much the Advantage of ours in the bright Fairneſs of Hair and Delicacy of Complexion, which they enjoy to ſo great a Purity, as never to want any Embelliſhments of Art, frequent in other Countries; for here they

they always as little value as they need them.

What the Queen had done on ſeveral Occaſions, in oppoſition to my Maſter, aroſe from the Apprehenſion ſhe juſtly had, that he would not believe it his Intereſt to ſee her Son on the *Sarmatian* Throne, becauſe he was married into a Family that was nearly allied to that of his moſt potent Enemy. However, ſhe forbore not to be diverted and pleas'd with our People, even beyond thoſe of which ſhe was Queen; ſo that in all Things not relating to Buſineſs (there ſhe was too wiſe to grant us any of her Confidence) I had the Honour of her Majeſty's Converſation and Approbation, which I never failed to value, and therefore made an exact Court to her. Gallantry being ſo natural to the *Franks*, and my ſelf no great Enemy to it, it did not coſt me much to commend the Beauty of this lovely Queen upon all Occaſions; it even came into my Head to act as if I were not inſenſible, becauſe I would have her conclude ſhe had an entire Power over me, which ſhe cou'd no longer doubt, if but once convinced of my Adoration. It is no new Effect of Love to ſee him triumph over Friendſhip, Duty, Loyalty, Politicks, Intereſt, and Parties; he cauſes the Stateſman perpetually to interfere with himſelf, and independent as he is, will have nothing to do with any Power but his own.

I play'd my Part with ſo much Addreſs, that the Queen thought me guilty: I deſir'd only to be believed by her in all I ſhould ſay; and therefore affected the real, reſpectful, deſpairing Lover, who would leave his Eyes and Actions to expreſs the Torments he endur'd, and which he durſt not have the Preſumption to explain by his Words.

But, my Lord, ſaid *Horatio*, with your Excellency's Pardon for my Interruption, Why will you not let me ſee the Wedding of the *Sarmatian* Princeſs; I rais'd an agreeable Idea from the Field-Maſter's Lady's manner of delivering the Preſent ſhe had ſo handſomly requeſted. I aim to be diverted as well as inſtructed, therefore pray your Excellency give not me and that Princeſs occaſion to complain of your Neglect.

I humbly ask your Lordſhip's Pardon, reply'd the *Envoyé*, with a Smile, I was juſt ſtep'd into Politicks, and have ſo many Things to ſay, that I may be eaſily excus'd in forgetting ſome.

That Princeſs, whom your Lordſhip do's the Honour to enquire after, very much deſerves your Knowledge; ſhe is fair, nicely made, and handſome, yet not ſo great a Beauty as the Queen her Mother, nor has her Wit ſuch a Vivacity, but in return, her Senſe is cloſe; ſhe is wiſe, and a perfect Miſtreſs of four Languages; her Merit and her Modeſty are invaluable; well did ſhe deſerve a more happy Fortune than ſhe has ſince met with; if the Prince of *Illyria*, to whom

whom ſhe was married, had hearken'd to her prudent Advice, her continual Remonſtrances, he had not been made the fantaſtick Ball of Fortune, the Sport of Winds, toſs'd by every Blaſt, a wandring Star, without Habitation, deſpoil'd of his Country and Power, nor her ſelf and beauteous little Infants, reduced to Extremity, ſo as to poſſeſs not any Thing but what came from the Sufferance, and Part of a merciful Enemy, or the charitable Aſſiſtance of her Friends.

But before we enter upon that melancholy Scene, we will ſhow your Lordſhip a glorious Sun gilding and illuminating all the Hemiſphere, the Prince of *Illyria* on the Morning of his Nuptials: He is indiſputably the moſt gallant Prince of his Age, his Soul unbounded in all its Poſſeſſions and Deſires, with a Temper truly royal, generous, magnificent, grateful even to Prodigality; his Perſon very lovely; he was himſelf a Faſhion, for all Mankind were his Imitators; ambitious, a Lover of Glory and Pleaſure, in the Purſuit of which he has often been more eager than conſiſts with the Character of a Husband nicely juſt, and marry'd to a Lady ſo meritorious as the Princeſs of *Sarmatia*; but Cuſtom has render'd that Liberty no Blemiſh in Mankind, eſpecially Monarchs.

The Prince, the Morning of the Day that roſe upon his Happineſs, went three Miles out of Town, and ſoon after return'd

on Horſe-back to make his Entry in a ſolemn and glorious Manner; the two elder of the *Sarmatian* Princes rode on each ſide of him, preceeded by a numberleſs Train of Coaches with ſix Horſes, and a noble Cavalcade of the *Sarmatian* Lords; himſelf put on a rich *Pannonian* Habit, that had been, according to the Cuſtom, preſented him on the Part of the King, and he never appear'd more graceful. The uppermoſt was a long Robe of crimſon Velvet lin'd with Sables, the Button Holes ſet with Claſps of maſſy Gold delicately imagin'd; his Waiſt-coat was a Stuff of the richeſt brocaded Gold, with diamond Buttons; his Girdle fine turky Leather embroider'd with Gold, and claſp'd with Diamonds; the Handle of his Sabre richly ſet and adorn'd with Rubies and Diamonds; an invaluable *Tiara* upon his Head. He wore a lovely emerald Ring, the preſent of his Princeſs, and a rich *Zibelin* Muff given him by the Queen.

As the King of *Sarmatia* was the richeſt Prince in ready Money of any Prince in *Europe*, he reſolv'd nothing of Magnificence ſhould be wanting at the Marriage of his only Daughter; all Things were ſplendid, ſhining, and expenſive.

The Prince rode through the City, and alighting at the Palace-Gate, was met by the whole Court with the King, Queen, and lovely Bride, who appear'd between her royal Parents in a Habit of white Silver Stuff, ſo richly embroider'd with Diamonds, Rubies,

Rubies, and Emeralds, artfully caſt in Shades; that it was ſcarce poſſible to diſtinguiſh what was the Ground. Her lovely fair Hair ſhone in great Abundance, dreſs'd up with Jewels and waving Carnation Feathers.

The Prince, after his graceful and becoming Manner bow'd low, almoſt to the Earth, firſt to the King, then to the Queen, and laſtly to the Princeſs, in conſequence of which he took her Hand, which, after he had reſpectfully put to his Lips with an Air of Deſire and Delight, he began to lead her, preceeded by an innumerable Cavalcade of Gentlemen, then of Ladies, who march'd two and two upon ſcarlet Cloth, that was ſpread from the Palace to the magnificent Temple of *Phœbus the Reſplendent*, where the everlaſting Fire is preſerv'd by a Train of Prieſts in white and glittering Habits. I had the Honour of aſſiſting the Queen in her Walk, which was of the Length of three hundred Paces, we immediately follow'd the Princeſs, after which came the King alone, with an Air of Majeſty ſolemn and awful: Then the Princes his Sons, the great Officers of the Crown ſuperbouſly habited, and to cloſe the Parade, a Guard of the King's Body.

In concluſion of the nuptial Ceremony (which was perform'd by *Honorius*, who as he is High-Prieſt, is a Prince by Office, a Perſon learn'd and polite) we returned back to the Palace in the ſame Manner, and enter'd the Grand-*Salle*, to the flouriſh of the

King's Muſick. The Bride was led to a Table, where under a State, was placed a Seat for her to ſit down, and next, one for the Queen her Mother: Here the royal Bride was to wait in Expectation of all the Preſents that ſhould be made her; I had the Honour, on the Part of my Maſter, to be the firſt to make her the Compliment of Joy upon her Marriage with a Prince whom, for many Reaſons, the King of the *Franks* was oblig'd to eſteem and reſpect; my Gentlemen were ready as ſoon as I had done, to ſet upon the Table as fine a Sett as had ever been ſeen, of gold Plate for her Toilet and Chamber, eſpecially recommended by the Rarity of the Workmanſhip, together with a Chain of large Diamonds for her Neck, and Jewels for the Ears. The Princeſs graciouſly receiv'd both what I ſaid and what ſhe ſaw, and did me the Honour of her Thanks in a few, but very gallant Words. I took my Station behind the Queen's Chair, from whom I affected never to depart: The King, the Bridegroom, and *Sarmatian* Princes, were in another Room. It exremely diverted me to ſee the ſolemn Manner with which every one made their Preſents, and the Variety of them; I did not fail to obſerve my beautiful Lady with her diamond Watch; but what moſt amus'd us, was the Entrance of an amiable Child about ten Years of Age, habited like a Cupid, with Wings, a Bow and Darts; the vaſt Croud was ſo complaiſant as to divide

to

to make way for him to approach the Princeſs; even the bare Repreſentation of the God of Love is reverenced by the coldeſt Hearts. The lovely Boy put one Knee to the Ground, and then with a melancholy graceful Air, making Signs that he cou'd not give the expected Compliment, becauſe he was dumb, preſented a Noſe-gay of invaluable Jewels, which by the ſparkling Approbation of her Eyes, I ſaw more pleas'd the Bride than any Thing had yet been given her. The Queen alſo was charm'd with the Novelty and Richneſs of the Poſie; and whilſt ſhe was going to enquire who had ſent it, the Child was dextrouſly vaniſh'd from the Place; ſuch a Succeſſion of Perſons coming to preſent, that he found the Opportunity of ſlipping away much more unobſerved than he had entered. I ſaw the Queen in ſome Perplexity at this Adventure, but however, ſtaying till all had given their Gifts, which conſiſted of ſuch Variety, that I can't relate to your Lordſhip half what they were, nor their Value; ſhe took the Noſegay of Jewels in one Hand, and giving me the other, we follow'd the Prince of *Illyria*, who was come to take his Bride to Dinner. 'Twould be fulſome to repeat to your Lordſhip the Particulars of a ſplendid Entertainment, wrought up to all the Height of Luxury and Profuſeneſs. As Drinking is a Quality I could never be eminent for, I led the Queen, after the Feaſt, to an Apartment where the Court, very fair

and

and numerous, was waiting in Expectation of a dramatical Entertainment, to be perform'd moſtly by Singing and Muſick.

The Queen took the Noſegay from her Boſom, where ſhe had plac'd it during the Repaſt, and fell to contemplate the Luſtre and Order of the Jewels, which were ſo artfully rang'd as to expreſs ſeveral ſorts of Flowers; when ſhe had conſider'd it for ſome time, ſhe began to ſpeak to me of the Value of it, which gave her ſome Pain upon her Daughter's Account; becauſe, as ſhe ſaid, ſhe did not know who the Perſon was that had made ſo rich a Preſent, and in ſo gallant a manner. I begg'd leave that her Majeſty would let me view the Novelty; the Queen gave it into my Hand, and at the ſame time the King and Bridegroom coming with a numerous Train of the Nobleſs, I quitted my Seat and went out of that Chamber into another, where I had the Pleaſure to find my ſelf alone.

I eaſily imagin'd there muſt be ſome gallant Myſtery in this Poſie, both by the dumb *Cupid*, and the Owner's Care of being conceal'd, therefore endeavoured to find it out: Among the reſt of the Jewels, I caſt my Eyes peculiarly upon the Beauty of a flaming Ruby cut into the Shape of a Heart; the Arrows wherewith it affected to be wounded, were brillant Diamonds. I conſidered it ſo long, ſo attentively, and turn'd it ſo many ways, that I concluded it contain'd the Arcana of the whole, becauſe I found it was hollow;

hollow; at length my Aſſiduity threw me upon the inviſible Spring, which being a little preſs'd, flew open, and diſcover'd a piece of Paper neatly folded, and writ in ſo ſmall a Character, that at firſt I was puzzled to read, but my Will being exceeding good, I ſoon became acquainted, and from thence, at my leiſure, tranſcrib'd it into my Pocket-Book, which if your Lordſhip pleaſes, I will give you to peruſe.

The LETTER.

Only to the PRINCESS.

'IF this Paper ever meets your Eyes, judge 'ſomething, Madam, in Favour of thoſe 'extraordinary Sentiments with which you 'have agitated my Heart; Sentiments that no 'otherways concern my ſelf, than as they 'have Relation to your ſerene Highneſs.

'Had not the King your Father often de-'clar'd, he never would beſtow his only 'Daughter upon a Subject, I ſhould not 'now perhaps have the Heart-wounding 'Sorrow of ſeeing you in the Arms of a 'Prince, who, great as he is, can poſſibly 'never love like me, becauſe he has lov'd 'before, and even now will but with Diffi-'culty be brought to confine his Love; tho' 'in your ſerene Highneſs, there centre more 'Charms and real Merit, than ever yet 'adorn'd any other Princeſs.

'Neither

'Neither can this happy Husband put a 'Crown upon your Head, a Glory I would 'have contended for, and perhaps with Suc-'ceſs, upon the Deceaſe of your royal Fa-'ther, cou'd his amiable Daughter have then 'been found unmarried.

'Now nothing is left for me but Thorns 'and Deſpair; I am condemn'd for ever to 'be unhappy, but I inceſſantly implore our 'eternal Fire, that your ſerene Highneſs 'may never be ſo.

'And that you may not, Madam, have a 'ſevere Deſtiny, let the Prince of *Illyria* '(whoſe Will muſt certainly ever be the 'Victim of your Charms) forbear to en-'gage his Arms for the ambitious *Charles* 'King of the *Franks*, who centers all Things 'in himſelf alone. Oh! what do I not 'foreſee of wretched to the Prince your 'Lord, ambitious as he is, if once he attends 'to the falſe Hopes that enticing Monarch 'will give him! Beware of him, Madam, 'let the Prince beware, ſtand upon your 'Guard, repel the very firſt Offers, if they 'are yet to make, thoſe Blandiſhments 'which *Charles* knows ſo well to beſtow. 'How many Princes is he ordain'd to ruin! 'his Gulph of Glory ſucking like a Whirl-'pool, all that ſtand between himſelf and 'univerſal Empire! If he ſucceeds, 'tis a 'neceſſary Conſequence, none muſt be great 'but himſelf: But if his Arms prove un-'ſucceſsful, the Territories of the Prince 'your Lord, will of courſe be conquer'd, and

'and till then remain the Seat of War, 'which will no longer be an Aſyle for 'the ſacred Perſon of your ſerene High-'neſs.

'Oh! what exquiſite Torment will it be 'to hear that the Princeſs whom I ſo de-'voutly reverence, ſhould be made a wretch-'ed Wanderer, deſtitute of all Things but 'Charms and Miſery?

'Preſerve him then, Madam, from ſo de-'ſtructive an Alliance: *Charles* is even now 'buſie at his Ear, his Eye, his Heart, he 'ſpeaks to his Ambition, to his Pleaſures, 'to his Generoſity, to every Paſſion in the 'Prince your Lord.

'But that your ſerene Highneſs may not 'truſt wholly to your Charms, omnipotent 'as they are, be pleas'd to let that imperial 'Heart and Temper bow a little, at leaſt in 'appearance; many Victories over the 'Mind have been gain'd by ſeeming to yield. 'I know you are awful and majeſtick in all 'your Movements, conſcious of native 'Worth, and that it will be hard, without 'repining, to ſee an undiſcerning Husband, 'ſometimes amuſing himſelf with thoſe 'who have nothing to recommend them 'but Novelty: But be blind, Madam, be 'blind upon this Failure of your Lord's, if 'it ever happens, and he will allow you to 'ſee all Things beſides.

'Let him beware, Madam, how he breaks 'Friendſhip with the King of the *Almains*: 'Live ever happy, and have ſome Good-

'neſs

'neſs for the Memory of a wretched un-
'known Worſhipper, who has not yet ſin-
'ned to ſo high a Pitch as to dare to
'reveal himſelf, tho' he does his Adora-
'rations.

Your Lordſhip may be pleas'd to imagine, that I was very glad to ſee a Paper of this Conſequence to my Maſter's Intereſts, in my own Hand: Whoever was the Author, I was ſure he was no Friend to us, nor could I believe the Princeſs was abſolutely ignorant from whom that gallant and ſecret Preſent came, becauſe of the Pleaſure I obſerv'd in her Eyes. I put the Billet in my Pocket, and reſtor'd the Noſegay to the Queen, who plac'd it in her Daughter's Boſom; ſhe wore it during the four Days of Magnificence and Rejoicing that ſhe ſtaid at the *Sarmatian* Court; at the end of which, the Prince of *Illyria* took his Leave to return home, and carry'd his Bride along with him.

I viſited Prince *Honorius*, High-Prieſt of the Fire, which they call holy and everlaſting, and endeavour'd to gain him to the King my Maſter, becauſe he could be of uſe to me in my Deſigns: I fail'd not to inſinuate the Merit of Prince *Armutius*, and had already form'd a conſiderable Party that were ready to give their Voices for him upon the Deceaſe of the preſent Monarch, who immediately after the Princeſs's Departure, falling into a Relapſe of all his Diſtempers, took his

his Chamber, from which he departed no more.

Honorius was a Man who deſerved all the Praiſes that can be given Humanity. He was Maſter of thoſe Graces that adorn the Mind and perfect the fine Gentleman, Art being join'd to Nature? for he had paſs'd his younger Years in Travel, from whence he return'd inſtructed in whatever was the peculiar Accompliſhment of thoſe ſeveral Nations through which he had paſs'd. His paternal Eſtate was ſmall, ſo that applying himſelf to Religion, which, among the *Sarmatians*, is in the higheſt Veneration, he obtain'd to be made High-Prieſt and Prince, which, upon the Deceaſe of their Kings, till a new Election be made, gives him the Regency, with the ſame Marks of Royalty that are beſtow'd on their greateſt Monarchs.

To this Prince I ventur'd to ſhew the Paper I took out of the Noſegay, that he might help me to gueſs at the Perſon who had wrote it: The Richneſs of the Preſent ſpoke it to be of no mean Extraction; the Character was ſo ſmall, that there was not any Judgment to be made of the Author; for apparently this was adapted to the Situation of the Ruby-Heart, and the little Room it was to find there, and not the uſual Handwriting of any Perſon, ſince too fine to be thought common. The Prieſt caſt his Imaginations upon Prince *Alexis*, the King's Son, for that he was an indefatigable Enemy to

to the King of the *Franks*, and might under the Feint of a Lover, insinuate that Advice, which he durst not openly give to his Sister; tho' by the Cast of the Princess's Eyes I could not come into *Honorius*'s Opinion.

His Eminence spoke with so much Bitterness against that Prince, that it was easie for me to find he was particularly prejudiced against him; which when I had observ'd, he answer'd me with an Air of Warmth and yet Disdain: Not I alone, my Lord Ambassador, but all the honest part of *Sarmatia* have no true Love for him, and will never give him our Voice to make him King: We despise him, because he has done one Injury, and put up another, and such another, that no private Man could ever forget.

Above all Things, we *Sarmatians* require that our Monarch should be brave, or else wherefore do we elect them? If we would take up with the Inglorious, Slothful, Unjust, and otherways Vicious, those Properties are so often hereditary, that we need not undergo the Fatigue and Tumult seen at an Election, to gain such Accomplishments. No, my Lord, if we are so unfortunate to chuse a Prince defective of Vertue, it shall at least be one that has taken care to keep those Defects conceal'd; for 'tis to be supposed, that whoever is rapacious, voluptuous, supine, or any other way blameable, will improve those Inclinations when he comes to sit at his full length upon a Throne, which has always the Property of being

being indulgent to whatever are the darling Paſſions. Wherefore did the Sons of all our Kings take ſo peculiar a Care to accompliſh themſelves, as knowing it was ever the *Sarmatian* Cuſtom to elect the moſt worthy. This was our manner, till Gold and foreign Faſhions unfortunately found an Entrance among us! This preſerved us free! Unconquerable even by the *Roman Cæſars*, who ſubdu'd the World around us! This has made our Diadem the Object of Deſire for moſt of the Princes of *Europe!* But now indeed Women in our Counſels, and Gold in our Cabinets, enervate all; Prince *Alexis* can never hope to ſucceed but by them. Yet that your Excellency may not think my Averſion for his Perſon and Manners is without a Foundation, your ſelf ſhall be the Judge, if you will permit a young Slave of Senſe and Addreſs, to give you a Relation which my Grief does not ſuffer me to remember with any Temper; I will retire into my Study and cauſe her to be call'd. As the Confidant of her unfortunate Miſtreſs, ſhe is qualify'd to give your Excellency Satisfaction. I ſignify'd my Curioſity and willing Attention: *Muty* was introduc'd and his Eminence retired: I ſoon perceived the pretty Slave did not want either Ingenuity or a modeſt Aſſurance, two very good Requiſites to a Story, a Story which I ſuppoſe ſhe had been encouraged often to tell; therefore without any impertinent Preambles, ſhe began thus.

Honoria

Honoria, my Lord, was a Lady, to whoſe Mother I had the Glory to be born a Slave; a Slave, as my Anceſtors had ever been, and conſequently I was bred to attend and ſerve the beautiful Daughter. She was Niece to my Lord, the holy Prince, now become my Maſter, early taken into his Family, and bred as one he deſigned to make his Heir; for your Excellency muſt be pleas'd to know that our Prieſts never marry. *Honoria* grew the moſt charming, moſt accompliſh'd Lady of *Sarmatia*; her good Senſe and good Education improv'd each other. She was about Sixteen when her Parents dy'd; ſoon after Prince *Alexis* fell paſſionately in Love with her; his Age and Quality gave him an eaſie Acceſs. Your Lordſhip cannot but obſerve our Women are kept under no Reſtraint; we have ſo few Precedents of thoſe that are indiſcreet, thar our Vertue is not ſo much as ſuſpected, nor any Diſhonour fear'd; nay, ſcarcely can we tell how to believe the Report we hear from thoſe of our Sex in other Nations, who abandon their Chaſtity as a Reward of thoſe baſe Deſires with which a Lover dares to importune his Miſtreſs, tho' in good Senſe and juſt Retaliation, they ought to be rather receiv'd with a Ponyard: For of what Value is a Lady, if once ſhe be robb'd of her Honour?

I ſmil'd at this true and pert Reflection of the little Slave, wondering in my ſelf, that Nature being eternally the ſame, Cuſtoms

ſtoms and Countries ſhould ſo powerfully vary her Effects; hence it is that the Legiſlature ought to be anſwerable for moſt of the Indiſcretions that are committed: Were the ſame Order taken throughout, would not the Reſult be the ſame? Were Vertue countenanc'd, were ſhe introduc'd, with that admirable Beauty of hers, to the Cabinets of the Great; were her amiable Companion *Chaſtity* receiv'd as an unalterable Principle into their *Ruels*; were ſhe more than a Name among the Young and the Fair; ſhould we not be freed from thoſe Diſorders which her Abſence creates? 'Tis not enough to declaim with our Mouth againſt what our Heart is devoted to: When the Pretence and Practice become ſo remote, what Eſteem can they perſuade? What ſincere honeſt Man, would not avoid the Converſation of ſuch? The open Hypocrite! The private Debauchee! A deſpicable Paradox! A Libeller upon himſelf, who in declaiming againſt all Mankind, ſets for his own Picture, and ought to meet with Diſincouragement or Reproof wherever he appears, and in whatever Forms. 'Tis this Race of People, which in our Sex are the great, the ſecret Corrupters, who admire and ſeduce the Fair: Among whom there are alſo to be found thoſe who ſcruple not to act what they condemn, and think they have Vertue enough, if they do but talk of her with Warmth, tho' as far remov'd in their Inclinations and ſecret Habits, as the Northern from

from the Southern Pole. Should not our Laws therefore provide againſt ſuch Practices? I beg your Lordſhip's Pardon, declaiming is not altogether ſo ſeaſonable in a Story; I will therefore deſire Permiſſion to return to my little Slave.

I have heard it ſaid, ſhe purſu'd, that in other Countries, in Matters of Love, a Man is not always in earneſt, and therefore but ſeldom believed when he firſt declares himſelf: Can any Thing be more prepoſterous? What Account can you give of this? What Senſe muſt ſuch a Sett of People have, to laviſh away their precious Moments, their Vows, where it is not their Intereſt or Deſire to find Credit or Approbation? How falſe a Reliſh of Gallantry is this? What can be more remote from Reaſon? How does a Man of Underſtanding anſwer to himſelf, his taking Pains to engage the Inclinations of a Lady for whom he has not any? Nay, often to carry his Pretenſions to the moſt criminal Lengths, without conſulting Conſequences, whilſt he is ſo far from adoring, that he deſpiſes? No wonder the Wary and the Wiſe of our Sex ſtay to be convinc'd by Services, not Words. We have not the leaſt Taint of ſuch a Malignity amongſt us; at leaſt that Vice has been ſo imperfectly, and ſo newly introduc'd in the Perſon of Prince *Alexis*, 'tis not to be admired, that *Honoria* was not arm'd againſt a Deceit ſhe was ſo far from imagining, that as yet ſhe had never heard the mention of it in *Sarmatia*. The

The Court having not, by reaſon of the King's Illneſs, been at any of our wild Oxen-Hunting, ſince your Excellency's Arrival, I hope ſome Particulars, relating to the manner of it, becauſe it agrees with the Buſineſs of my Narrative, will not be diſpleaſing.

The Queen and Ladies, dreſt in the Habit of the Field, do not diſdain to find their Amuſement in hunting of theſe wild Creatures; they take a peculiar Delight in beholding the Manner how they are overcome, and even in their Deaths: Whether it proceeded from Weakneſs or Compaſſion, but, my Lord, the painful Tenderneſs *Honoria* always felt in behalf of thoſe unhappy Animals, who are cruelly tortur'd to make us Sport, took away from her the Pleaſure that moſt other Women have in thoſe ſanguinary Diverſions. When a wild Ox is to be kill'd, a vaſt Number of Horſemen ſurround him, each of them throw their Arrows againſt him; the Beaſt finding himſelf wounded, eagerly purſues him that he imagins his greateſt Enemy, while another darting him from behind, he turns with additional Rage againſt that Perſon, and ſo ſucceſſively, as he feels himſelf ſucceſſively darted, till the poor Creature tir'd with purſuing ſuch a number of Aſſailants, falls down and is eaſily kill'd. When they would take them in the Woods, they cauſe Ruſticks to encloſe a great Number of them in a Place with the Trees fell'd down; thus they can

but

but ſeldom eſcape the Hunters chuſing their ſeveral Poſts; the Beaſts are frightned into the middle by Dogs, and the noiſie Cries of the Aſſailants, where they are wounded by Darts and taken.

Prince *Alexis* had not declar'd himſelf to be the beautiful *Honoria*'s Lover, any otherwiſe than by his Aſſiduities, which always carry'd him near her Perſon; therefore at one of theſe Huntings in the Woods, he ſtay'd with her at ſome diſtance from the encloſed Scene where thoſe miſerable dumb Creatures were to ſuffer. She had ſo perfect a Goodneſs of Temper, that ſhe could not bear to ſee the faſhionable Cruelty there in Practice, but leaving the Queen and Court to their Diverſions, gave the Reins to her Horſe, and rode farther into the Wood; when one of thoſe enrag'd Creatures ſmarting with the Darts he had received, and which were ſtill profuſely ſticking in his Body, broke the Hunters Toils, and took the Wood; they held ſo many more encloſ'd, that the eſcape of one could ſcarce be heeded.

Prince *Alexis* was that Day habited in Scarlet, a Colour to which thoſe wild Creatures have an Antipathy, for by that means they are often taken: The Hunters carrying a Piece of red Cloth, hold it forth to the wild Beaſt, and by that means divert his Rage to one, who is provided for his coming, and conſequently kills him.

Honoria

Honoria and the Prince were riding together, and pleaſingly amuſing themſelves with every Thing but Love, when that terrible Beaſt, purſuing the Track thro' which he made his Eſcape, met them, and deteſting the Colour of Prince *Alexis*'s Habit ran at the poor Lady's Horſe, which, immediately wounded by the Ox's Horns, threw his Rider, and gallop'd away. *Honoria*'s Shrieks were the firſt notice the Prince had of her Danger; the furious Beaſt, after goring her Horſe, drew her to him by her Garments with his Tongue, which is by Nature ſo rough, that if any part of the Cloaths be within Reach, it has that Power. The Prince reflecting, that if he approach'd her in that Garb, it would inevitably be the Death of his Miſtreſs (for tho' the Beaſt, by Antipathy, might run away from him, he would firſt toſs her with his Horns) diveſted himſelf in a Moment of that outward offenſive Habit, then taking his Poniard, ran to the beautiful diſtreſs'd *Honoria*, juſt as the Ox was ſtooping to puſh her with his Horns; and arm'd as he was by Love and Rage, had the happy Dexterity to ſtrike him into the Head, and as if it were but one Motion, at the ſame Inſtant he diſ-engag'd *Honoria*, who lay ſo unhappily expos'd, that the Beaſt in falling down dead, as he did in an Inſtant, had ſhe not been removed, muſt have cruſh'd her with his Weight.

Prince *Alexis*'s Joy, in ſaving the Life of the Woman he ador'd, was extreme; he threw himſelf upon his Knees by her, where raiſing her fair Perſon into his Arms, he had not at firſt the Power of Words to enquire her Condition, 'till after ſome time, when he had repay'd himſelf for the Pains he had taken, with ſo many ardent repeated Kiſſes and Embraces, as brought back to that lovely Lady ſome degree of Strength, which ſhe employ'd to reſcue her ſelf from thoſe tender Efforts of Love and Tranſport; a native Principle of Modeſty prevail'd even over her Gratitude and Inclination, ſo that, feebly repelling him, ſhe ſaid: Is it thus, my Lord, that we return our Acknowledgments to Heaven for our Preſervation? Bruis'd and frighen'd as I am, this Condition of mine can ſure be no Motive to ſuch Endearments. If it be Compaſſion, If it be Joy, take another Way of expreſſing it; a Way, in which I may have my Share without Offence to Decency. You live! You breathe! You ſpeak! adored *Honoria*, cry'd out the Prince. Oh! is it poſſible that theſe Things can be, after the Danger we have paſs'd, and I not run wild with Profuſeneſs of Rapture? I who have loved you ſince I firſt beheld, but durſt never before declare it, that like a true, an ardent Lover, value nothing in compariſon of you. Be not diſpleaſed, too cautious Maid, that I receive theſe Benefits with the Ragings of a youthful Heart, glowing with Deſire and Delight!

Do

Do you love me, my Lord, anſwered the equally tranſported Virgin? Am I ſo bleſt? Oh! Balm to all my Sufferings! Oh! only Happineſs! The pleaſing Return of my hourly Adorations to *Citherea* and her irreſiſtible Son! Yes, my Lord, I have long, long, deſir'd it ſhould be thus, but durſt never preſume to hope it. That awful Diſtance in our Quality, that real Merit abſtracted from your Birth, forbade *Honoria* to aſpire after the Poſſeſſion of ſo many Excellences! Speak again, confirm what your Highneſs has lately ſaid; make me all yours, make me rich without Reſerve; The mighty Cordial raiſes me from the Grave: This, this only could have reſtor'd me, mortify'd as I am by Pain, and amaz'd at the Danger from which you have reſcu'd me.

Forbear, anſwer'd the Prince, you pain me with Exceſs of Pleaſure; I am wound up to that Pitch, Nature can bear no more. I can't endure to be belov'd; 'tis impoſſible to have *Honoria* tell me ſhe is mine, and I calmly live to hear her———— Theſe convulſive Graſpings,——— Theſe bliſsful Agonies———————can beſt explain my Agitations——— Oh! powerful Maid——— Thus reſting on thy fragrant Boſom, let me pauſe upon my Happineſs———— Let me make a Truce with Extaſies too racking and too exquiſite for frail Humanity, whoſe brittle Frame o'er wrought with Joy, ſinks on thy lovely Breaſt, and dies within thy

Arms, reſiſtleſs. ——————— *Honoria* exerted her utmoſt Strength in turn to ſupport her Lover, who for ſome Moments was ſo overcome by Paſſion, that he was no longer ſenſible: At length they both recovered the Power of Kneeling, where the Prince in View of all the Hierarchy above, invoking each propitious Power, the tall ſtraight conſecrated Trees, and every liſtning God, ſwore unalterable Love, and exchang'd with her his Vows never to wed another. Thus happily engag'd by mutual Love and mutual Promiſes, they were ſuddenly ſurrounded by a Train of Huntſmen, who had been ſeveral Ways in the Wood in ſearch of them, for *Honoria*'s wounded Horſe was found and known, and ſoon after that of Prince *Alexis*; for in the inſtant Danger of his Miſtreſs, he had no thought or Leiſure to ſecure him. It was not long before one of the Queen's Chariots arriv'd, in which they placed *Honoria*, who was ſo bruiſed by what ſhe had undergone (when Love called not upon her to exert her force) that ſhe had ſcarce the Power of removing. Prince *Alexis*, who took the late Fatigue for his pretence, placed himſelf by her, and in that manner they returned to Court, where they were met by the King and Queen, the High-Prieſt, and others, with Joy and Congratulations. Since that Day the Ladies, for fear of the like Accident, never go to theſe Huntings in any other Habit but Scarlet.

Prince

Prince *Alexis* and *Honoria*, though poſſeſſed of mutual Love and Happineſs, had many Meaſures to obſerve. The Queen had ſuch an Aſcendant, and was made by Nature and Fortune ſo haughty, that ſhe wou'd never conſent to her Son's Marriage with a Subject, who had not any thing conſiderable but the Expectation of being her Uncle's Heir. Prince *Honorius* was ſo little a Friend to the King of the *Almains*, that he would never come into his Intereſt, though to favour that of the Prince, who aim'd at ſucceeding his Father; this the Lovers were well acquainted with, and therefore deſpaired of ſeeing themſelves perfectly happy, 'till after the Deceaſe of the King; however they forbore not to taſte many pleaſing Moments, for Love is always ſufficient to it ſelf; 'till the Prince, whoſe Vertue had no ſolid Foundation, began to be impatient himſelf, and to importune *Honoria* for that Reſt of Happineſs which ſhe had not yet beſtowed: He repreſented to her how miſerable he was, and how impoſſible 'twas for him longer to conſider her as his Wife, and not poſſeſs her as ſuch, ſince he hourly languiſh'd and conſumed away with Deſires; that the Ceremony being nothing but a Name, few People of their Quality, among the bordering Nations, ſtaid to expect it; that, neither Glory nor Vertue being outrag'd by it, ſince they were by Vows already effectually pair'd, it were Pain and Madneſs to Sacrifice thoſe bliſsful Moments they might en-

joy, to a Caprice which had no Foundation but fantaſtick Opinion, and Self Denial.

Honoria, whoſe Vertue was ſolid as her Love, received the Propoſition with as great an Indignation as ſhe could have for what came from the Part of a Man whom ſhe regarded as her Lord. 'Alas! Prince *Alexis*, anſwered ſhe, Are theſe the Sentiments 'by which your Highneſs is agitated? How 'is Love, that noble Paſſion, ſo far degenerated? Would you prefer the deluding 'ſenſual Appetite to Honour? Honour! 'that faithful and unalterable Guide of 'Life; Honour! who is of ſuch Importance 'to the well being of every vertuous Breaſt, 'that there can be no juſt Compariſon between him and vicious Love. It is not 'poſſible in rejecting his Sway, to have any 'Peace of Mind within, or a Calm without. How ruffled, if you well obſerve, is 'the Face of every faulty Perſon? How 'confus'd? How apt to flush? Conſcious 'of inward Crimes, eſpecially before the 'truly Vertuous. For what would you exchange this invaluable Jewel? for a momentary Joy, a Flower that often fades 'in gathering, a reproachful Sweet, deſtroying all Eſteem and Merit, and which 'conceals under it a deadly Bitter: Not 'but that I love, and love to ſuch a height, 'that I cou'd undergo any Death, rather 'than ſee you another's; but at the ſame 'time wou'd revive again, tho' to live in

'rack-

'racking Miſeries, rather than conceive a 'Thought that ſhould make me unworthy 'of your Paſſion, or the Dignity of my 'own Vertue. I am, and will be, chaſte; I 'am, and muſt be a Lover of Prince *Alexis* 'to my Tomb; they are ſuch Agreeables 'as can never be ſeparated. Mine you al-'ready are, by binding Vows and mutual 'Inclination; take care you do not ſhake 'that Eſteem I have hitherto had for you; 'tis a ſure Foundation, a Rock which will 'daſh the moſt noiſy dreadful Billows. Do 'not make me ceaſe to value you, leſt I 'ceaſe to love, or ſee reconciled in my ſelf, 'the greateſt of all Misfortunes, a Love 'which I cannot, muſt not cure, becauſe 'you are my Lord, and at the ſame time, to 'find that my Lord is grown an Enemy to 'Vertue.'

Theſe were the Sentiments of that heroick Maid, with which ſhe never fail'd to reſtrain Prince *Alexis* his unbounded Deſires, 'till ſhe had pall'd and cool'd thoſe Ardours in him, once ſo noble and conſpicuous; which ſhews that his Paſſion was defective of Vertue, and ſought the Ruin, not the Eſtabliſhment, of the Object that had cauſed it.

The Queen, ever buſie and full of Intrigue, had caſt her Eyes upon a Match much more advantagious for him; the Spies which ſhe maintained in all the great Families of *Sarmatia*, informed her of the Prince's Paſſion for *Honoria*: She harrangu'd him upon that

Head, and let him ſee, that if he were ſo weak to marry a dowerleſs Subject, and one that was ſo nearly related to the moſt inveterate Enemy of their Houſe, he muſt not expect any Part of that great Wealth the King his Father had heaped up, in which he had been ſo induſtrious, denying himſelf many Expences, only in proſpect of continuing the Crown to his Children; that his Highneſs, being the Firſt-born, had doubtleſs the beſt Pretence to it, but he muſt be ſenſible, that without Money, to purchaſe Voices among the States, all his Pretenſions would be vain; that ſhe durſt venture to anſwer on the Part of his Majeſty, ſhou'd the Prince marry *Honoria*, the King would be ſo entirely diſobliged, as not to leave him any Thing: On the other ſide, if he were diſpoſed to obey the Commands they had from him, they ſhould be ſuch as would render him entirely happy. Since the rich and beautiful Princeſs *Emely*, Relict of the King of *Pannonia*'s Brother, had conſented to marry him, all things were already prepared and brought to a Concluſion, and nothing wanting but to render himſelf at the *Pannonian* Court, to receive from that King's Hand a Bride of ſo much Conſideration: In ſhort, ſhe repreſented to him a thouſand Advantages that Princeſs had over *Honoria*, whom ſhe equalled (as ſhe affirmed) even in the Charms of her Perſon; 'till the Prince's Faith began to ſtagger; his Paſſion, as I told your Excellency, having been before

fore cool'd by what ought to have increaſed it: In a Word, the Queen carried her Point; the Prince promis'd to obey their Majeſties, and all things were immediately directed for a ſplendid Equipage, in order to his Journey for *Pannonia*.

Prince *Honorius* had too good Intelligence at Court to miſs this, however ſecret the Queen and Prince affected to keep it; he had heard ſomething of his Niece's Inclinations; but hoping it was not true, without putting her to the Pain of queſtioning her upon a Subject that might diſtreſs her Modeſty; he contented himſelf by way of Confidence, to tell her of Prince *Alexis*'s Marriage with the Princeſs *Emely*, as a Thing the Court had reſolved upon, and that as ſoon as his Equipage cou'd be formed, his Highneſs would depart.

Whatever Conſtancy *Honoria* was Miſtreſs of, ſhe ſummon'd it all at this dangerous Juncture, that the Prince her Uncle might not read the Secret of her Soul; but when no longer reſtrain'd by his Preſence, ſhe gave a Looſe to Sorrow and Deſpair: What Heart cou'd be ſo obdurate as to remain unmoved at her Tears and Sufferings? She ran to me with a diſtracted Air, throwing her ſelf upon my Boſom, wept aloud; her Words were ſo interrupted by Sobs and Groans, that it was a long while before my Importunity cou'd prevail with her to tell me what had cauſed her Woe. To me who had been ſo many times a Witneſs of their in-

nocent Endearments, ſhe could not ſcruple to impart the News of his Inconſtancy. He is falſe! he is falſe! *Muty*, ſaid ſhe, would you believe that lovely Prince ſhould introduce amongſt the *Sarmatians* a new Sin, only to render the unfortunate *Honoria* miſerable? My Life is the intended Victim; by this Novelty I am murthered. Here the Prince enter'd, who imagined not that ſhe was acquainted with his Crime, but ſeeing her all in Tears, her Dreſs diſorder'd, Deſpair in her Eyes, and yet never ſo beautiful as now when ſhe appeared moſt diſtreſſed, made haſte tenderly to ask the Occaſion of that Scene of Woe? 'Doſt thou (Traitor, 'ſhe cry'd,) enquire what thus afflicts the a-'bandoned *Honoria?* What can it be, but 'Prince *Alexis*'s Perjury? Thy early Falſe-'hood; thy, 'till now, unpractiſed Sin of 'Vow-breach! Art thou not mine? Thou 'art, if Oaths are binding, and yet thou 'doſt attempt, and I living, to be ano-'ther's. Oh! never! That muſt never 'happen, aſſure thy ſelf; my Death ſhall at 'once convince thee of my Love, and do 'thee the Obligation to ſet thee free from 'the Tye thou would'ſt in vain, without 'me, diſpenſe with.'

The Prince finding himſelf diſcovered, never attempted to deny, but barely to extenuate his Fault, by telling us the poſitive Commands of his Majeſty, and what the Queen had ſaid to him; he begg'd *Honoria*, however, to believe, that he ſtill lov'd her above

above all Conſiderations; and to ſhow her that he did, if ſhe could reſolve to oblige him in her Turn, by admitting him privately, without the Nuptial Ceremony, to her Bed, he wou'd renounce all other Pretenſions but thoſe that engaged him to be a tender and unalterable Husband to her alone.

Honoria, however ſhe had been broken and oppreſſed by Sorrow before ſhe had heard this Propoſition, in a moment returned her ſelf to that Calm which inſeparably accompanies Vertue, and with a compoſed and majeſtick Air, her Eyes full of that Fire which true Glory inſpires, ſaid, No, my Lord, if there be no other way to make your Highneſs Juſt, but by *Honoria*'s becoming Baſe, aſſure your ſelf, you ſhall for ever be a Criminal; I will ſink into my Tomb untainted even in my Thought or Wiſh; my Innocence ſhall mingle with my Aſhes! My Vertue, ſacred, as I thought your Vows, is not like them to be violated, but muſt to the laſt Moment adorn my Life, and make me worthy of a better Deſtiny! But to ſhow you I am ſo far a mortal Woman, as to love with Rage and Conſtancy, I muſt reſolve to die, to free my ſelf from Miſeries I cannot bear——Farewel, my Lord——Mine——whilſt you were Juſt——farewel, not only to your Highneſs, but with your Highneſs a laſt Farewel to any earthly Happineſs: Here the Tears fell in ſuch an abundance from her Eyes, that

that to conceal the too powerful Weakneſs, ſhe paſſed into her Cabinet, and left the Prince to retire ruminating and diſordered.

However, his Remorſe was not powerful enough to hinder his intended Journey to *Pannonia*; he ſeem'd to give himſelf no farther Pain about the Injuſtice and Barbarity he was going to be guilty of, in relation to *Honoria*, the Breach of ſacred Vows ſat light upon him; he pretended rather to retain Indignation againſt her, for refuſing to ſacrifice her Vertue, than to feel any Remorſe in himſelf for breaking ſo ſolemn an Engagement, and when I attempted to tell him her Sorrows and Sufferings, that I fear'd they would be fatal to her: He anſwered, few died of Grief that talk'd ſo much of it; and received all I ſaid with an Air ſo little ſerious, that I could not but conclude his Heart was entirely diſengaged, or transferred to his new Pretenſions, ſince he did not fail to take the minuteſt Care, as to whatever concerned the Magnificence of his intended Equipage.

Honoria paſſed the Time in real Diſtreſs and Solitude; the Pretence of Indiſpoſition favour'd her Retreat, though it was more than a Pretence. Her Love was unalterable, even by Injuries, and being as well as her Vertue fixed upon Principles, nothing but Death could remove it. When her Hopes were entirely deſperate, ſhe intended not to ſurvive the Loſs of what was ſo dear

dear to her: But if poſſible, to give the Prince ſome Remorſe, ſhe reſolved to die before he ſhould depart, and even in ſuch a manner, that he might ſee her when dead. I was but a Slave, born to obey, and not betray her; and though the Aſſiſtance I lent this unhappy Victim, was a Heart wounding Diſtreſs to me, yet it was my Duty to perform whatever ſhe commanded, elſe I cou'd never hope a Bleſſing from our Gods. After having preſumed, though in vain, to endeavour at overcoming her Reſolves by Argument and Reaſon, I became her Convert inſtead of making her mine; ſhe convinced me throughly of the Neceſſity there was to rid her ſelf of a State, where the Evil ſo far ſurmounted the Good; Death was become incomparably, to her, more eligible than Life: Her Love, her Hopes, her Happineſs, being fixed upon the Prince, it was not to be ſuppoſed ſhe could ſurvive the Loſs of him without Horror and Loſs of Senſe, which would make her Frantick Being, deſpicable, forlorn, and much more wretched than are the Dead or Dying: Neither her Youth, Beauty, or Innocence, could perſuade her to any Compaſſion for her ſelf; black Deſpair and hourly Anguiſh took entire Poſſeſſion of her Soul, nor could ſhe wiſh or foreſee any Relief but Death: She commanded me to infuſe ſome of that deadly Gum which grows in great abundance among the Trees in the Country of the *Alans*, which, as your Excellency cannot want to

be

be informed, is a Dukedom annexed to the Republick of *Sarmatia.*

Sure none ever precipitated their own Death with a Frame of Mind ſo compoſed as was *Honoria*'s: After ſhe had fixed her Reſolutions, and beheld the Gum diſſolving in a proper Vehicle, ſhe wept no more, ſhe rag'd, ſhe grieved no more; all was calm, all was devout and heavenly: She inceſſantly kneeled in hopes of Pardon for that Offence ſhe was about to commit, the greateſt that human Nature, ſhe acknowledged, could be capable of; a Sin of ſuch a Scarlet that ſhe muſt die in it, without the Power of Repentance to waſh away her Pollution! But ſince the great Diſpoſers of her Deſtiny, had ſubmitted her Reaſon to the Sway of a tyrannick Paſſion, and that Deſpair ſucceeded the Unſucceſsfulneſs of it, ſhe would fall a Sacrifice to free her from its Torture, ſtill in proſpect of ſeeing the *Elyſian* Shades, ſince, though her Life was made an Offering to Love, ſhe had preſerved her Chaſtity and her Vertue incorruptible.

Adorned with Innocence, and dreſſed in Robes of White an Emblem of that Innocence, with fantaſtick Greens, and a Garland of various Flowers to crown the lovely Victim, ſhe ſeemed more charming than in all thoſe glittering Ornaments of Court, with which ſhe uſed to grace the Circle. I ſurveyed her o'er and o'er, with Tears that almoſt took away my Uſe of Sight, 'till

on

on my Allegiance, ſhe commanded me to reach the Liquid-Death, and to weep no more for her, for that ſhe ſhould ſhortly be at Reſt. She drank with eagerneſs the bitter Draught, whoſe Property it is to cauſe lethargick ſtupifying Slumbers, which overcoming all the Offices of Life, end in a laſting Sleep.

When Fate ſeem'd to be buſie with her, and that ſhe was become more a Part of another World than ſhe was of this, ſhe caus'd me to call two Men-Slaves, whoſe Buſineſs it was uſually to attend at the Foot of the back Stairs, Them ſhe ſwore to obey whatever Commands ſhould be brought by me; She was ever ſo perfectly good and gracious, that not one of us all, but at her Requeſt, would have fac'd the greateſt Danger; ſo they did not heſitate to engage themſelves as ſhe commanded. She bade them retire and remain within her Call, but by no means to depart 'till licenſed; then taking her laſt Leave of me, where, to my everlaſting Glory be it remembered, ſhe wept with Tenderneſs! a Tenderneſs due to a more exalted State than that of a Slave, who could not however be termed wretched, obeying ſo much Goodneſs.

When She had once more ſtrictly prohibited my Tears, ſhe bade me wait without, and not on any Terms to diſcompoſe her Fate, ſo as to render it terrible and painful by miſtaken Kindneſs, or unavailing Cries and Compaſſion, and inſtructed me how de-

decently to compoſe her lovely Limbs, to cloſe her brillant Eyes, and when ſhe was no other than lifeleſs Clay, to throw a Covering o'er her breathleſs Limbs, and ſecretly to cauſe thoſe two Slaves to bear her to the Prince's Lodging, introduced by me, where he might behold what Love on her ſide, and Perjury on his, had done.

I beſeech your Excellency to ſpare all the diſmal Circumſtances of that wretched Day and Night; the ſtrong Convulſions, the Agonies between Death and Life, that poor *Honoria* ſuffered! Yet inwardly compoſed and ſtedfaſt to the laſt. She died upon the point of Morning. I thought my ſelf in Duty concern'd, to obey punctually her Orders, and proved ſo happy in the Execution, that I was admitted with my fatal Preſent into the Prince's Chamber, few of his People being ſtirring, himſelf being early up, with an Intent to go a Hunting.

See there, my Lord, ſaid I to him, when the Slaves had ſet down the Body of *Honoria*, approach and ſee, what Perjury, what Breach of Vows, and Change of Love have done! The Prince intently gazing upon the cover'd Fair. knew not what it was, 'till I drew off the Embroidery, and ſhow'd the breathleſs Maid, adorn'd, and charming as if ſhe waited for the Bridal Happineſs; ſo little terrible was Death, ſo reconcil'd to Innocence and Beauty, that he had no

Darts

Darts which did not ſeem ſubdued by both.

I believe the Prince never felt any Conſternation like this; I had left Orders with ſome of the Slaves to awaken the High-Prieſt, and to ſend him to the Lodging where it was told him his Niece was dead, and had commanded her Body ſhould be carried. *Honorius* all affrighted at the Report, entred before Prince *Alexis* could do any thing but gaze upon the departed Beauty. Then was it to be ſeen, that Religion, and the fineſt Underſtanding is not Proof againſt ſuch extraordinary Accidents. I find my ſelf utterly defective when I would expreſs the Grief and Shame that poſſeſſed theſe two Princes; taking Advantage of their Wonder, I gave, in theſe Words, a ſhort and impartial Relation of what had paſs'd ſince the unhappy Hour that *Honoria* firſt engaged her ſelf to the Prince.

'View here, my Lord, ſaid I, addreſſing 'to the High-Prieſt, view the Fair, but 'murther'd *Honoria! Honoria!* the Vertu-'ous as well as charming! View her as the 'Trophy of Prince *Alexis*'s Victory and In-'conſtancy! *Honoria* dy'd by her Lover's 'Infidelity! A Lover! who by holy and 'interchangeable Vows, was ſworn to be-'come her Husband; having ſubdued her 'Heart, he would have baſely profited him-'ſelf of the Conqueſt, by triumphing over 'her Vertue; but finding the Heroick 'Maid ſet the Value upon it that ſhe ought,

'he

'he abandoned what he ſhould have worſhip-
'ped, and from that moment thought no
'longer of her, or of his Vows! Oh! A-
'poſtate to Love and Chaſtity! Thou
'didſt prepare thy ſelf (after being engag'd
'by Oaths and ſolemn Imprecations to
'*Honoria*, in the ſight of *Juno* the awful
'Goddeſs, and Queen of Marriage-Vows)
'thou didſt prepare, as all *Sarmatia* knows,
'to wed the Princeſs *Emely!* Oh! unpre-
'cedented Perjury! Oh! inconſiderate
'Youth, to barter real Merit for glaring
'Titles. Oh! capricious God of Love,
'How wert thou ſo eaſily diſguſted? How
'can'ſt thou be appeas'd with Trifles, at
'the moment that thou doſt covet all
'Things? Behold her a Monument of Infi-
'delity: It was Prince *Alexis*'s Hand, and
'not her own, that lifted the fatal Draught
'to her deſpairing Lip! It was Prince
'*Alexis*'s Cruelty and Breach of Faith,
'that determined, and gave her to ſwal-
'low the ſtupifying Death! *Alexis!* who
'anticipated his Triumphs, and uſed to
'ſmile when he was told it would be thus!
'Revenge! Revenge! you immortal Pow-
'ers! You that are ever excellent, Revenge
'upon his Name and Family *Honoria*'s
'Wrongs; take Poſſeſſion of him all ye
'Furies! Seize him ye Infernal Powers!
'May his Life be ſhort and miſerable, but
'may his Hereafter Torments be never end-
'ing! Deteſt him! ye chaſte and blooming
'Maids; deteſt him whilſt he is among you,

'you

'you that know the Price of Vertue! Deteſt 'Him, the Corrupter of Vertue! may his 'Memory be ever deteſted! Shun him all ye 'Good! May his Walks be lonely, his 'Hours painful, and the Remainder of his 'Life one perpetual Remorſe for his In-'gratitude, Perjury, and Barbarity to *Ho-'noria*.

There is ſomething ſo eloquent and perſuaſive in Truth alone, without the Advantage of Oratory; that there were none preſent (for by this time the Report of her Death had drawn a Croud) but what wept her Fate, and deteſted the Lover's Injuſtice.

That good Prince *Honorius* forbore not to kiſs the beauteous Clay, to weep over it with Tears almoſt of Blood, making Imprecations, in the firſt Tranſports of his Grief, for Revenge upon the Traitor who thus inſulted the Honour of his Name. Some of the leſs prepoſſeſs'd Spectators, diſcovered a Writing fix'd upon her Breaſt, under a Stomacher of Flowers. Curioſity made them immediately preſs about the Corps to endeavour to read it, but Prince *Honorius* commanding them back, bade me unlooſe it from the Body; I obey'd, and delivered it to him, where he read theſe Words.

Thou! that would'ſt fill the Sarmatian *Annals,*
With Crimes hitherto unknown:
Thou! that by the inviolable Truſt of Love
Wou'd'ſt draw the liſt'ning Virgin to Diſhonour,
Look here, and regulate thy Deſires;
Look here, and lament thy Perjuries.
Learn from me, a wandering Shade,
How fleeting are mortal Joys;
And that nothing can be permanent but Vertue.

That Life, once preſerv'd by Prince Alexis's *Arms,*
Now falls a Sacrifice to his Injuſtice.

I find it impoſſible to repreſent to your Excellency the Tears and Tumult of the Spectators, upon the Reading of this Paper; it was ſo great, that probably without reſpect to Prince *Alexis*'s being the Son of a King, they had torn him in Pieces, if the High-Prieſt, whoſe Allegiance was inviolable, had not reſtrained and commanded them to depart. The Prince had all this while continued ſilent, weeping and kneeling upon one Knee, over the breathleſs Beauty; but ſeeing they were going, by *Honorius*'s Orders, to bear the Body to his own Houſe, he gave a Vent to that Woe which had been ſo long pent within his Boſom, and became formidable to all by the Exceſs of his Ravings, his Indignation againſt himſelf, and Complaints for the untimely Fate of his once adored *Honoria.* When he cou'd no more by his Prayers, Tears, Struggings,

glings, and Endeavours retain her, but that ſhe was carried from his Sight, he attempted to murder himſelf with his Poniard; but that being wreſted from him, he would have ſtrangled himſelf, had he not been held; his Rage was ſo extream, they were forced to bind him in his Bed, and when the King and Queen were called, how did he exclaim againſt falſe Ambition, Avarice, Perjury, and thoſe other Crimes which had occaſioned *Honoria*'s Fate?

They left his Cure to Time, and the Care of the Phyſicians, and ſent their Complement of Condoleance to the High-Prieſt, who, like a Man truly Prudent and Religious, ſubmitted himſelf, with a Moderation very ſurprizing to all that knew how much he had valued and loved *Honoria*. The wiſer Part believed he only ſmothered his Reſentment, deferring it to an Hereafter, when he ſhould have, upon the King's Death, a blameleſs Opportunity of purſuing his Revenge.

Honoria's Body was burnt with utmoſt Pomp, not a Virgin of any Diſtinction but what rendered her ſelf with Garlands, Elegies, and Tears, about her Pile, beſtowing Millions of Invectives againſt her perjured Lover. I begged the Glory to have been ſacrificed to her *Manes*, but the High-Prieſt reſerved me to do her Memory Juſtice; ſo that another, though leſs favoured than I had been, was burnt with that lovely Clay, together with thoſe Ornaments and Mo-

Moveables that ſhe had moſt valued when living.

A magnificent Tomb was erected to her Memory, a bright Repoſitory for her invaluable Aſhes! whereon the High-Prieſt caus'd to be engraved, in Characters of Gold, the Inſcription found upon her Breaſt; but this did not long ſurvive, ſome Agent of the Royal Family, took an unſeen Opportunity to deface the Writing, which ought to have remained an everlaſting Monument of Prince *Alexis*'s Injuſtice.

Whoſe Grief, not founded upon right Principles, quickly paſſed over; but becauſe he was aſhamed immediately to appear where he had occaſioned ſo lamentable a Cataſtrophe, he departed privately for *Pannonia*, in purſuit of his firſt Deſign, where his Equipage met him. The King and Princeſs *Emely* had given their Conſent to the Nuptials, ſo that he was there received with great Magnificence.

The lovely Prince of *Noricum*, Brother to the Queen of the *Almains*, out of Friendſhip and Reſpect to the King of *Sarmatia*, render'd himſelf at the *Pannonian* Court, to give Prince *Alexis* the Meeting, and to grace the Marriage-Ceremony.

Fame, that indefatigable Goddeſs, had brought poor *Honoria*'s Adventure to the Ears of the Princeſs *Emely*; ſhe took a Reſolution worthy her exalted Soul; which was, to revenge the Diſhonour had been done

done one of the moſt meritorious of the Sex, upon the Traitor who had deceiv'd her; in order to it, ſhe ſent a Lady of Addreſs and bright Underſtanding, to the Prince of *Noricum*, to ask him if he would be contented to marry her? And to convince him upon what Principles ſhe went, the Story of Prince *Alexis*'s Perjury, by her Directions, was related to him: The Princeſs's great Beauty, Merit, and Poſſeſſions, ſoon determin'd his Reſolution: They were marry'd that very Evening, before the Morning deſign'd for her Nuptials with the *Sarmatian* Prince.

And that his Diſgrace might be the more particular, it was induſtriouſly conceal'd from his Highneſs, till he came, in nuptial Ornaments, to take the deſtin'd Bride at her own Lodgings. But was then told below, by an Officer in waiting, not to make a Noiſe to diſturb the Princeſs, who could not be ſpoken to, for that ſhe was in Bed with her Lord, the Prince of *Noricum*, whom ſhe had lately marry'd.

He ſtaid not to have the Publick a Witneſs of his Diſgrace, nor to call his falſe Friend to an Account for Breach of Friendſhip, the greateſt that mortal Man could have been guilty of; and which the pooreſt ſpirited Slave would have reſented and reveng'd. The King of *Sarmatia*, upon his Return, talked very high of the Injury and Affront that had been done him, in the Perſon of his Son, and pretended, that the

Pan-

Pannonian King ſhould give him Satisfaction for the Outrage that had been committed in his Court: But an Expedient was found out, which this narrow-ſoul'd Prince agreed to; an Expedient that made his Littleneſs of Spirit more conſpicuous; it was a Marriage between him and a Siſter of his Rival: Theſe Nuptials were ſoon after ſolemniz'd, and all was well again; but the *Sarmatians* ſecretly deſpiſe and ridicule his Conduct, which is the true Reaſon, that ſo very few of them ever deſire to ſee him become their Monarch.

Thus, my Lord, purſu'd the Envoy, I have given you Prince *Alexis*'s Hiſtory, in moſt of the Slave *Muty*'s Words, which will inform your Lordſhip of the true Value of that Prince: Now it was no longer a Myſtery to me, why he was not beloved by the *Sarmatians*. I alſo obſerved, that *Mademoiſelle Muty* expected a World of Applauſes, for ſo handſomely acquitting her ſelf. She was very Beautiful, and more *Eveliez* and *Spirtuel*, than any I had met, among the Women of the firſt Diſtinction: Add to this her Youth, and ſomething of an Air, which beſpoke Satisfaction and Self-ſufficiency, as if ſhe more govern'd than obey'd, and rather impos'd Chains upon others, than wore them her ſelf; which, together with the Richneſs of her Habit, and the Reſpect all the Domeſticks paid her, gave me to ſuſpect, that, the High-Prieſt being no more than a Man, this beautiful Slave found her Ac-

Account near his Eminence; nor was I deceiv'd, as afterwards I was convinced: Therefore I did not play away the Opportunity that was given me, but with all Sort of Addreſs, and artful ſeeming Sincerity, I celebrated her Merit, affected to be infinitely charm'd, infinitely ſenſible, and render'd her Wit and Beauty ſome Part of what ſhe thought their due: It was impoſſible to do her Charms the Juſtice ſhe expected; nor could they have ſo great an Allay, as her own Eſteem and Knowledge of them; tho' we muſt grant ſhe took their Height, from the difficult and illuſtrious Conqueſt they had obtain'd.

I reſolved to bring her into my Intereſt, and added Preſents to my Praiſes. She permitted me the Favour to ſee her often. It was not long before ſhe gave me the beſt Proof that my Money had been well beſtow'd; very faithful, and very grateful, beyond what was to be found in the Men, even among thoſe who are call'd Noble; She never forbore, till ſhe brought the High Prieſt to declare himſelf, and I happily received his Promiſe, That he would carry on my Maſter's Intereſt the next Election, in the Perſon of Prince *Armutius*, to the Prejudice of all others.

Thus, by a lucky Hit, and the Help of a critical Smile from the Goddeſs Fortune, I obtain'd what, before, I had ſo many waking Hours rack'd my Brain for in vain; ſo true it is, that all Men have their Foibles, and

Aſcendants, even the wiſeſt and moſt abſtemious; the Difficulty lies only in the Diſcovery; for after that, there are few Favourites, but what have Favourites, or at leaſt omnipotent Gold has a Power ſo extenſive, that we preſume we are not guilty of Hyperbole, and paint but after the Life, in repreſenting it, as the grand Univerſal.

But, my Lord, the Hour grows late, permit me to wait upon your Lordſhip to your Repoſe: I have enough intruded upon your Patience for once; to Morrow, if your Curioſity continue, I will not forbear to do my ſelf the Honour of repeating to you, whatever has ſince happen'd of Moment in *Sarmatia*.

Horatio return'd the Envoy his Acknowledgments, and with much Unwillingneſs, was oblig'd to let him attend him to his Bed-Chamber, which was the ſame that had before been his: *Merovius* having reſigned it to him, order'd a ſecond Field-Bed to be ſet up for himſelf in another Apartment. *Horatio* was forc'd to comply with this, and told him, that he found it was impoſſible to diſpute, in Gallantry, with ſuch a Maſter, whom he would always make it his Glory, rather to imitate and obey, than fruitleſly to contend with.

MON-

MONSIEUR *l'Envoyé* was agreeably awaken'd in the Morning by the Count *de St. Girone*, a Native of the *Celtic Gallia*; he call'd for his Cloaths, the better to receive and careſs that Friend, whom he had not beheld in ſo long a time. When their firſt Indearments were over, and the Prior dreſt, they went both together to *Horatio*'s Apartment, having ſent before to know, whether he were ſtirring. The Prior preſented his Friend to the *Roman* Heroe, and deſir'd he would be pleaſed to conſider him as a Perſon of Merit, well acquainted with the World, and one whoſe Converſation was very diverting. General Compliments being over, *Merovius* enquir'd of the Count, How he came to be ſo happy to ſee him in *Sarmatia?* To whom, in return, the Count gave this following Relation.

Your Excellency knows I am a Soldier of Fortune, have a roving Head, love to ſee ſtrange Cuſtoms and Countries, which caus'd me to forſake my own, juſt after the laſt Peace, which our mighty Monarch made with his Enemies. Tho' 'tis true, his Majeſty did not diſſolve his Army, yet I could not underſtand that ſort of Paradox, being a Soldier with nothing to do; I lov'd Action, and therefore reſolv'd to travel in purſuit of ſome.

I could not have more fortunately executed my Deſign, than in the Company of Count *Martel*, a Perſon of Merit and Addreſs, who was going Ambaſſador from King *Charles* to the Emperor *Conſtantine*, or rather to the Empreſs *Irene*, for all Things are govern'd, in that Court and Kingdom, as ſhe and her Favourite the General *Stauratius* pleaſe, with whom it is believed, ſhe has contracted *une Marriage de Conſcience:* The Emperor is no more minded, than a Baby in Leading ſtrings, for ſo his Mother will have it. Did your Lordſhip make any Stay in that Court? interrupted *Horatio*. About eighteen Months, reply'd the Count, enough to be weary of it; tho' Part of the time was ſpent in a Campaign under *Stauratius* againſt the *Perſians*; but his Avarice was ſo exceſſive, that it diſguſted even thoſe that were not to ſuffer by it; ſomething ſo ſordid and offenſive reſults from that Vice, as to make the Wearer ſecretly deſpiſed, be his Quality never ſo conſpicuous, or his Power extenſive; nor can any Thing atone for it, becauſe of the Baſeneſs of its Companions, Injuſtice, Extortion, Cruelty, and Ingratitude. *Conſtantinople* is no longer that glorious City it was! In forſaking the old *Roman* Vertues, they have imbib'd the Vices of, and degenerated into, thoſe Barbarians, once ſo contemptible in their Eyes; a few excepted, amongſt which ſtill are to be found the Love of Glory! Love of their Coun-

Country, and Conſtitution! The Reſt run mad after Liberty, new Notions! new Vices! and new Religions! Which latter ſo entirely poſſeſs them, that if you are acceptable upon every other Account, and differ here, they hate and perſecute you, and are ſo unjuſt, as not to allow you any Part of that Merit they before admired you for; and, which is more ridiculous than all, they ſtill are thus warm for every Opinion that they embrace, (for I would have you to know there are few but have, and do change, and more than once) they are *Conſtant to nothing but Inconſtancy*: Sometimes the Orthodoxy, ſometimes Heterodoxy is uppermoſt; they have Faſhions for Religions as well as Cloaths, are as fond, and new cut them as often: At preſent the Orthodox is diſcountenanc'd; the Empreſs *Irene* introduc'd Image-Worſhip, and has got a Pope to her own Heart's Deſire, Dull! Stupid! and as little tenacious of the Rights of the Pontificate, as ſhe could wiſh. The Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*, indeed, is not ſo paſſive; he aſſerts the Purity of the primitive Times, and oppoſes all Innovations; whence it is, that the Biſhop of *Rome* is at perpetual Variance with him: But I forget my ſelf, that I am ſpeaking to a *Roman*, whoſe Knowledge in all Things, eſpecially the Manners of his own Country, is confirm'd, whereas mine can be but ſuperficial.

I aſſure your Lordſhip, anſwer'd *Horatio*, that I am much more ignorant than I dare

own; 'tis more than three Years ſince I was there, and only know, that from the time of my Departure, Affairs have often chang'd Hands. After Monſieur *L'Envoye's* Curioſity is ſatisfy'd, I will beg a little Information of the Meaſures that were in faſhion, then, when your Lordſhip left *Conſtantinople*; for a Perſon of your Penetration, with thoſe Lights, which the piercing and refin'd Count *Martel* could give him, can, I'm certain, be ignorant of nothing that you had a Deſire to know. Your Lordſhip is too obliging, anſwered the Count, but in all Things that depend upon me, you may be ſure to be obeyed.

Wearied, as I told your Lordſhips, with the buſie Intrigues, Faction, and Dulneſs, of the *Conſtantinopolitan* Court; for Gallantry is no longer the Theme, the greateſt Beauties ſeem to forget that they have Charms, ſince they have not any Lovers to put them in mind of them; all are buried in Politicks and Strugglings which Opinion ſhall prevail; wearied, I ſay, with thoſe ſort of unnatural Diviſions, I went in the Train of an Ambaſſador, from the Emperor, to the Prince of *Rheta* in *Germany*; we happen'd to reach the Court juſt before his Nuptials; I had the good Fortune to carry the Prize at thoſe Juſts and Tournaments that were held in Honour of the Bride, which ſo far recommended me to his Highneſs, that he received me into his Army, and gave me a very conſiderable Poſt there.

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I can't forbear telling your Lordſhips, that the Princeſs of *Rhetia* is a Perſon full of ſo many Attractions, that without being the greateſt Beauty in the World, ſhe can do more than the moſt Charming; ſhe penetrates, ſhe enters into the ſecret Wiſhes of her Beholders, and cauſes their Beſt to be made for Her; in ſhort, at her Appearance at Court, not a Man but found her to his Taſte; ſhe was univerſally taking; her Air, her Wit, her Eyes, her Manner, her Vivacity, every Thing about her, created Admirers, even from amongſt thoſe of her own Sex; yet with all this Agreeableneſs, ſhe has not been able to defend her ſelf from becoming unhappy: The Perſon who was ſuſpected to be her Favourite, is now wretched, and under my Guard, in a Tent pitched not far from your Excellency's, where we arriv'd laſt Night; tho' I was then ignorant of my good Fortune in being brought to be your ſo near Neighbour, or, late as it was, I ſhould not have forborn to have paid my Duty to your Excellency.

And do you imagine, Monſieur *le Count*, reply'd the Prior of *Orleans*, obſerving the Count was ſilent, that we will compound for this? I aſſure your Lordſhip, that I am too fond of all Occaſions that can make you ſpeak, to paſs by one ſo particular. Something I have already heard of this unhappy Gentleman, I think he is a Man of Quality of the *Vandals*; but the Diſtance makes Things ſo confus'd, that one cannot depend

upon what one hears. Pray favour the generous *Horatio* and my ſelf, with what your Lordſhip knows of that Affair: *Horatio* having join'd his Endeavours to the Envoy's, the Count could no longer defend himſelf, but addreſſing to both, thus continued his Relation.

Your Excellency is well inform'd; Count *Alarick* was born among the *Vandals*, but he has liv'd more abroad than at home; as his Exploits have been perform'd and renown'd more under the Queen of Love than the God of War, the Ladies can give a better Account of him than thoſe of our Sex. His Perſon is handſome, and did not Misfortunes preſerve him ſacred from Curioſity, your ſelves ſhould be Judges; but as this Intruſion is a Sort of Inſulting, which no well-bred Man would be guilty of, you will be pleas'd to be contented with what I can tell your Lordſhips.

I have never had the Honour to enter the Count's Cabinet; ſo that I do not pretend to give you a Part in any of his Thoughts; his Actions, and thoſe only, that have made ſuch a Noiſe in the World, that none about him are ignorant of them, ſhall be my preſent Entertainment.

I think Count *Alarick* had more of Title than Eſtate, which caus'd him to uſe all his Endeavours to better it; thoſe which offer'd moſt plauſibly to a Man well made, young, handſome, and gay as he was, ſeem'd ſuch as he could procure from the Fair Sex. In his Travels, it was his Fortune, in the lower

lower *Batavia*, to meet a Lady whoſe Circumſtances were pretty fantaſtical; ſhe was born in one of the Iſlands, of high Birth, and a vaſt Heireſs. A Perſon of the firſt Diſtinction for Quality, tho' not Merit, a titular Prince, of which there are Numbers in that Part of the World, found her Poſſeſſions would be infinitely commodious for him, becauſe his Eſtate was but little anſwerable to the Rank he held; but knowing the young Lady's Mother would never be for him, he contented himſelf with wiſhing ſome unforeſeen Smile of Fortune might conduct him to his Happineſs.

Mean time his Miſtreſs is marry'd, without aſking her Conſent, to a Gentleman who was the Reverſe of the Prince, for he had much more Eſtate than Title; but Lady *Iſabella*'s Mother, very careful and tender of her only Child, (tho' ſhe was not too young in the Opinion of the reſt of the World) capitulated with him that he ſhould not bed her in a Year; the Bridegroom agreed to theſe Articles, and kept his Word: He was guilty of another Over-ſight, and that was, forgetting to ſecure Lady *Iſabella*'s Woman, who had been before tamper'd with by the Needy-Prince his Rival; her Power over the old Lady was not ſo great as with the Young, and conſequently ſhe could not prevent the Marriage: But when ſhe ſaw the Conſummation was deferr'd, and that the Bridegroom was departed without Bedding her, ſhe poiſon'd Lady *Iſabella*'s unwary In-

nocence againſt her Husband: The firſt Thing ſhe did, was to bring her a Looking-glaſs, and aſking her, as the young Charmer ſurvey'd her ſelf there, Who but an inſenſible, or diſeas'd abject Wretch, or perhaps with Affections pre-engag'd, could leave ſo vaſt a Share of Youth and Beauty un-enjoy'd? That 'twas true, her Husband had capitulated ſo to do, but if he had lov'd as another would have done, what he had ſaid to the old Lady to gain her, ought to have gone for nothing: He was now become the Maſter; all the World would therefore have been on his Side, when the Poſſeſſion of a Bride ſo charming was in Queſtion: His Neglect was unpardonable, affronting, cold, indifferent! That true it was, one ſhould have been apt to have pity'd and forgiven the wretched Mortal (taking his unnatural Apathy to proceed from a Defect of Nature) had he not given guilty Proofs of his Liking and Immorality in other Places: Therefore nothing could be ſaid for him here to his Advantage; for either he muſt be in an ill State of Health, perhaps one infectious, or ſtill in Love with his Miſtreſs; or, which was as bad, not in Love with his Wife.

Lady *Iſabella*, was as full of her ſelf as any Lady of her Birth, Fortune, and Beauty could be, had never any Liking to her Husband's Perſon or Addreſs, who, becauſe ſecure of her Mother, had neglected thoſe neceſſary Applications by which a Lover inſinuates

ſinuates himſelf into the tender Inclinations of the Fair. She, fired with Indignation at this Contempt of her Beauty, was quickly wrought up to all the Reſentment that was neceſſary to make her reſolve, never to live with a Man that held her in ſuch deſpicable Eſtimation. Her Woman, who thought it hard, when ſuch an Heireſs as was her Lady, came to be diſpoſed of, if ſhe could not, in the Deſtiny, make her own Fortune, play'd her Part dextrouſly, and kept her inceſſantly warm, till ſhe was determin'd to fly from that Iſland into *Batavia*, where the ſame Laws were not in Force, and nothing in place to hinder her from becoming Miſtreſs of her own Conduct.

Accordingly ſhe came to take the *Batavian* Ambaſſador's Lady one Morning, early in her Bed, and told her, if ſhe had but half the Friendſhip for her which ſhe profeſs'd, ſhe ſhould now give her a Proof of it, and fly with her beyond the Seas; that however it were, if ſhe refuſed to take Part in her Deſtiny, ſhe her ſelf was determin'd, and would go, tho' it were alone; but, ſhe conjur'd her not to deny her the Protection of her Preſence; for Slander that was ever buſie, would not know how to approach her under the Protection of ſo much Vertue and Conduct, as her Excellency had ever been Miſtreſs of.

Lady *Iſabella*'s Woman was an induſtrious Incendiary, and did not fail to inform the Prince her Benefactor, of their Deſign; ſhe ad-

adviſed him to follow them where-ever they ſhould go; but Love and Nature rais'd up for ſome time, an Obſtacle to his Pretenſions. Count *Alarick* with his Charms, Generoſity, and Addreſs, met her in her Pilgrimage, and had the Glory to touch Lady *Iſabella*'s Heart, who engag'd to marry him, if her former Nuptials could be ſet aſide. She was, as I have remarked, a mighty Heireſs; and tho' the neceſſary Ceremony that perfects a Marriage was unaccompliſhed, her Poſſeſſions were too large to let her go without making all the Defence that could be made; at beſt, it would be a Work of Time: Count *Alarick*'s ſeeming Paſſion could not ſtay for that, he therefore diſpatch'd a Gentleman of his Chamber, too faithful a Domeſtick, who hired Ruffians, and aſſaſſinated the unfortunate Gentleman in his Coach, to the Reproach of Gallantry, Humanity, or Honeſty; for ſince they were Maſters of a Sword, he ought by that way and no other, to have pretended to *Iſabella*.

Love, in ſpight of our ſelves, often carries us where we never thought of going; we can't foreſee any Paſſion with certainty; Hatred, Love, Revenge, Jealouſie, Anger, and Ambition, ariſe in our Breaſts, when they are not expected; they ſurprize and arbitrarily govern thoſe of whom they become abſolute Maſters; 'tis principally for this Reaſon, that we ought to uſe all our Endeavours not to be inſlaved, ſince 'tis a Matter ſo difficult to defend our ſelves from

from the ill Effects of their tyrannick Prepoſſeſſion.

Love and Riches were the Motives to this diſhoneſt Aſſaſſination, nor did it ſucceed as the Count expected: *Iſabella* was a Lady of too diſtinguiſhing a Quality, not to have all the World intereſt themſelves on her ſide; they adviſ'd her to abandon him, that ſhe might preſerve, or not irreparably wound her Character, by a Marriage with the Murderer of her Husband! Her Character! which had already ſufiered too much, by the Kindneſs ſhe had ſhown the Count, and which caus'd ill-natured Cenſurers to conclude, he would not have been ſo baſe, and mad, as to do a Wickedneſs for the ſake of Wickedneſs, if he had not been ſure of his Point. But alas! what Dependance is there upon the frail Inclinations of Women? The varying Seaſons! Nor the changing Winds! can but faintly repreſent the *April*-Weather of their Affections! Nothing in Nature, but themſelves, can come up to their Caprice. Whirl-winds, and Whirl-pools! The *Crocodile* and *Hyena* have been us'd as Emblems of their Cruelty and Inconſtancy! Thoſe are indeed devouring Evils, but not comparable to Women! Who are falſe by Inheritance, full of native Deceit and attracting Fraud! they center in themſelves the Dominion of the World! for not one of them but would angle and allure, till all Mankind were their Slaves, and as Slaves they would tyrannize over them! Impati-

miſs the moſt deſpicable Adorations, and therefore is their own Sex hated by them: Nor are their dear, ſudden, momentary Intimacies ever deſign'd, but to be let into each others Defects, which they unpitifully expoſe to us, with a Mask of Vertue diſſembling their own Vices, yet tranſported to convict others of theirs; upon which they are inexorable, and never forgive, tho' their Repentance be never ſo ſincere: And what is all this for? Why, truly, to gratify their firſt Principle Pride! For ſo ſhort-ſighted are their Judgments, they know not how to ſet a juſt Eſtimation upon themſelves, or others, and as often under, as over-value both; ſo that generally, ſome lurking, worthleſs Wretch, is made Maſter of their Charms, when in turn they are themſelves deſpis'd, even by thoſe whom they before rejected and trampled upon. Can we uſe theſe Deceivers, by way of Reprizal, too ill? 'Tis They that have taught us Fraud, and the Dexterity of turning upon them their own Artillery; from Them we have learn'd Ingratitude, to inſult Benefits, ridicule Innocence, and happy Simplicity of Manners; from Them we have learn'd falſe Vows, to give feign'd and flattering Hopes, to breath pretended Sighs, to deſpiſe what we have conquer'd, and yet to aim at conquering what we deſpiſe! Truth is never to be ſpoken to them, they think ſo omnipotently of themſelves, that without Hy-Mathole, or a Magnifying Glaſs, you muſt ne-ſe to reach them; In ſhort, they have

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ſet us the Pattern, but Man has prov'd ſo excellent an Imitator, as to refine upon the Invention, and now we may pretend even to out-do them at their own Weapons: They may thank themſelves for giving us a Sample of their Artifice; would they have been contented with ſimple generous Love, and a juſt Reverence of their human Perſons, without Deification and Adorations, we might mutually have found our Account, and like humble innocent Mortals, been innocently, mutually happy.

Then, they are implacable Enemies, and never forgive any Slight or Neglect, that ſeems to be offered to their Perſons, whether fair or not; to commend others is a mortal Crime among ſome of them. I remember a Caſe, wherein a Writer of Memoirs ſuffered for this: He had found a Prince of diſtinguiſhing Merit to addreſs to, a Prince happy in his own Perfections, happy in thoſe of the Princeſs his Wife, and in an Aunt, a living Pattern of Beauty and Goodneſs; together with a Dowager who was Mother to the Prince his Father; all meritorious, and deſerving as much as the Race of Women could deſerve! The Hiſtorian endeavoured, according to the Capacity Nature had given him, to do them Juſtice; nay, he even laboured for it: But here was the Miſchief, the Prince's own Mother was not mentioned; and why? becauſe indeed that noble Race had never intermarry'd with the City before, nor was ſhe

ſhe preferred, but by the Weight of her Gold, with which, ſhe brought an exceſſive Love of Cards and Play, beſides an inſupportable Spirit of Dominion, which made all thoſe uneaſie that would not ſubmit to it: But this was not all, the Poet had fixed a Merit to the Elder Dowager, for not admitting a ſecond Embrace to ſully the Nuptial Sheets, ſacred to the Memory of the Prince her Lord; this was directly wrong; for the Lady omitted, had not only marryed her ſelf twice, but was the third time in Treaty, for a third Husband; and if ſhe goes on as ſhe has begun, and with the ſame good Luck, ſhe may poſſibly ſwell them to a Number proportionate to her Inclinations.

Not ſatisfyed at being omitted (tho by her Birth, ſhe could not have been mentioned to the Glory of that Illuſtrious Family into which ſhe had the happy Fortune to be thrown) the Praiſe of another ſhe thought a Reflection upon her ſelf, and never ceas'd perſecuting the Prince her Son with all the Malice and Invectives ſhe could invent, to cauſe him to commit Hardſhips upon the Perſon that had dared to confine the Ubiquitary Sex, to the Pleaſure of a ſingle Embrace; though true it is, no Woman of juſt, of ſtrict, of diſtinguiſhing Vertue, ever admitted a Second.

Another of Quality, not inferior, who was taken notice of for her exalted Pride, perſecuted her Son-in-Law, who had had the deſerved Conſideration that his Merit claim-

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ed, and would have him to reject the Author, though in the juſt Diſtribution, her own Daughter had met with the juſt Praiſe that her Youth and Beauty deſerved.

Monſieur *le Count*, interrupted *Horatio*, with a Smile, has ſure been very ill us'd by what he calls that undiſtinguiſhing Sex, tho' by his Form one would ſcarce believe it; or he would hardly have digreſſed ſo much to their Prejudice, and given us Cauſe to deſire him to return to his Subject; whatever he ſays meets with ſuch Approbation, that we cannot but be angry at the Narrowneſs of our Memory, which would retain all that one hears from ſo juſt a Speaker, and ſuffers but with Pain (as it will happen in Diſcourſes of any length) the laſt ſtill to get the Precedence of the firſt in our Remembrance.

I humbly ſtand corrected, ſays the Count, I was then angry, but not for my ſelf, 'twas Lady *Iſabella*'s little Diſcernment, who was drawn to make a Choice which had been beneath an ordinary Gentlewoman, and yet it was That of a Prince, great by Title, little by Merit, one who could no more underſtand than deſerve her Charms; fruitful in nothing but ill Nature, Spleen, and Narrowneſs of Soul: haughty both to his King and Miſtreſs, obſtinate and impatient even of Royal Commands, but from the Spirit of Contradiction not Principle; lewd in his Nature, low and promiſcuous in his Amours, void of all Delicacy, rigid, penurious, and ſnarling to his Attendants, often chaſtizing them

them for imaginary Faults with real Blows from his own Hand; whimſical, offenſive, never to be pleaſed but with Novelty, and yet a Moment's time puts an end to that Novelty. How the good Temper and Prudence of his Princeſs has been able to wade with Chearfulneſs through this Sea of ſtormy Diſcontent, is a Miracle! but ſomething ſure of Mortification is due to her, for the Cataſtrophy that befel her other unhappy Husband.

Count *Alarick* having been defeated here, made his Tour of Gallantry through ſeveral Nations; he had once like to have been ſurprized by a Man of Quality in his Bed-Chamber, and eſcaped ſo narrowly, that he was forced, at the hazard of his Neck, to ſave his Perſon by a Leap from a high Window; but it did not happen ſo well with the poor Lady, for her angry Lord, though no longer Jealous ſince convinced, inhumanly cut her to Pieces upon the Spot: neither her Prayers, Repentance, Youth, or Beauty, could protect her: The other Half of his Rage had eſcaped, he was therefore reſolved that he ſhould ſuffer for the Whole, and the better to ſatisfy his Caprice, and to make it be thought that he had waſhed away the Pollution with the Villain's Blood, he caus'd it to be reported, that That was the Body of the Perſon who had diſhonoured his Family, and ſtain'd his Bed; whence the Rumour ran in moſt Countries, that Count *Alarick* had been diſcover-

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ed, murthered and hew'd to Pieces upon the Inſtant.

Happy had it been for *Annagild* Princeſs of *Dacia*, if ſo it had proved; then had ſhe never found her ſelf ſenſible of thoſe Charms which have caus'd her Misfortunes: It was in the Court of the Prince her Father, that the Count refuged himſelf againſt his implacable Adverſaries. I am perſuaded, my Lords, that Merit is not always neceſſary towards ſubduing the moſt meritorious of the Fair Sex; there's a Knack, beſides a lucky Hit; don't you ſee worthleſs Fellows that have nothing to recommend them, and little elſe to divert, always ſucceed in this? The Women will have a Man's whole Time, or elſe they have no Part in his Heart; this the Idle, and thoſe who are not acceptable among People of Learning and Senſe, can do. I have heard ſome Ladies confeſs, That they could have no real Regret, or ever regard him as a Lover, who ſuffer'd Intereſt, Devoir, Devotion, or any Avocation, to interfere with their Paſſion; and that 'till a Man was inſenſible of Property, Friends, Duty, Affection, he was not worthy to be called a Lover; nay, they ſcruple to confer the Dignity upon any that retains the leaſt Share of common Senſe, or the Taſte of Meat and Wine; for your true Lover, ſay they, muſt neither eat nor drink; he ſhould have an Appetite for nothing but his Miſtreſs; and whatever is the Subject of the Diſ-

Diſcourſe, he ought always to center it in the Perſon he adores.

I underſtand that Count *Alarick* poſſeſſed theſe Accompliſhments in Perfection; by his Aſſiduity he had gain'd Princeſs *Annagilda*'s Heart, but Deſtiny had not reſolv'd them for each other. The Prince of *Dacia*, had juſt concluded with the *Rhetian* Ambaſſador, who was come on the Part of that Prince, to demand her in Marriage. What did ſhe not ſay, to find her ſelf made a Sacrifice of State? How did ſhe regret her Birth, that determined her to be made an Offering to Intereſt, rather than tender Inclination? How did ſhe envy the lowly Cottage-Maid, who knew no Dignity but what was conferr'd by Love? How often would ſhe have abandon'd that Royalty, that unwieldy Air of Greatneſs, to have fixed in ſome eaſy, humble, ſafe Retreat with Count *Alarick*, her Lover and her Friend? 'Tis believed ſhe would have fled with him away, but her Inclinations having been diſcovered by his Indiſcretion, ſhe was carefully guarded, yet with the utmoſt Secrecy, leſt the Report of this unhappy Paſſion, ſhould fill the Wings of the Goddeſs *Fame*, and fly abroad to the Prejudice of the young Princeſs's Glory, who, in vain, caſt her ſelf at the Prince of *Dacia*'s Feet, to beg he would grant her at leaſt, ſome time, to get over her Misfortune and firſt Inclination, that ſo ſhe might by her Compliance, endeavour to render her ſelf worthy of the

the Honour ſhe had of being his Daughter.

Mean time the Prince of *Rhetia* was not leſs ingaged, though more criminally; he had a Miſtreſs named *Rodegund*, who for a long time, had held over him a deſpotick Sway; but as there are very few Affections but what die of themſelves, eſpecially if unoppoſed, becauſe Difficulties, like the fanning Winds, make the Flame burn fiercer, and render it more bright and towering; ſo the Prince finding it for the Good of his State, that he ſhould provide them Poſterity, and ſated with the long and full Poſſeſſion of *Rodegund*, having heard much of the Princeſs *Annagilda*'s Charms, ſent his Ambaſſadors to demand her: When all Matters were adjuſted, and his Bride made ſuch by Proxy, he came to his Miſtreſs, and deſired her to depart the Court, without Thoughts of a Return, 'till ſhe had a Permiſſion from himſelf; that in Compliance with his Counſel, he had been forced to marry the Princeſs of *Dacia*, who was a Lady too young and beautiful to receive ſo early a Diſguſt, and of ſuch a Nature, as the Preſence of a beloved Miſtreſs would give. Nor muſt her ſelf expect to make a very good Figure, amidſt the Careſſes he ſhould be obliged to beſtow upon a Bride ſo charming: That he begg'd her Pardon for not asking her Advice upon a Matter of ſo great Importance; that he did not do it, becauſe either way, as a Friend, or Lover,

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it muſt have given her Confuſion to ſpeak againſt his, or her own Intereſt; therefore in Tenderneſs he had ſpared, and ſhould always reſpect her, beyond every Thing but his Devoir, and not be fonder of any Intereſt than of giving her Teſtimonies of it.

Haughty *Rodegund*, who had Cunning as well as Pride, heard what the Prince of *Rhetia* ſaid, as a definitive Sentence; ſhe juſtly imagined her Blandiſhments would be but vainly apply'd: Her Power was departed, and of that, ſhe aſſured her ſelf by his voluntary Marriage, for whatever he had ſaid of his Council ſhe knew was nothing but Pretence. Who, without any Motive or Sollicitations, gives away a Jewel, that they yet are fond of? She ran over theſe, and ſeveral other Conſiderations in a Moment. Ill could ſhe bear that Change of Scene, ill exchange the Government of a Court and Kingdom, for that Solitude, and Decline of Power, that were going to be her undoubted Companions. She was not ignorant that the Prince was the Sun which had influenced thoſe Court-Adulations ſhe had met with; and that when he was ſet to her, ſhe ſhould be deſpicable, forlorn, and no longer regarded as of any moment. What cou'd ſhe do? Tears and Complaints were vain; this had none of the Air of thoſe Diſguſts, which in the Morning of their Love, ſo ſweetly endear'd them to each other, and made the Pleaſure of Re-

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conciliation greater than had been the Pain of Separation. The little God is ſo good an Oeconomiſt, as never to ſuffer thoſe who are his Vaſſals, to be wanting of either Joy, or Affliction; they always reſide together in the ſame Heart, where they ſubſiſt of themſelves, and maintain alternate Sway.

Rodegund let fall ſome graceful Tears, which gave her an Air of tender Regret, very moving and ſerviceable to her, for that it left a grateful Impreſſion upon her Lover's Heart. She told him, That as her Beauty, Vertue, and Honour, had been early Victims to his Deſires, ſhe ſhould ſtill be ready to ſacrifice all Things, even her Life, to make his eaſy. Her Buſineſs had ever been to obey, and not to diſpute; therefore now ſhe would not be wanting in her Duty: Her only Requeſt was, That he would pleaſe to remember her with ſome Compaſſion, for that ſhe was going to be, not the moſt unhappy, but moſt deſpicable Woman living, only for having made him Happy: Since ſhe well knew nothing upon Earth, was ſo great an Object of Reproach and Miſery, as an abandoned Miſtreſs.

His Highneſs told her, he would take ſuch care of her Circumſtances as ſhould ſecure her againſt Contempt; the World was no longer rigid, to any but the Indigent. There indeed, an Offence to Vertue was Immortal; for though the Repentance of the Poor proved never ſo ardent and exemplary, thoſe

others

others of the Sex, that had not yet either been guilty, or diſcover'd, would never countenance but condemn, and cry fie upon her for a naughty Creature, I deteſt the Thoughts of her, I would not for the World be ſeen to ſpeak to her, or forgive her ſhe is ſo wicked; and preſently ſteps into her Coach to go to Cards, or to take the Air, or Collation with the Miſtreſs of a King, a Prince, or any Man, who has a Mind to ſupport His with Equipage and Expence. So that the Fault is not in the Want of Vertue, but the Want of Quality and Money, both which he had ſecured her againſt, and would always take care of her Intereſt as much as of his own.

Rodegund, ſeeing his Highneſs was pleas'd to turn her moſt ſerious Complaints into Raillery, grew infinitely mortify'd at it, and concluded that painful Interview, with telling him ſhe would ſo punctually obey, that her Behaviour ſhould extend even to his Thoughts, which ſhe did not doubt were leſs in favour of her, than were his Words. Therefore ſhe would ſpeak to them, and ſo emphatically, as abſolutely to retire, to be ſeen no more in any Viſits; nor would ſhe maintain Converſation at home, but in all Things that depended on her ſelf, be what he would wiſh to have her. The Prince, tranſported at her Compliance, returned her his Thanks with ſuch an Air, that ſhe knew he was infinitely pleas'd; who after having embraced her in his Arms, and took a Farewel

wel of her Lips, left a Kiſs upon her Hand; and as if he had gain'd a moſt important Victory, departed in Triumph, perhaps with as much Pleaſure at foregoing, as he once had had in poſſeſſing: So humourous and changeable are thoſe Affections that have not Vertue for their Eſtabliſhment.

The Miſtreſs retired indeed, but it was to brood over her imaginary Wrongs, and to meditate a Revenge upon that innocent Beauty, who had occaſioned her Diſgrace; which if ſhe could but effect, ſhe thought her Return to Court and Favour, would certainly be the Conſequences: A very remote View, and yet *Fortune*, that delights in Change, favoured her, even beyond her own Expectations.

Annagilda, much againſt her Inclinations, was forced to give her Hand to the *Rhetian* Ambaſſador for his Maſter; but when that was done, ſhe endeavour'd alſo to give the Prince her Heart. The unlucky Count was ready to die: He! the moſt fortunate, unfortunate Lover, that ever had been born, always beloved, and yet never ſucceſsful! The Princeſs reſiſted his earneſt Intreaties to bring her to a Rendezvous, and ſent her Governeſs (whom with Tears, Prayers, and Preſents, ſhe had gain'd) to tell him he muſt no more remember *Annagilda*, but as Wife to the Prince of *Rhetia*.

Roſaline was the Lady Governeſs's Name, ſhe had the Honour of bringing up the Princeſs, preferable to thoſe of greater Qua-

lity and Merit; but a Miſtreſs of the Prince her Sovereign, had procured her that Employment, an Employment which ought to have come from any Recommendation rather than that of a Miſtreſs. She was none of the Rigid; her Behaviour had enough of Complaiſance, to make the young Beauty rather love than fear her. Lady Governeſs's Inclinations to Gallantry and Aſſemblies, caus'd that little Court to abound in Muſick, Balls, gay Converſation of the Modiſh, moſt *Spirituel*; and in ſhort, with whatever could divert the Mind, or accompliſh the Perſon. *Roſaline* penetrated not ſo far, as to trouble her ſelf with moral Inſtructions, and muſty Maxims; Requiſites of a College, rather than a Court. Count *Alarick* ſhined in all theſe Amuſements, and being an excellent Dancer, had the Honour often to engage the Princeſs, whence he gain'd thoſe Opportunities of an entire Victory over her young and tender Inclinations.

Madam, the Governeſs, had often beheld him with an Eye of Approbation, but being then engaged in an Amour, that ſhe was forc'd to leave behind her when ſhe departed for the *Rhetian* Court, found her ſelf under no ſuch Neceſſity, as afterwards, of making Advances to the Count. She was as gay and girliſh as any Lady of Fifty could be, with a Reſolution in ſpight of Time, never to grow Old, nothing of that ſtanding could be more amorous than was her Ladyſhip: She had alſo the Remains of a lovely

lovely Youth, but yet we all know how feeble thoſe Remains are: Without too faithful a Memory of a Seaſon ſo long ſince paſt, ſhe thought her ſelf as handſome as at fifteen, and if ſhe had not the Charms of one of that Age, in Recompence, ſhe had, at leaſt, double the Vanity.

When ſhe was to tell the Count, all that ſhe ought to have done, from a young Lady ſollicitous of her Glory, ſhe exchanged her Precepts for Compaſſion, and inſtead of telling him the Princeſs was reſolved to be cruel, ſeem'd to wonder how ſhe could be ſo to a Perſon of the Count's Make. He immediately clos'd in with the favourable Sentiments that *Roſaline* had for him, and beſides the Complements, which thoſe ſhe beſtowed extorted from him, he told her, That 'twas his Misfortune, in knowing a Lady of her Charms, not to have a Heart to devote to her; but if ſhe would but ſometimes honour him with the Delights of her Converſation, he would do all that was in him, to render himſelf worthy, and inſenſible to any other.

Thus circumſtanced, they entered the *Rhetian* Court; the Count in Diſguiſe and without the Princeſs's Knowledge, who notwithſtanding the little Care the Lady Governeſs had taken to fix her Vertue, had from her own good Inclinations, a Fund ſufficient to accompliſh her. She forbad *Roſaline*, ever to deliver her any Meſſage from the Count, nor wou'd ſo much as hear how

he had taken thoſe Orders ſhe had ſent him never to approach her more. Whatever were her inward Avocations, ſhe ſeem'd all reſign'd, pleas'd and happy, with the Prince her Lord.

Rodegund had retired, but not into the Country, becauſe that would be too far for the Intelligence which ſhe wanted; ſo diligent and profuſe was ſhe, that not a Perſon of any Conſideration, that came with the Princeſs out of *Dacia*, or that attended about the Perſon of the Lady Governeſs, but what ſhe had brib'd and bought. So that ſhe quickly became acquainted with Count *Alarick*'s Pretenſions, knew that he was come *Incognito*, and in Diſguiſe, to the *Rhetian* Court, and that he was often at *Roſoline*'s Lodgings, contiguous to thoſe of the Princeſs's.

Frequent Converſations with the Count, together with his dextrous Conduct, ſo inflamed the combuſtible Fury, that ſhe burnt inceſſantly for him. He that had the fair Idea of the moſt lovely Princeſs breathing, fixed upon his Mind and Heart, could be but little ſenſible of the unnatural Ardors of a Beldam, who became more and more nauſeous to him, the more he became charming to her: However, he did not make appear his Diſguſt, but wrought her up, by his Inchantments, to ſuch a Degree of Infatuation, that there was nothing ſhe would not have promis'd to poſſeſs him; nay, even to have paid her own Life as the Price; there-

therefore ſhe did not ſcruple to engage her ſelf by repeated Oaths, to give him one Opportunity of diſcourſing, for the laſt time, with the Princeſs alone, ſo to upbraid her with her Perjury, and ſhew her his Indignation for abandoning him; after which, he ſaid, he would never think of *Annagilda* more, but entirely devote himſelf to the Pleaſures of her Arms.

Madam, the Governeſs, knew it would be a Work of greater length than her Impatiency could brook, to win the Princeſs to this Interview, and therefore reſolved to ſurprize and betray her into it. This ſhe propoſed to the Count, who would have agreed to any Conditions, to have been once more bleſt with the Poſſibility of ſpeaking to *Annagilda*, whom he did not doubt, conſidering the Incantation of his Perſon, but to influence ſo far, as that ſhe might prove willing to make him hereafter happy in a continu'd Converſation; but ſince this View of his was directly oppoſite to what he had inſinuated to Madam the Governeſs, he kept his Thoughts to himſelf, and ſuffered her to run what Lengths of Impertinence ſhe pleaſed upon their future Happineſs and preſent Affairs, which being long debated, ended in a Reſolution, that the next Night when the Prince ſhould be with his Cabinet-Counſel, which generally engaged him 'till late, *Roſaline* upon Pretence of Illneſs, ſhould give the Princeſs a lonely Invitation to her Lodgings, where ſhe would receive

her in the Bed-Chamber; the Count ſhould be concealed behind the Curtains, from whence, when he was come, the Governeſs ſhould depart the Room, and ſecure the Door, that none might ſurprize or interrupt them.

The Scene was laid thus for *Annagilda*'s Ruin; *Annagilda!* who was born vertuous, and with the very worſt Education, had been able to ſtem the Tide of powerful Inclination when once her Duty obliged her to turn the Current. *Annagilda!* who, whatever ſhe endured, never complain'd, nor would indulge her ſelf in the ſmalleſt Particular, when it was contrary to that Glory which ſhe was fond of, and that Strictneſs of Behaviour, which ſhe reſolv'd with her ſelf ought to be inſeparable from Women that were marryed, and had Honour. *Annagilda!* who was chaſte by Nature, and not for want of Temptation. *Annagilda!* who had lov'd to ſuch a degree, as to be willing to abandon Grandour and Ambition; and yet could reſiſt, nay, reject that Love, when it could be no longer innocently preſerved; yet, behold and pity her with never ceaſing Compaſſion; behold her falling a Victim to Revenge and Malice!

Rodegund's accurſed Gold, had made her Spies diligent: Madam the Governeſs's chief Woman, was upon the Watch for all Advantages, and heard the deteſtable Contrivance between her Lady and the Count; ſhe

ſhe immediately poſted away with it to the revengeful Miſtreſs who rewarded her above her Hopes, and further told her, if ſhe would be juſt, and certain in her Intelligence to her, the Moment the Princeſs was entered the Lady Governeſs's Chamber, ſhe would give her enough to make her an envy'd Fortune; and leſt ſhe ſhould loſe time by coming ſo far as her Houſe, ſhe appointed a Chamber in the Palace, which *Rodegund* had the Command of, where this Emiſſary ſhould attend her with the News; and becauſe ſhe would free her from all Deſpondence, told her, ſhe ſhould be that moment received into her Family and Protection, or rewarded with Gold enough to give her the Choice of any Place through the whole World to reſide in with Splendor.

This was doing Things to the Purpoſe. *Rodegund* was diligent and cruel, and her Spy too punctual; no ſooner had ſhe brought the fatal Certainty, that the Princeſs and the Count were alone together (for ſhe had been ſo lucky to her ſelf, to ſee her deteſtable Miſtreſs turn the Key of the Bed-Chamber upon them) but the mercileſs *Rodegund* flew to the Room adjoining to the Cabinet where was the Prince: One of the Council, who had been made by her, (and was ſtill grateful, a Vertue rarely found in Courts, when Perſons have no longer the Power of obliging) attended by Appointment, and no ſooner heard that all was fix-

ed, but he ſcratched at the Door of the Cabinet, where as yet were but two of the Counſellors; one came to open it to him, whom he whiſpered to depart, for there would be no Council held that Night, and that what he ſaid was by the Prince's Orders; in like manner he got rid of the other, and then luckily introduced *Rodegund* veil'd, himſelf waiting without, to prevent any one's Approach.

She had taken care to dreſs her fair Hair and Complexion in all the Heightnings of graceful Mourning; ſo that raiſing her Cypreſs Veil, the Prince was ſtruck with the Luſtre of her Eyes, and the Gloſs of her Skin: Having not ſeen, or ſcarce thought of her in ſo long a time, ſhe appeared almoſt as a new Face to him. She ſaw with Pleaſure the delightful Bluſh that flufhed into his Cheeks; but not to loſe a Moment, more than needed, of that Time which was ſo precious, I hope, ſaid ſhe, your Highneſs will forgive me, for breaking your laſt, but cruel Commands; nothing but the Concern of your own Honour, could have introduced me. The Princeſs *Annagilda* is unfaithful, ſhe is now in the moſt criminal Circumſtances with Count *Alarick*, with whom ſhe had an Intriegue, as all the *Dacians* know, before her Marriage; if you dare be convinced, do not ſtay to heſitate, but follow me without Noiſe to the Scene of their guilty Joys, where you ſhall find for whom

whom you abandoned my ſincere and faithful Affections.

The Prince ſtruck as with Thunder, ſaid no more to her, but bid her lead on, and be ſure that ſhe made good her infamous Charge, or elſe her Head ſhould certainly pay the Forfeit. That Lord of the Council, who was *Rodegund*'s Friend, join'd them with the Captain and Lieutenant of the Guard. They came ſilently and ſwiftly, even to the Door of that unhappy Bed-chamber, where the accurs'd *Roſaline* was in waiting with the Key in her Hand, which the Prince commanded from her; the Door was immediately opened, he enter'd the Room with his Sword drawn, preceeded by the two Officers, and found the lovely *Annagilda* (who had apparently been weeping) alone with a Stranger, who, notwithſtanding his Diſguiſe, appeared to be a Perſon of no ordinary Quality.

A Deity from above ſcarce had been able to have clear'd the Princeſs's Vertue from thoſe guilty Appearances; nothing leſs durſt have the Preſumption to endeavour it; to compleat her Ruin, ſhe immediately, without the Power of making her own Defence, drop'd down into a Swoon. The Prince bid her Woman be called, and cauſed his Rival to be taken away; having commanded him to the Dungeon of the Caſtle, and a Guard to be ſet upon *Annagilda*, and the Lady-Governeſs, he gave his Hand to the wicked triumphant *Rodegund*, and led her to

his own Apartment, he immediately ordered his Chariot to be brought, and, late as it was, took her with him to a Houſe of Pleaſure he had three Leagues out of Town, leaving Orders that he ſhould not be followed by any one, becauſe he would be alone to pauſe upon his Misfortunes.

I hold it impoſſible to expreſs the Royal *Annagilda*'s Sentiments and Sorrow. Upon the Recovery of her Knowledge, ſhe asked to ſpeak with her Lord? ſhe conjured thoſe that were her Guard, to let her ſpeak with her Husband, who had been falſely prejudiced againſt her. *Roſaline*, too late and too inſignificantly accus'd her ſelf as the Cauſe of theſe Misfortunes that had happened; none, or very few believed them to be innocent, unleſs it were the illuſtrious Princeſs Dowager, who knew Fortune and Accidents too well to judge by Appearances. Her unhappy Daughter-in-Law, ſent to deſire ſhe would have the Goodneſs to afford her ſome Moments of Audience. She came, where the graceful *Annagilda* expreſſed her Gratitude and Acknowledgments for the Favour; then falling upon her Knees, wept the Fate of her departed Glory, and gave ſuch a pathetick and impartial Relation of her Adventures and Misfortunes, as entirely engaged the Dowager in her Intereſt.

I think this Princeſs ſo worthy of both your Lordſhip's Admiration, that it were not to be forgiven, did I not ſtop a little

to

to receive the Honour of introducing her into your Acquaintance. Time may be truly ſaid to ſtand ſtill in relation to this Lady; we learn by her prodigious Knowledge of all Things, that ſo much Experience cannot be obtained without a long Application, or elſe in looking on her, you would believe ſhe were ſtill otherwiſe able to engage Hearts; nor does the Recital of her Power ſeem diſtaſteful to her; for who can be truly diſpleaſed with pleaſing? She is a perfect Miſtreſs of ſeveral Languages, not only what they ſay, but what they mean: Her Wit is too unbounded to be confined only to the Pale of the Sex; ſhe takes in with her prodigious Views, Nature, Philoſophy, and Hiſtory, which are her Intimates: Nothing can be more debonair than her Temper: She is the Life, the Soul of living; all Things ſeem gay, eaſy, and graceful near her, and ſhe is perhaps the only Woman in the World, whoſe Company ſo infinitely pleaſes, that if ſhe were younger, ſhe could not do it more; nor has one any Deſires near her, but always to ſee her, and ſtill to ſee her ſuch as ſhe is.

No Lady has ever been more a Friend to Gallantry, ſhe always inſpires the niceſt; whence it is, that her little Court may vie with the greateſt for Politeneſs. She had all the Humanity and tender Compaſſion that was poſſible for the unhappy *Annagilda*'s Misfortune, and never left ſoliciting the Prince her Son to her Advantage; whether he were

were convinced of her Innocence, is uncertain; but as ſmall a Heroe as he was, he had learned to ſpeak from the Greateſt, and to cry out with *Cæſar*, *That his Wife ſhould not be ſo much as ſuſpected.* Therefore concerting the Matter, as well as they could with the Prince of *Dacia*, ſhe was privately conducted to a Caſtle of the Prince her Fathers, without the Permiſſion of ſeeing her Husband. She remains a Sort of Royal Priſoner at large, amuſing her ſelf with what innocent Diverſions ſhe can find in the Field, and among her Domeſticks; where I am afraid ſhe will have leiſure enough to regret that ever ſhe heard the Name of Count *Alarick*

I had the Honour of often pleaſing the Prince, and acquitting my ſelf in ſeveral Services wherein he had employed me: One Evening he cauſed me to be introduced into his Cloſet, where he gave me a Warrant to receive at the Dead of the Night the Perſon of Count *Alarick* from the Goaler, together with a Commiſſion which he commanded me not to open 'till I came to the firſt Town within the Territories of the barbarous *Huns*. A Party of Horſe with all neceſſary Conveniences met me at the Priſon-Gate; one of the Ports was kept open for us. We began our Journey, dark as it was, and travelled with Precipitation, 'till we were out of the *Rhetian* Territories: From whence we have never allowed our ſelves any more Refreſhment than what was of abſolute

ſolute Relief to Nature, 'till this happy Morning, which has thrown me into a Converſation ſo agreeable, that I may meaſure the World, before I can hope to find any Thing equal to it.

Thus ended Count St. *Gironne*'s Memoirs. *Horatio* and his Excellency did not fail to return him their Acknowledgments, with Expreſſions how much they were pleas'd; at the ſame time tenderly regretting the Fate of the lovely Princeſs *Annagilda*, deteſting *Rodegund*'s Cunning and dextrous Malice. They amus'd themſelves for ſome time, at gueſſing what could be the Reſult of the Count's Commiſſion, and at the Deſtiny of Count *Alarick*. They did not ſuppoſe the Prince deſigned he ſhould be murthered, becauſe he could have effected that, without giving himſelf the Pain, and others the Fatigue of ſending him to a Country ſo barbarous and remote. They concluded, that he was to be diſpoſed of into ſome Priſon, there to languiſh out a miſerable Life never to be heard of more. Count *Gironne* told them, if it were his good Fortune to find them upon his Return, he ſhould be able to give a more perfect Account, and that he would be as diligent as poſſible, ſince he could not hope to find any thing diverting, or even to encounter but with terrible Objects, 'till he was ſo fortunate to ſee them again.

Monſieur *L' Envoye* would not part with him 'till after Dinner; the Snow that inceſſantly

ceſſantly fell, and had done ſince Day-break, ſeem'd to favour the Inclinations of thoſe who wiſh'd not to be ſoon divided. The Count ſent a Complement to *Alarick*, and begg'd to be excuſed, ſince he muſt that Day deny himſelf the Honour of waiting upon him at Dinner, to eat with him, as had been his Cuſtom ſince they began their Journey.

Horatio begg'd the Count's Excuſe for his impertinent Intruſion, but he told him he cou'd not forbear to aſk how the Criminal behav'd himſelf in ill Fortune, and the Apprehenſions he ſeem'd to have of what was like to befal him? I wou'd know, continu'd he, with Monſieur *Le Count*'s Permiſſion, whether his Soul be unſhaken; going upon a wrong Principle I do not expect much Fortitude from him; I can never take that Man, either to have Senſe, or to be brave, that is not honeſt? For who but a Villain can be guilty of Aſſaſſinations? unleſs it were to revenge ſome Act of foul Diſhonour, where the Criminal were not worthy to find fair Play for his Life; beſides his Perſeverance and Perſecution of the poor Princeſs of *Rhetia*, was ſomething ſo immoral, that however it may paſs in the School of Gallantry, I am ſure it will be condemn'd in that of Honeſty and Reaſon.

Doubtleſs your Lordſhip is in the right, reply'd Count St. *Gironne*; but as to the Priſoner, he does not ſeem to be apprehenſive of a rigid Deſtiny, becauſe, he ſays, he was

was not guilty. I ſuppoſe he thinks this extraordinary Expedition is only to ſet him at Liberty; when we come to our Journey's End, he expects it, and I who am by no means fond of melancholy Complaints, do all I can to divert and keep him in thoſe Thoughts; he expreſſes a World of Regret for the Princeſs's Diſgrace, and has often aſſur'd me that nothing could be more undeſerv'd. She was irreconcilable at their laſt Interview, and even wept with Anger and Rage, to find he ſtill perſiſted in a Paſſion, which in Regard of her Marriage, was become highly criminal; nor could all that he ſaid, win her, to ſuffer him to be near her any longer, but vigorouſly preſſing his immediate Departure, he was juſt reſolv'd upon it in that fatal Moment when the Prince enter'd upon him.

Dear obliging Count, anſwer'd the Envoy, did you but know the Pleaſure of meeting thoſe of our own Country, after ſo long an Abſence from it, and who ſpeak ſo well as does your ſelf, you wou'd not wonder at my regretting every Moment of your Silence. I have ordered Dinner ſhou'd not be ready 'till late, that I may poſſeſs the more of you whilſt 'tis preparing; forbear not to gratify this noble *Roman*'s Curioſity and mine, as to what, in the Eaſt, you found worthy yours. It was in the late Emperor *Leo* the IV's time that I was at *Conſtantinople*, the Empreſs *Irene* was in Diſgrace, had been expell'd the Court, and carried her Son with her

her into Exile, and of ſo little Conſequence then, that ſhe was ſcarcely ſpoken of. Pray let me into ſomething of her Character and Hiſtory, thoſe of her Favourites, and particularly that of *Stauratius*.

Horatio is ſo much more capable, modeſtly reply'd the Count, that if his Lordſhip will but give himſelf the Trouble, your Satisfaction muſt be real; whatever comes from him, may be depended upon; whereas I only heard Things in common with other Strangers, and conſequently muſt report at random.

I promiſe my ſelf a new Sort of Satisfaction, reply'd *Horatio*, in your Diſcourſe, becauſe I ſhall be able to judge how much of it is Truth; 'tis pleaſing enough to hear what Sort of a Figure we make in the Mouth of a Stranger. But to engage your Lordſhip more eaſily to oblige us, depend upon it, if your Information, as to Matter of Fact, be not juſt, I will do my ſelf the Honour to ſet you right in your Relation.

The Count very well perceiv'd that *Horatio*'s Diſcretion wou'd not ſuffer him to ſay Things of the *Conſtantinopolitan* Court, which might reflect upon the Weakneſs of the Emperor, ſince in ſpeaking of him, one could not forget his Indolence, and thoſe other Weakneſſes that had ſufferd *Irene* and *Stauratius*, with five or ſix of their Creatures, to manage Affairs to the Excluſion of all

all thoſe who were either capable of the Cabinet, Army, or who lov'd the ancient Glory of the Empire.

Therefore to oblige both, he began with telling them thus. *Irene* is a *Greek*, (the now faſhionable Appellation for the Empire inſtead of *Roman*, a Word we very ſeldom hear mentioned in the imperial City) born at *Athens*; her Mother brought her young to *Conſtantinople*, and by her Intriegue and Management, became very well known to the whole Court, where when ſhe had once fix'd her Daughter, ſhe thought ſhe had no more to manage, but gave up her ſelf to indulge her own vicious Appetites. 'Twould have ſomething the Air of a Prieſt, if I ſhou'd deſcant upon the Judgement that I have heard befel her; ſhe was a very careleſs Speaker, not to ſay falſe, and at every Word us'd to reiterate and wiſh, ſhe might rot, and periſh alive, when the Matter in queſtion was never ſo untrue; which accordingly happen'd: Before ſhe dy'd, one half of her Body was ſo entirely mortify'd, that as ſhe lay upon her Sick-Bed, the Fleſh was cut away to the very Bones. She expir'd in an unlamented, ſtinking, loathſome Condition; a Warning to others how they make uſe of raſh Oaths, Curſes and Imprecations, as did this moſt abominable Woman. Lewd for the ſake of Vice, her Inclinations led her to that Sin which Poverty does others, a Sin much more deteſtable than Proſtitution. Sure none but her ſelf, ever made

made Procuring their Choice; her Taſte that way grew ſo ſcandalouſly peculiar, that ſhe was not contented to bring happy Lovers together, but ſhe would be an Eye-Witneſs of their Happineſs. As in particular, a certain Lady in the Empire, whoſe Lord was of conſular Dignity, vertuous 'till firſt ſeduced by this vicious Matron's Sollicitations, and her own private Inclinations for Gold, to wrong her Husband's Bed with a Perſon of the firſt Diſtinction, who had been created of the *Nobiliſſimo's*, and was then very agreeable. *Irene*'s Mother cauſed a Door to be made from her Houſe into that of the Lady whom ſhe affected to be very fond of; this Door open'd privately into a lower Room which ſhe kept the Key of her ſelf, where ſhe cauſed a Bed to be ſet up: Here the Lovers met, but if the Patrician chanc'd to be too haſty, and got to Bed before ſhe could make a third, ſhe would cry out to his Lordſhip to ſtop—and upon his Life to ſtay 'till ſhe came—generouſly riſing as often as they wanted any Thing, and was very officious in providing at her own Coſt, Cordials, Wine, Sweetmeats, or any other Refreſhments; but ſtill, upon Honour, he was not to embrace his Miſtreſs out of her Sight. This Story I mention to you as a very peculiar one, which has ſomething of a more vicious Taſte in it than I have ever met with. I fancy this reverend Gentlewoman would have been very eminent in the Court of *Tiberius*, and ſerved

ſerved to have furniſh'd out his Iſland with new invented Abominations, and Luſts more unnatural than his own.

She ſaw her Daughter was fair, and very well lik'd at Court: When firſt ſhe came there, ſhe gave her in Charge, to make all Things ſubſervient to Intereſt, diſcreetly telling her, that Vertue was no more than a Name, and Chaſtity leſs, ſince it was much to be doubted whether there ever was ſuch a Thing. That which went under the Appellation, was little other than Defect of Nature, Coldneſs of Conſtitution, Phlegm, and Affectation: She foreſaw *Irene*'s towering Genius, and upheld it, bidding her be ſure, whilſt her Charms were in their Bloom, to make her ſelf Friends, the Effects of whoſe Services might remain to her when her Beauty was gone; that as to Fidelity to a Husband, why, 'twas a very good Thing to thoſe whoſe Souls were by Nature fitted for Slavery, and who cou'd be contented to know no other Pleaſures in living, than what the ſcanty Scraps thrown out by a tyrannical penurious Maſter wou'd afford; but that ſcarce any Lady, who had her Fortune to make, ever did it by Regularity; true it is, that many have been advantagiouſly married, but few were long happy, or ever abſolutely, unleſs they paſs'd over Forms. That ſhe foreſaw ſomething more great would mingle with her Character than that of being a good Wife; deſpicable Commendation! and to be regarded only by thoſe

thoſe who could not riſe to a higher, or make themſelves conſiderable another way. That Fortune, ſhe hop'd, wou'd be more propitious to her, unleſs her own baſe, inborn Love of Money, ſhould traverſe it, which was a Vice ſhe by no means approv'd of, ſince it never cou'd be of any Advantage to thoſe who had it, and indeed was never good but to the Survivor, who happen'd to enjoy the Effects of what the Deceas'd had ignominiouſly ſcrap'd together.

The Emperor *Conſtantine Copronymus*, thinking *Irene*'s Beauty and Wit deſerv'd the imperial Purple, marry'd her to his Son *Leo Auguſtus*. Her reproachful Mother happen'd to die, which left her alone to manage by her own Conduct. Her Dominion over her Lord became ſuch, as well anſwer'd to her own haughty Temper, and thoſe Precepts that had been infuſed into her, dividing her firſt Years between governing her Husband, and being govern'd by her Favourites, of which ſhe had ſeveral; but he who is now *Queſtor*, has retain'd his firſt Prerogative; a Perſon of as much Management as Cowardice, yet he can act every Thing, but dares own nothing, even that which it is a Fault for him to be ignorant of. *Æmilius* knows excellently how to advantage himſelf by the Ingenuity and Invention of others, but in ſuch a Manner, that the Honour may abide to him; generally we find the greateſt Projectors are Perſons of abject Fortunes; Neceſſity ſharpens their Wit,

Wit, and puts them upon redreſſing the Injuries of Fortune. *Æmilius* got a Reputation by hearing what could be ſaid by others; ſo that when any had a Project in his Head, away he went to this States-man, who was ſure to reward him if good for little; but on the contrary, if he heard any Thing that he himſelf deſir'd the Reputation of, he would tell the unhappy Projector (after dextruſly finding what were his Inventions) that 'twas ſtrange People, not converſible with one another, ſhould happen to think the ſame Thing; that he had made the like Diſcovery, and was already executing it: But becauſe Ingenuity ought to be encourag'd, if any Thing elſe occurr'd, he ſhould be ſure to let him know, and he would take care to ſee him rewarded.

Æmilius once found a Projector as vain as he was inventive; he would not reſign his Glory tho' for Gold, which he needed more than Fame: He had hit on an Expedient to enlarge the Funds of the royal Treaſury, and he might have been very well paid for his Silence, if he could have kept it, and left the Honour to *Æmilius*, who was that Year Conſul; but ſeeing his offenſive Vanity prevail'd, the Patron took the Invention to himſelf, and threw off the Projector, who became ſo mortify'd hy his ill Uſage at Court, and ſo reduc'd by Poverty, that he periſh'd miſerably in a Priſon, his very Bed was taken from under him, without the Relief of a ſingle *Denary*, either from

from *Æmilius*, or *Sergius*, another Sur-Intendant of the royal Revenue, tho' the Advantage of his Projects remain'd to them, as well as the Reputation.

In the Reign of *Leo* IV, the King of the *Bulgari* made a troublesome, uncertain War upon the Empire, which sometimes had the better, oftentimes the worst. The *Barbarian* Monarch found Means, by the Prevalency of his Gold, to have many Pensioners, even in the Senate and Court of *Constantinople*. *Irene* her self, tho' styl'd Mistress of the World, and in Possession of all Things, was made his Spy upon her Husband's Designs by Virtue of that corrupting Metal. *Leo* had Intelligence with one of the King of *Bulgaria*'s Captains, who commanded a strong Frontier Cittadel, that had formerly belonged to the Emperor: *Irene*, by her Wiles, made her self Mistress of this Secret, which she sold to a *Barbarian* King for twenty Talents of Gold, and a Set of Jewels for her Person. Infamous Treachery! to betray the Secrets of the Nuptial Bed when she was in no Necessity: Her unbounded Avarice could have no Equivalents, but her own Pride and haughty ill Nature; yet she glos's'd them over with an Air of Pleasure and Gallantry, which whilst she was yet young, agreed admirably with her Face and Manner.

The Emperor was well-assur'd that Treachery had been employ'd, he knew his Designs were discover'd, in hearing the Disgrace

grace and Death of the Governour, who had engag'd to deliver him the Cittadel, without any Crime objected againſt him; this was a Blow that was felt before it was ſeen. He well knew he had truſted but one with it, beſides his Wife, whom he unwillingly ſuſpected, and therefore tax'd her the laſt. Truth has ſomething ſo noble and conſpicuous, that it ſeldom fails of manifeſting it ſelf, eſpecially when urged to ſpeak in its own Defence: The Miniſter acquitted himſelf, and the Empreſs was expelled the Court; but working upon her Son *Conſtantine Auguſtus*'s Youth and native Temper, which inclin'd him rather to be led by others, than to go of himſelf, ſhe inveigled him ſo far as to make him withdraw from Court, and accompany her in her Diſgrace.

Leo the Emperor us'd every Argument but Force, to perſuade his Son to return to Court, and abandon his Mother. *Irene*'s diſorderly Life was now the publick Theme, her Gallantry became the more notorious, becauſe ſhe could not reſolve with her ſelf to part with any Money, ſo neceſſary in ſecret Services; they who are brib'd never ſo high, ſometimes will talk, but thoſe who are never brib'd, will always do it. The Empreſs believed her ſelf above the Tattle of the World, and therefore apply'd her ſelf only to make an abſolute Conqueſt of *Conſtantine*, which was not very difficult. The Emperor ſeeming to forget he was to

ſucceed

ſucceed him, abandon'd the Youth to a total Neglect as unworthy, in ſome ſort deſpiſing him, when once he found he could not divide him from *Irene*; the Miniſters and Courtiers were too much ſo, not to follow their Monarch's Example, ſo that the Empreſs and her Son ſeem'd to be forſaken by all but themſelves.

Here the Empreſs laid the ſure Foundation of her future Greatneſs: Here ſhe applyed her ſelf, not to inſtruct, but to pervert the young Prince: He was, what may be term'd good-natur'd, but no Conjurer. His Inclinations unactive, ſoft and ſupine: How far a liberal Education might have better'd them, we muſt not pretend to judge; becauſe under *Irene*'s Care, he happened upon the very worſt: She got an inſenſible Aſcendant over him, never ſpeaking to his Reaſon, but his Pleaſures, never giving him to conſider he was one Day to reign for the Benefit of Mankind, but to indulge himſelf: 'Tis well he was not cruel, voluptuous, or actually evil, ſince the Empire has ſuffer'd ſo much by his not being actually good; the Encouragement all his Deſires met with by this artful Mother, wou'd have then made him another *Nero*, and caus'd *Conſtantinople* to blaze with Fires, obſcene as thoſe by which *Rome* was once deſtroy'd.

Here, the then ſubmiſſive *Stauracius*, was introduced to his Favour, being the only Man of the Emperor *Leo*'s Court, who paid his Duty to *Conſtantine*, and could bring him

him Intelligence of what was done there. He inſenſibly indear'd himſelf, and became neceſſary to their Converſation: Fraught with Inſtructions from *Irene*, his only Buſineſs was to eſtabliſh *Conſtantine*'s good Opinion of his Mother, and to confirm him in his Reſolutions not to abandon the Empreſs, who every Day ſuffered ſo much for the Love of him. *Stauracius* continually adviſed him againſt ſubmitting himſelf to the Emperor, by which means he might have regain'd his Favour, telling him, That the People, who never are acquainted with the Spring of Actions, examine only the Actions themſelves, and from thence form their own Sentiments, whether of Reſentment or Approbation; that they being by Nature more pitiful than otherwiſe, were always to be found on the Part of the Diſtreſs'd, and conſequently compaſſionated *Conſtantine*'s Sufferings, his melancholy Exile, his being excluded from any Part of Government, or the Imperial Ornaments and Attendance that was due to his Perſon, as he was *Cæſar*, and the undoubted Heir of the Empire: That nothing could make him more popular than did his Diſgrace, or cauſe the Emperor ſo much to be hated. That whenever he ſhould happen to die (as his accumulated Diſtempers gave them Aſſurance it would not be long firſt) what an Advantage would it be to ſtep into the Throne, with the unanimous Prayers, good Wiſhes, Rejoicing and Acclamations of all his Subjects,

who ſo eagerly deſired he might find the End of his Sufferings, and the Reward his Vertue and religious Life deſerved? For the Empreſs had taught him an outward Habit of Devotion, by which he never fail'd of being preſent at all the Duties of the Church, and ſhowed an exact Conformity, interpreted Love, to the Orthodox, which had long made him the inceſſant Wiſh and Deſire of that Party.

Nor were there any Servants about his Perſon, even in the moſt menial Offices, but what had been placed there by *Irene*, though 'tis true they had bought their Places, for ſhe was never one of thoſe that did ſomething for nothing; yet Money that way is well laid out let the Extortion be never ſo high, ſo that they all aim'd at preſerving them when bought, which was only to be done by a dutiful Application to her, from whence their Intereſt was deriv'd; they look'd no further than the Power of her who placed them there, contented to worſhip *Irene* as their Sun, without troubling themſelves with Recourſe to the Omnipotence that formed her.

Unactive in his Conſtitution, indolent by Nature, eaſy of Temper, ſoft in his Humour, and generally obliging, he lived with *Mary* the *Armenian* his Wife, in an accord that had given him the Reputation of being an uxurious tender Husband. There was alſo an amourous Ingredient in *Conſtantine's* Sweetneſs of Blood, which made him find

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in the Nuptial Joy a peculiar Reliſh, and as he ſought no Variety, his Careſſes to his Wife, and the Number of Children ſhe bore him, who all died almoſt as ſoon as born, deſtroyed her Health, and made her yet a living weakly Monument of Affection to the conjugal State.

Leſt this might diſguſt her Son, *Irene*, who work'd upon his Appetite, and trembled for fear he ſhould make a Choice that did not immediately depend upon her ſelf, continually extolled to him the Charms *Stauracius*'s Wife was Miſtreſs of; had ſhe not been tall, well-made, graceful, handſome, and engaging, it had proved much the ſame Thing to eaſie *Conſtantine*, who loved not to go far in ſearch of Agreeables; his Temper was ſuch, that whatever did not give him Pain gave him Pleaſure; whereas (contrary to the general Taſte) nothing could give him Pleaſure that gave him Pain.

Irene could depend upon her Favourite *Stauracius*, who was then of *Conſtantine Cæſar*'s Bed-chamber, and *Stauracius* upon his Wife: Wou'd any dare to mingle their Cenſure in a Commerce where a Husband ever made a Third? When *Mary* us'd to riſe from *Auguſtus*'s Bed, to go into her dreſſing Room, Affairs of State (into which ſhe never intruded) were to ſucceed the Marriage Endearments; and becauſe *Conſtantine*'s Delicacy of Conſtitution, would not always ſuffer him to be early, and the Exigency of State ſometimes called upon him to debate

Matters before he was up, his chief Counſellor, *Stauracius*'s Wife, was uſually introduced by her Husband to his Bed-ſide, who, leaving them together, withdrew at a convenient waiting Diſtance, to take care none ſhould intrude to diſturb their important Communication.

Tender *Irene*, who watched over the Health of her Son, was ever at hand to ſtrengthen it with Imperial Cordials, Water of Life, and other Requiſites to ſupport weak Conſtitutions. This upheld their Spirits for the Fatigue of State-Conferences; after which, a luxurious Breakfaſt was introduced to the Bed-ſide of the young *Caſar*, *Mary* his Wife (an exact Tally of his Indolence) was generally employed in Affairs much of the ſame Importance, with her own People of her own ſide.

After the Incumbrance of Dreſs, a Thing the eaſie *Conſtantine* always ſlip'd over, with as much Precipitation, as Faſhion and Decorum would permit, Cards and Dice were call'd for; where, though he had nothing to pay, he muſt ſtill loſe, as knowing his Credit was good, and he might take up what Sums he pleas'd upon Truſt of the coming Empire.

By this time, a profuſe Dinner, cram'd with Rarities, and the Produce of every early Seaſon, was ſerv'd up; the Prince had inherited a good Appetite from his Mother, and 'twas not the moſt unſucceſsful way of making one's Court to him: Theſe Repaſts,

paſts, together with the generous Wines that attended, and ſucceeded, us'd to be prolonged to ſuch a convenient Length, as the better fitted *Cæſar* to ſign, tho' not to read, the Diſpatches that *Irene* and her Favourites continually brought him.

Thus inſenſibly ſhe gained, and has by Cuſtom preſerved the Art of even preventing his Deſires towards looking into any Papers that were thought of never ſo great Conſequence; ſhe taught her Son this admirable Leſſon of Government, What, ſhould a Monarch load himſelf with dirty Buſineſs? Should he fatigue his Pleaſures, embarraſs his Amuſements, confound and bury himſelf in Speculations ſo far below him, as was the Good of the Empire; his Creature! his Slave! Let thoſe born with drudging Souls, Wretches! fed and cloath'd, for ſuch abject Uſes, charge themſelves with Buſineſs, and anſwer for the Conſequence; They, whoſe Duty it was to relieve royal Care, and fit every Thing for the Daſh of the Imperial Pen: *Cæſar* was form'd for nobler Uſes! The Enjoyment of Empire! of Pleaſure, without the Pain! For the Delights of Dignity, without the Weight and Toil! to which if he ſhould apply himſelf, with never ſo great, though unneceſſary an Induſtry, there would be ſtill found thoſe that could out-do him; Creatures fitted by Birth and Clay, to ſo coarſe a Mould, with well-formed Allay, unknowing the noble Compoſition of which the *Cæſars* were

made; the *Cæsars!* who were never required to do Things so far below them, and which, if performed, seem'd as if done directly in opposition to the Will of their wise Creator, who, as he had made them greatest, designed them to be the happiest! which they could never be, if not abstracted from the unweildy, unnecessary Cares, or rather Burthen of the Empire.

Nor was it the least of *Irene*'s Study, to keep *Cæsar* from bettering his Inclinations, or awakning his Mind by the Conversation of Persons of Prudence, Fortitude, Capacity, and Probity, who might lead him to an Enlargement of his Understanding; she signify'd the Delicacy of his Constitution, that could not submit to Speculations, and the Sophistry of the Schools, and openly ridicul'd all those Wits who rose higher than *Plautus*'s obscene Comedies, as pedantick and beneath the Knowledge and Soul of one born to universal Empire; hence in compliance with Court-Taste, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* began to be generally exploded, and only Farce and Buffoon'ry introduced with the Approbation of the unthinking Many.

Religion! or the Pretence of it (which has ever employ'd and embroil'd the Empire, since it became Christian, with perpetual Division of Opinions, and the never dying War of Pen and Tongue) was the only Point wherein *Irene* was contented to have her Son preserve Appearances; but be-

becauſe their Manner of living was little acquainted with Vigils and Faſting-Days, the Empreſs took care always to have an early private Dinner, ſecretly provided for him in her Cabinet, from whence he iſſued out with as mortify'd an Air as he could aſſume; which very well ſatisfy'd and pleaſed the People, who look no further than they can ſee, and beheld, that according to the Text, he *appeared unto Men to faſt.*

Whilſt ſhe was thus preparing him for the Imperial Purple, loading his Appetite with unneceſſary Pleaſures, and unloading his Mind of any Acquirements neceſſary to Government, the Emperor *Leo* fell ill of a burning Fever; immediately the Eyes of the whole Empire were turned towards the riſing *Cæſar*; they began, but of the lateſt, to make their Court to him, who now neither ſaw nor heard any thing but through *Irene* and *Stauracius*, the two Confidents of his Thoughts, and Witneſſes of all his ſecret Actions.

Leo the Fourth departed this Life, and *Conſtantine* the Fifth was proclaimed with ſo univerſal an Approbation, that whatever were the Reports of his Exceſſes before, they all vaniſhed upon his aſſuming the Imperial Purple.

The Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*, and the reſt of the orthodox Clergy, who were not inclin'd to Idol-Worſhip, according to the Cuſtom of that Party, bore their triumphant

phant Joy in their Faces, letting their Satisfaction boil over in tumultuous Congratulations of each other, and insulting the abject fallen Interest of the Hereticks, amusing themselves with boasting of their own Success, and as if all were well assured, and mortal Affairs not subject to Vicissitudes, they triumph'd before the Conquest was certain, and without seeking wisely to secure it, gave their Enemies (who were Masters of Cunning, and a lurking Foresight) an Opportunity to turn the Tables upon them, and get the better of a Game, which had been more than once already lost, and gain'd.

Irene's haughty Mind, that never knew how to stoop to any Thing, unless the getting of Money, which yet however she found Ways to have brought to her, felt little Mortification in complying with every Thing that she believ'd was her Son's Inclination, because his Temper was so sweet, that it suffer'd it self to be managed without Contradiction or Disgust; hence what was call'd *Irene*'s Cunning, might more properly have been termed *Constantine*'s Easiness; tho' she did not want ready Wit enough to say, and do many Things off hand, agreeable to her Purpose. That Night wherein her Husband *Leo* the Emperor was departing, rather than to go and weep with him, she sate up to condole with her Son, expecting every Moment the News of her Lord's Death: When Morning was well advanced, a Person

ſon of conſular Dignity, who had ſeen him breathe his Laſt, poſted away, as for his Life, to be the firſt to ſalute the new *Cæſar*: *Irene* kept the Door carefully, that none might carry the News ſooner than her ſelf; when this Perſon ſcratch'd, ſhe let him in, ſtopping him to enquire of the Emperor, he gently put her by, and paſs'd on to find *Conſtantine*. The Empreſs reading his Buſineſs in his Face, enter'd as ſoon as he, and whilſt he was making his Introduction and formal Bow, ſhe took up a ſparkling Bowl of Wine ready fill'd, Part of that generous God with which they had been endeavouring to leſſen the Fatigues of the Night, and the Exceſs of their Sorrow, and kneeling upon one Knee, cry'd out with Joy and Aſſurance, *Long live the Emperor* Conſtantine *the Fifth, Life to mighty* Cæſar! which quickly brought the Courtier out of his Forms, to turn and aſk her imperial Majeſty, with Amazement, How ſhe came ſo ſoon to hear of *Leo*'s Departure, ſince he thought himſelf had been the firſt, to bring the Emperor the News?

Conſtantine's Acceſs to the Crown was ſo univerſally acceptable, that *Irene* had nothing to manage, unleſs it were ſtill to keep him in the ſame State of Tranquillity, and to prevent him from inlarging his Underſtanding; Things play'd themſelves, and they had little more to do than to receive the Congratulations of their People, and indulge in all the Sweets of Power and the Luxurioufneſs

neſs of Empire: Her firſt Step was to get *Stauracius* declared Commander of the *Thracian* Legions, and Father of the Empire, and as it is believ'd, privately to marry him, his Wife dying opportunely, as if out of Complaiſance. None diſputes their Familiarity, and therefore thoſe who are moſt conſciencious, give it the Sanction of the Church.

Pray, Monſieur *le Count*, interrupted the Envoy, let me a little into the Character of the Perſon you call *Stauracius*, I already know he pleaſes the Empreſs: But is he ſo happy as to pleaſe you, or even to deſerve her Approbation?

Stauracius, anſwer'd the Count, is the Son of (what they call) a *Roman* Knight, a Dignity your Excellency can't be ignorant of: It is only a Name of Honour, for all who poſſeſs it are not rich: As for Example, *Stauracius*'s Father, unable to make better Proviſion for him, put his Son into the *Pretorian* Bands, in one of the moſt inferior Poſts, ſuch as he could then arrive at; his Perſon was very handſome, whence a Lady, one whoſe Husband was what they call *Nobiliſſimus*, fell in Love with him. This Court-*Meſſalina*, had Intereſt enough to raiſe him to a *Centurion*, and thence got him recommended to *Conſtantine* the Fourth, who made him of his Houſhold. She laviſhed away a prodigious Treaſure upon him, ſold her very Jewels to enrich him, but coming into the Empreſs *Irene*'s Favour, he grew weary

weary of that Lady, knowing he could not keep them both, becauſe they were equally jealous and termagant; he ſacrific'd Her that rais'd him, to endear himſelf to the Empreſs, and betray'd her Amours to her own Lord, who never would have any further Regard for her: So that ſhe languiſh'd out the reſt of her infamous and neceſſitous Life; neceſſitous, when we compare her to her ſelf, and the glorious Circumſtances from whence *Stauracius*'s Ingratitude precipitated her: Soon after he betray'd a Prince who made him his Favourite, and had done prodigious Things for him; a Prince! who, with his own Hand, ſav'd his Life; yet *Stauracius*'s Greedineſs of Money, made him take a Sum, firſt to pervert, then to betray his Counſel, and afterwards, when his Subjects roſe againſt him, upon Pretence of Remorſe, he abandon'd him; ſo that the Prince was driven out, and periſh'd miſerably; lamented by his very Enemies! tho' not ſo happy as to have Pity ſhewn him by thoſe who ought to have been his Friends.

Irene never could have found a Favourite, whoſe Love of Money, contempt Gratitude, Sincerity, Morality, and Religion equal'd her own, unleſs *Stauracius*; this endear'd them to each other, not that her old and true Friend *Æmilius* was forgot by her, ſhe caus'd her Son to create him *Queſtor*, firſt Miniſter, and Favourite, ſo far as to perform what ſhe wou'd contemptibly call, the Drudgery of State; and ſhe even made the Em-

peror

peror believe he was oblig'd to him for accepting that ſervile fatiguing Office; ſo that *Æmilius* upon the Carpet, and *Stauracius* in the Camp, totally managed Affairs, much to the Regret of the Schiſmaticks, who were ſunk in all their Expectations, whilſt they beheld the orthodox triumphant, in the Perſons of the Emperor, Empreſs, Miniſter, and General.

Æmilius had as much Artifice and Experience in Affairs, as was requiſite to his Poſt; had he had but half the Honeſty and Courage, he would have been deſervedly eminent. Concern'd as he was in four or five Reigns, and changing in them all, he reſolv'd he wou'd loſe nothing that he cou'd keep, if turning could preſerve him. Lamented Ingenuity! Can that Man be ſaid to have Underſtanding and Capacity, who has not enough to be honeſt? All his boaſted Wit, wanting of Principles, is but tinſil Merit, like the falſe glittering Ornaments of a common Proſtitute, unworthy the Wear and Name of a Lady of Dignity or true Vertue.

In the third Year of the Emperor *Conſtantine*'s Reign (his Spirit not yet rais'd from that Lethargy in which he lay intranc'd by the Artifice of the Empreſs *Irene*, his own Inclinations, and the new Pleaſures of an imperial Crown) the *Sclavi* invading *Theſſaly* and *Macedonia*, *Stauracius* was ſent againſt them. The late Reigns had been more upon the Defenſive than Offenſive; they us'd to reckon

reckon themſelves victorious if they were not beaten, ſo that it was intoxicating Matter of Triumph to the Empire, to hear *Stauracius* had not only vanquiſh'd the Enemy, but retook ſeveral Places of more *Eclat* than Importance. *Æmilius* and the Surintendants of the royal Treaſury, by *Irene*'s Influence, took Care that nothing ſhould be wanting to ſupply the Army that was under his Command; the whole Funds of the Revenue lean'd that way, he lack'd nothing, either to pay, to bribe, to buy, in ſhort, to make himſelf as abſolute as he could deſire; whereas thoſe other numerous Forces, with the Navy that were diſpers'd throughout the Provinces and Iſlands, for the Defence of the Empire, were deſtitute of Cloaths, Food, Ammunition, and in ſuch vaſt Arrear, that they who defended, prov'd the moſt miſerable Part of the Empire: Under this partial Diſpenſation of *Æmilius*, he yet met the good Luck to have all his other Neglects buried in his noiſie Aſſiduities and unwearied Diligence of ſupplying *Stauracius*, now beginning to be conſider'd as the good and glorious Genius of the Empire, who had Conduct and Succeſs enough to reconcile them to their once ſo propitious Deity, Fortune, and capable of raiſing the eaſtern Throne to that ancient Splendor and Figure it had made under the firſt *Conſtantine*, or rather firſt *Auguſtus*.

Irene and her Partiſans, were not wanting perpetually to ſound his Praiſe in the Ears

Ears of *Cæſar*; *Stauracius* was triumphant! *Stauracius* had drove back the invading *Barbarians*, retook the Booty they had pillag'd from the Empire, and the Towns they were unjuſtly poſſeſs'd of! *Stauracius!* who had again reconciled Victory to the *Roman* Legions, and caus'd the imperial Eagles, ſo long diſhearten'd, to rouze and flutter their Wings with new and almoſt forgotten Victory, therefore *Stauracius* muſt be rewarded! Ovations! and Triumphs ought not only to be decreed him! but ſomething ſhou'd be found out more ſubſtantial than airy Fame, to reward thoſe real Benefits which the Empire poſſeſs'd by his Conduct and Courage.

This was the Tone of the Empreſs; the fawning Courtiers eccho'd an Applauſe, which from thence diſpers'd to the lighter Part of the People, fond of Bruit and the leaſt Glare of Brightneſs. *Conſtantine*'s Inclinations towards *Stauracius*, were more favourable, if poſſible, than *Irene*'s, ſo that nothing oppoſed the Reward that was thought his due, but the Impotence of the imperial Power, which tho' it had decreed him Ovations and Thankſgiving, yet ſomething more ſolid was ſtill remaining to crown his Expectations; a Statue was no longer the Faſhion ſince the Empire was become Chriſtian, and not yet a thorough Friend to Idol-Worſhip! Nor would That add the leaſt Tittle to his Poſſeſſions, whatever it did to his Glory. The Bounty of the

the former Emperors to Favourites, laviſhing away the royal Domain in imperial Grants, had left the preſent *Cæſar* nothing to beſtow, therefore a Demand muſt be made to the Senate, of a certain Portion of the new conquer'd Territories, to reward the Conqueror of them, *Stauracius.*

This, as a Violation of the *Agrarian* Law, was rejected; the Senate were ungrateful Wretches, ſaw not with *Conſtantine* and *Irene*'s Eyes, nor heard with their Ears, and which was worſt, thoſe who were loudeſt againſt it were ſuch of the Orthodox, who truſting to the Merit of their Cauſe, thought That alone would ſupport them, without having recourſe to thoſe expedient Policies that ſhould have maintain'd their Poſts, from whence they could not foreſee they ſhould ever be thrown, becauſe they thought, they ſo well ſuſtain'd, and always deſerv'd to fill them.

Haughty and revengeful *Irene!* who never knew what was Religion but to ridicule it, bore this Repulſe as an Affront offer'd to her own imperial Perſon, and ſo in her Heart ſhe wiſhed *Conſtantine* might reſent it: But ſhe had ſo totally ſubverted, or entirely laid aſleep (with powerful lethargick Dormitives) the reſentive Faculty in him, that ſhe knew not how to infuſe, or awaken the neceſſary Sting with which ſhe had occaſion to wound; all that ſhe could do was to take him by his Fears, and thence to inſinuate that the Orthodox were his Enemies, for in them who op-

oppoſed the imperial Purple, their next Step was to endeavour to diveſt thoſe that wore it, ſince none who had a Diſpoſition to obey, ever diſputed the Commands of a Prince, no not even Rebels in their Hearts, till they were well aſſured they had Power to vindicate their Diſobedience.

Conſtantine's noble Faculties (enfeebled by Neglect and Indolence) preſently abſconded at a Scene of Terror, and all pale and daſtardly, ſhrunk behind the Repreſentation his Mother had made. The Race of *Leo Iſauricus*, was never fam'd for Courage; this *Cæſar* did not degenerate; his Education had not taught him to do it, therefore trembling and apprehenſive of the future, with Tears he conjur'd *Irene* to adviſe him for the preſent.

Stauracius, wounded in Property his greateſt Darling, as well as piqu'd in Pride, was chief at this Conſultation; he even condemn'd the Mediocrity of his own Temper, in hearing the exalted Impudence of his Wife's: She, without any Heſitation or Remorſe (as Women are generally for having Buſineſs thoroughly done, and to the purpoſe) adviſ'd them to throw off, at once, the Shackles of the *Greek* Church, puniſh the Orthodox, by reconciling the Empire to *Rome*, and the better to pleaſe the Pope, by introducing Image-Worſhip, ſhe bad her Son publiſh an Edict for ſo doing. But how, my dear *Mamma*, anſwer'd the trembling

Cæſar,

Cæſar, ſhall we excuſe our ſelves to the Legions, who are generally Orthodox, and have always thought me ſuch? You know they are yet the greateſt Party, and ſhould not be irritated, at leaſt till they are diſarm'd.

Cæſar ſpake Volumes in theſe few Words; *Irene*'s Revenge could not but ſtop to conſider the adventitious Sentence which ſhe thought Inſpiration rather than Reaſon, having ſo little us'd *Conſtantine* to the Uſe of any. Your imperial Majeſty has concluded unanſwerably, ſhe replyed; do but let us alone, we will not only effect the Buſineſs, but bear the Odium. You ſhall ſtill go to Church, and ſtill be dear to your People. I am convinc'd from your Majeſty's better Senſe, that this muſt be a Work of Time; *Stauracius*'s Reputation and Courage ſhall prevent our Enemies from gaining Ground; they, whoſe Inſolence are ſcarce to be aw'd even by his Succeſſes, muſt certainly be ripe for Mutiny; they who dare refuſe that condeſcending Requeſt of yours, unworthy the primitive *Cæſars*, who needed but to ſay it ſhould be ſo, and ſo it was. This Way I adviſed your Majeſty to move, but you were all for Lenity and Good-will, and ſee what you have got by it. However, remember ſo to act, as if you had not been provoked; and leave us to ſhew hereafter what are the Sentiments of a diſappointed, an offended *Cæſar*.

Stauracius could indeed command an Army, which is not always to face an Enemy (becauſe, unleſs a General pleaſe, he is not always expoſed, and often abides in the Center:) He, I ſay, who had never felt any mighty Impulſe in himſelf, unleſs to Ingratitude or Gain, was for no violent Meaſures: All Things, he ſaid, were to be brought about by Time and Moderation; and tho' to Death he hated the Party that had envy'd him the Recompence of his Toils, yet he would not precipitate their Ruin, ſince it was but leaving them to their own changeable Paſſions and Diſguſts, and they would quickly bring the Buſineſs of their greateſt Enemies to paſs, by jarring among themſelves. But becauſe in the Multiplicity of Counſellors there was Safety, he humbly moved, that *Cataline* the Patrician, might be introduced, to adviſe upon theſe new Meaſures they were neceſſitated to take.

Irene anſwered, He ſhould be heard at leiſure; but becauſe *Nicephorus*, *Chriſtopher*, and the reſt of her Husband's Brothers, might be Impediments againſt the intended Innovation, ſhe adviſed they ſhould be honourably diſpatched, by ſome Imployments foreign from the Court. *Chriſtopher* ſeeming to bury himſelf in the Delights of Solitude, came rarely to *Conſtantinople*, and therefore but little alarm'd them. *Nicephorus*! the Champion of the State and Church! tender of his Nephew *Conſtantine*, as of the Pu-

Purity of their Religion, was a Sun, that with his unſpotted Brightneſs hung between them and what they called a clearer Light, therefore he muſt be darkned or removed. *Cæſar*, who had a native Inclination to reverence his Uncle, would have heſitated a good deal, before he could have been brought to conſent that there ſhould be any Hardſhip inflicted upon him: How often did haughty *Irene* curſe that Lenity of Temper in her Son, to which, however, her own Authority was owing! that Lenity, which ſhe had ever made it her Buſineſs to indulge; by which ſhe had ſweetned the Acid of his Blood, 'till it was become all ſoft and milky, fitted for her former Purpoſe; which was, to obtain an implicit Aſcendant over his paſſive Temper; but now, that ſhe would tyrannize as well as reign, ſhe wiſhed to have the Power of infuſing a little more Gall, or rather ſome, for as yet it was a Queſtion, Whether *Conſtantine-Cæſar* had any in his Compoſition? She was provok'd at his Tardineſs, his little Comprehenſion of what ſhe ambitioned; ſhe would have had him eager and ſwift to obey whatever ſhe dictated, prompt and cruel in the Execution.

But wiſely conſidering, that if more Fire were infus'd into him, it might chance with the firſt to burn her; ſhe reſted in her former Maxims, of taking from him the Deſire of *knowing what he ſaw, or of hearing what was ſpoke*; and therefore begging par-

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don for this Inroad into his Repoſe, ſhe return'd him to his former Supineneſs, with a Promiſe to her ſelf and his imperial Majeſty, of no more diſturbing his ſacred Hours with the inſignificant impertinent Load of Buſineſs.

Nicephorus, Brother to *Leo* IV, late Emperor of the *Greeks*, was immediately to be removed; and therefore diſtinguiſh'd by being made *Prætor* of *Mauritania*, the very beſt Government that was remaining in the Empire, ſince the *Exarchate* of *Italy* fell, which was now ſwallowed up in the Biſhop of *Rome*'s Pretences and Ambition, and thence call'd the Patrimony of St. *Peter*, or rather of the Church. *Nicephorus*, who was truly Orthodox, and ſaw this was only given him to draw him from about his Nephew and the Court (ſince the *Præfects* of *Mauritania* were obliged for at leaſt half the Year to reſide in *Africk*, from whence they could not come to *Conſtantinople*, without Licenſe firſt obtained of the Emperor) contented himſelf not to refuſe the Honour, but proved, however, ſo ſlow in his Preparations, that it was their Opinion (whoſe Intereſt it was that he ſhould be gone) that he never deſign'd to depart.

Preſently the Scene was ſhifted, and a new Set of Court-Officers introduc'd, who really were, and believ'd themſelves orthodox, but yet had a Pliancy of Temper, which was termed a *Medium* between two Extremes, ſuch whoſe Principles were not looſe enough

to

to come directly into the Wrong, but yet wanted Courage boldly to defend and aſſert the Right.

Then was *Poplicola* diſguſted; equal to the firſt *Valerius* for Vertue, Probity, Love of his Country and Religion; who had Capacity to govern when never ſo ſtrenuouſly oppos'd from abroad, but not became piqu'd and aw'd by a Faction at Home; quitting the Helm at the firſt Omen of a tempeſtuous Sea; whereas, his Buſineſs ſhould have been to have rid it out, and if he could not have prevail'd himſelf, he might at leaſt (by the Poſt he ſuſtain'd) have hinder'd others from prevailing.

Cataline now trod the Stage, and became an important Actor. A Man who, with a Complication of Vices, had but this one Vertue, *not pretending to any*; every way Mercurial; he would ſin up to the Height of Pleaſure, yet drudge on to the laſt Extremity of Buſineſs: Indefatigable in his Purſuits; not by Fits and Starts, but by a regular Succeſſion: Vaſt was his Ambition, vaſt was his Artifice; mighty in Lewdneſs, not leſs in Politicks: His long Head ſaw beyond the Age he liv'd in, and could calculate any preſent Accident to an hereafter Purpoſe; fawn and lie, flatter and ſwear, ſeem ſincere; but never be ſo: No View of his, tho' never ſo trivial, but what he bent his whole Endeavours to obtain, and always accompliſh'd. His oily, deceitful, artful Tongue, could inſinuate any Thing. Bold even to Impudence, miſchie-

chievous even to Cruelty, baſe even to Cowardiſe, implacable to Eternity, yet acceptable even to Popularity! Nor with-held by Reſerves of Avarice, for he never mattered what he ſtak'd, ſo he could but draw the Prize; all his Paſſions ſubſiding, 'till he had reach'd the Port whither he was bound. He knew no perſonal Reſentment, no perſonal Vindication; never to be made angry, always ſeemingly pleaſed. When foil'd in any Attempt, he fell, but to riſe with the greater Force; obſerving the weak Side thro' which he had miſs'd his Aim, he return'd with double Vigour, and double Conduct to the Aſſault. Many had been his Endeavours in ſeveral Reigns to get footing at Court, but none ſo fitted as this (full of Diviſions, Jealouſies and Fears) for his intricate Purpoſe, introduc'd to advance the Empreſs *Irene*'s Revenge and Deſigns upon the Orthodox, but bent upon accompliſhing his own. The *Roman* Hiſtory having furniſh'd him with Precedents of ſuch who had mounted the Steps of the imperial Throne, thro' Craft and Diſſimulation, he thought, if thoſe were Qualifications, himſelf as well fitted to reign as any; his Buſineſs therefore was to jumble all Things into Anarchy and Confuſion.

How did he pack the Senate? How the Voices at any Promotion? In his Temper an admirable Tribune of the People; he would ſtoop to the meaneſt Office, nor loſe the moſt deſpicable Vote for want of Aſſiduity,

duity, Promiſes, Rewards, Bribes, Hopes, Fears, Threatnings, or whatever could influence the Paſſions or Circumſtances of thoſe with whom he had to deal: He would play with the Gameſter, pray with the Godly, be lewd with the Libertine, and, rather than fail, pimp for him, tho' his own Wife were the Miſtreſs; he was drunk with the Debauchee, ſober with the Abſtemious; no *Proteus* ſo various, full of real Ambiguity, and pretended Openneſs: His Houſe, his Purſe, his Advice, his Intereſt, his Miſtreſs, his Pains, were all at the Service of whoſoever was conſiderable enough to be oblig'd by him; fond of giving, but hating to pay, Juſtice and he being at mortal Enmity: No Principles ſo fix'd, but what he endeavour'd to undermine; he found the weak Side of all Mankind: Thoſe unſuſceptible of Avarice, and who were only ambitious, he attack'd by Grandour, Dignities and Honour; the Covetous, or Poor, he had Penſions for; Jewels and Lovers for the Ladies he would influence; but generally ſpeaking, as himſelf had obſerv'd, he prevailed more by Vanity, and ſacrificing to that Idol, than to any other Deity; his fine Wit never wanting acceptable Eloquence, as well as Salt and Malice, to ridicule, and give Things what Turn he pleas'd.

Irene the Empreſs, diſappointed of the Reward ſhe expected for *Stauracius*, began to let her ill Nature work out in Invectives againſt others, and Spleen within her ſelf; ſhe

ſhe who never knew what was Humanity, true Affection, or Love for any Thing but Money and Ambition; as her Age advanc'd, ſo did her Pride, Avarice, Reſerve and Frowardneſs; only to her Husband ſhe was not ſparing of her Voice, or Favours, letting him often know, that ſhe was not only his Wife, but his Empreſs; and if he ever fail'd to remember, ſhe had an admirable Knack, a very refreſhing Stroke of Memory, both with her Hands and Tongue, beſides an imperial Toſs of her Head, moſt expreſſive and ſignificant.

She grew weary of that artful Submiſſion, and implicit Compliance, with which ſhe had, by inſenſible Degrees, entirely made her ſelf Miſtreſs of her Son's Affections; ſhe thought, that as ſhe had built the Machine according to Art, after the firſt Hand, it would ſtill run on in the ſame Track and Motion; but becauſe one muſt have ſomething to do, let one be never ſo ſupine, either to laugh, or play, or talk, or eat the Time away with ſomebody, ſhe bethought her ſelf of ſupplying the Place, which ſhe was weary of with one that ſhould always be with *Cæſar*, when the Publick did not require his Appearance at Audiences, Meals, Devotion, Hunting, or at the Council-board, where *Irene* thought it requiſite, how contrary ſoever to thoſe Delights that inherently attended the *Cæſar*'s, he ſhould ſit to declare, whatever ſhe, and her Favourites, had reſolv'd upon before.

This

This Election was to be made from one that abſolutely depended upon her ſelf, and rather a Woman than a Man; becauſe that Sex are not only more governable, leſs treacherous, leſs buſie, and more incapable: But becauſe her Son's Inclinations were not towards robuſt Diverſions, but ſoft Converſation and Amuſements; whence a Lady of the Court, without any Thing elſe to recommend her, but a facetious Vein, and being a tolerable Droll, had a Penſion allow'd her to make the Emperor laugh, which perhaps, with all her Endeavours, was not above once a Year. *Irene* fear'd leſt any Favourite of the other Sex ſhould enlarge *Cæſar*'s Soul, give him to hear the Name of Glory, teach him War and Ambition, which would prove deſtructive to her Intereſt; therefore a Woman was only proper; nor did ſhe fear *Mary* the *Armenian*'s Jealouſie, who only buſy'd her ſelf in conſulting Phyſicians, and in endeavouring to mend her ill, or rather deſperate State of Health.

Theodecta, a Relation of the Empreſs, and one of the Maids, was pitch'd upon for this Choice; the Lady had a latent Ambition, Greatneſs of Soul, Humanity, Ingenuity, Religion, and other concealed Vertues, that ſhe had made no Noiſe of for fear of alarming *Irene*, who always took it as a tacit Reproach to her ſelf, when another deſerv'd well, or was commended.

Conſtantine, who had hitherto ſeen little but what his Mother the Empreſs *Irene* di-

rected, fail'd not, after her Commendations, to behold *Theodecta* with Complaisance, who being naturally sweet-temper'd and engaging, apply'd her self, with Diligence, to gain *Cæsar*'s Inclinations, which was no hard Matter to do, they having been first directed by the Empress.

But when once *Theodecta* had got ground, and that *Irene*'s greater Avocations had left *Constantine* more to himself than ever he had been; this Maid, who was truly Orthodox, and trembled at the Innovations they were preparing, by which Image-Worship would be for ever confirm'd, fail'd not to whisper *Cæsar*, that if he suffer'd the Schismaticks thus to prevail, Religion would be overthrown, the Empire embroiled, and all Things reduced to the utmost Despondence and Confusion. *Constantine* was then in his Heart Primitive, yet aw'd by *Irene*, he ask'd the generous Maid what he should do? Who boldly answered, 'Discharge the still changing *Æmilius*; give the Command of that 'Army *Stauracius* has to the Duke of *Campania*; restore *Horatio* the Immortal, to 'the Legions in *Iberia*; *Horatio*, who was 'removed but to make way for the cunning, 'luckless *Rutilus*, who will lose or sell all, 'because his Business is not to contend for 'Fame with *Stauracius*: Call *Nicephorus* and '*Poplicola* about your imperial Person; let 'them sit at the Head of the Board: Dismiss 'the schismatick Bishops, they'll exchange 'at any time for a Pension; confirm the Pa-

'triarch

'triarch of *Conſtantinople* in his Seat; order 'the Vacancies to be filled by thoſe truly 'Orthodox, whoſe Intereſt and Principle it 'is, to have *Cæſar* live and reign 'till he 'ſhall be changed into a Saint. But becauſe 'ſhe was but a Woman, and not worthy 'or able to adviſe any further, ſhe begged, 'that his imperial Majeſty would ſuffer her 'to introduce *Herminius* to his Preſence, 'without the Knowledge of the Empreſs, '*Stauracius*, or the daſtardly Stateſman '*Æmilius*.'

Herminius was then an Officer of State; a Man of great Capacity, Eloquence, true Principles, Generoſity, and extreme habile in Buſineſs: But not foreſeeing the deſtructive Violence of the Biſhop of *Rome*, and his Adherents, he thought, by temporizing, to gain ground; 'till convinced by too dear-bought Experience, he found That that obſtinate encroaching Sect, were not to be dealt with by Indulgence; whatever you give, is but ſo many Steps for them to get more; they hate and reprobate all who are not Fellow-Idolaters, and perſecute with implacable, never-ending Malice: Are artful, undermining, treacherous, lurking, far-ſighted, reſtleſs; they pretend Religion, but never practiſe further than the Outſide; depoſe Kings and Saints, as faſt as they create others; their own Party can have no Faults, the reſt of Mankind not any Beauty.

Theſe were the People to whom *Herminius* yielded ſome Things, in hopes of gain-

ing others; That ſmall Indulgence ſo heartned their unweary'd Induſtry, together with the Empreſs's Reſentment and Avarice (which accepted of all they brought) that the Court and Offices, in a ſhort time, became almoſt entirely filled by them.

The Duke of *Campania* had dealt the firſt Blow for Victory after *Conſtantine* was Emperor; he had defeated the *Perſians*, and taken a prodigious Booty, more wealthy than can be imagined; 'tis true, he triumphed at his Return; the Emperor and Empreſs, in one Chariot, graced the Ceremony; but the unanimous Congratulations of the People, drunk with Love and Joy at the Duke of *Campania*'s Succeſſes whoſe Perſon they adored, feſtered the proud Heart of *Irene*, who aſſiſted with a ſullen gloomy Diſcontent, at hearing the Praiſes of any but *Stauracius*; therefore the Duke of *Campania* was but coldly thanked, and afterwards laid aſide.

No Prince had ever a greater Bravery of Soul; his Courage could be equalled by nothing but his Magnificence; he fought as he gave, largely, or rather, without Reſerve. In the late Emperor's Time, he did ſuch Things againſt the *Perſians*, as made him both the Love and Admiration of his Enemies: In one Battle, where he happened to be taken Priſoner, he carryed himſelf ſo undauntedly and magnificently, ſo much to the Reputation and Glory of the Empire, that the *Perſian* asked, How many more ſuch Heroes they had amongſt the *Greeks*? That it, was

was time for him to conclude a Peace, if there were but a few ſuch as him; For tho' he ſhould not be out-done in Arms, he muſt be conquered by ſuperior Vertue. *Campania* laviſhed a mighty Revenue in Glory of the Empire; whilſt a Priſoner, he knew no Property, but dealt his Treaſure to the Relief of the Unhappy; That alone was Title enough to his Favour, for many of them had periſhed without it. But all Heroe as you ſee him, he is ſtill a Mortal, that is to ſay, not totally without Exception; tho' his Sin is certainly the moſt beautiful of any, good Nature; by which his Favourites, of both Sexes, have too often impoſed upon his Bounty, and made themſelves, rather than him, Objects of Reproach.

Theodecta ſucceeded in her Suit. *Herminius* was often introduced to *Conſtantine*'s Ear, and it's believed, if he had profited of the Occaſion, laying aſide his Notions of Mediocrity, and boldly, bravely ſtruck for Religion, and the Good of the Empire, he could then have preſerved, not only them, but himſelf; aſſiſted, as doubtleſs he would have been, by *Nicephorus* the late Emperor's Brother, the Duke of *Campania*, *Poplicola*, and, in a Word, by all the Orthodox Laity, as well as Clergy.

But *Irene*'s Regal Star was yet to maintain the Aſcendant; ſhe had quickly Intimation of theſe ſecret Practices; the Emperor had no Money (abſtracted from the Know-

ledge of her and her Creatures) to beſtow upon *Theodecta*, by which they might have over-bought the Empreſs, or at leaſt preſerved their Conſultations private. She raved! She more than exclaim'd! She called them Traitors! *Theodecta* Traitreſs! And, which is more than all, and paſt Belief of Poſterity, ſhe took upon her to correct the Emperor, ſhut him up in his Chamber, and box'd him with her own Hands, calling him ungrateful to her Cares, her Toil, ſenſeleſs Fool, Drone, unfit for Government and the Reins of Empire, which he had never held a Month, but by her wiſe Conduct and Advice, that had concealed his Incapacity behind her Perfections, and, as a Sun, caſt a Glory upon his Defects. What had he to do with Politicks? Could not he eat, and ſleep, and loll, and yawn, and fool away the Day unmoleſted? Or had he a mind to have his Weakneſſes diſcovered and deſpis'd; to be ſhav'd and ſhut up in a Cloyſter, whilſt *Nicephorus* aſcended? If thoſe were his Deſigns, ſhe deſired Information, that ſhe might take care of her own Intereſt, abſtracted from ſuch a Whirligig as he was.

The good Emperor, mortifyed by the Termagancy of his Mother, and entirely in her Hands, as to Affairs, of which he knew no more, as ſhe had induſtriouſly contrived, than the meaneſt Man of the Empire, wept a good deal before ſhe would forgive him; and that but conditionally,

That

That he ſhould ſign whatever Commiſſions were brought him by *Æmilius*, for thoſe who were to ſupply the Poſts *Herminius* and his Adherents held at Court: Eaſie *Conſtantine* compounded, upon Condition, he might ſtill keep *Theodecta* about him; whom the Empreſs ſo ſeverely upbraided, and ſo well tutor'd, that 'twas thought ſhe would not be very much in haſte to diſcourſe *Cæſar* again about Politicks. *Cæſar!* who ſtill remembring his Corrections, in a long time thought not fit to diſpute *Irene*'s Sway; going out and coming in, riſing and ſitting down, ſigning and letting alone, as her Imperial Majeſty, *Stauracius*, *Æmilius*, and others of that *Junto* adviſed; tho' 'tis certain, after this Breach, ſo great a Degree of Averſion and Coldneſs poſſeſſed both *Irene* and her Son, that they ſaw one another as ſeldom as poſſible, and then with Heart-burnings and Reluctance, *Æmilius* being left to manage all with the Emperor, and the Empreſs with *Æmilius*.

In the mean time *Cethegus* ſucceeds *Herminius*; *Cethegus!* the Executioner of the *Junto*; ſcarce could he defer the Stroke, 'till he heard the Sentence, or received the Command! All that Fire and Fury could inſpire animated his Frame! He was an Engine, not to work with, but deſtroy! Not fit for Conſultation, but Deſtruction! A Bigot to Idolatry, and the Party he had embraced! relentleſs and remorſeleſs, a zealous Image-worſhipper and Faction-broacher! yet af-

fected to be thought learned and wise! But Wisdom and Learning never take up their Dwelling in a Breast, where all the Passions are sulphureous, burning and destroying to the very Root; so that mercileſs *Cethegus* never preserved but when he could not ruin.

Cicero next was called, not he that saved the Commonwealth from being made a Monarchy, but he that would have made the Monarchy a Commonwealth; he was advanced by *Irene* to be *Magister Officiorum*; the God of Eloquence hung upon his Tongue; *Minerva* her self inspired his Brain, and fired his Heart. His Wisdom and Sedateneſs of Temper, preserved and kept together the Cabal. Furious *Cethegus!* and precipitate *Cataline!* could only be reſtrain'd by him. He it was, that gave them their Cue, when to bellow, when to strike, when to comply, but seldom to save; for however disagreeing in other Points, they us'd all to come in to accord for Revenge and Perſecution.

And which was not the leaſt astoniſhing Ingredient of their Compoſition, these zealous Reformers! these Image-Worshippers! these pretended Devotees, who ran mad after the Out-side of Religion! were as immoral as those that had never heard of any! *Cicero* himself (an Oracle of Wisdom) was whirl'd about by his Lusts, at the Pleasure of a fantastick worn out Mistreſs: He proſtituted his inimitable Senſe, Reason and good

good Nature, either to revenge, or reward as her Caprice directed; and what made this Commerce more deteſtable, this Miſtreſs of his was a Wife! Impious Exceſs! Abominable Adultery! Were there not enough of the frail Race unmarried? Had not *Sergius*'s immemorial Aſſiduities corrupted enough of that Order, but this Patrician, this Direſtor of Nations and Imperial Aſſemblies, muſt bring his Pollutions to defile the Marriage-Bed, and corrupt a Wife? Nay, which is more execrable, the Wife of a Friend. Was it not a good Comedy, or rather Farce, when you beheld this ſententious Man, this deciſive Orator who, by the Enchantments of his Perſuaſion, left not even Deſtiny to her ſelf, for Fate and Fortune were, whenever he ſpoke, his Slaves. To ſee this great, this ſtupendous Man, that could enchant an Empire with the Muſick of his Voice, skulking in the obſcene Habit of a Slave, hiding his Face in an abject Robe, as if that could conceal his Vices, waiting at a back Door to get undiſcovered Entrance into his own Palace, after paſſing the guilty Night in Adultery with an infamous Proſtitute! And this not for once or twice, but for Months and Years! 'till his Sin was become as confirmed a Habit as his Hypocriſy! The poor Husband diſtracted with his Wrongs, grew uncapable of following the neceſſary Duties of his Calling, by which Neglect his Maintenance fell, and he drank the bitter Draught of Poverty! the

Adultereſs rioting in all the Luxury of the Eaſt! ſhifting Aboads in ſcandalous By-Corners, from Place to Place, for fear the Cuckold's Prerogative ſhould ſeize upon the Ornaments and Riches of his Wife as lawful Spoil, which when he was ſo lucky to do, the vindictive Patrician interpoſed with a thorough Revenge, firſt caſting him into a loathſome Priſon, where, when he had ſufficiently languiſhed, a Warrant was produced to the Goaler to deliver his Priſoner to ſome Perſons, who receiving him into their Cuſtody, diſpoſed of him in ſuch ſort, that to this Day he has never been heard of. Let the Idolaters conſider how much they ought to pride themſelves in the Morality, Religion, and Vertue of this *Atlas* of their Empire.

Now dy'd Pope *Adrian*, and *Leo* the IIId was elected by the Empreſs's Intriegues, not for his Vivacity but his Dulneſs. He was ſo wiſe, as to deſire to know no more than *Irene* permitted, infected with the new Contagion, and zealous for Images (if for any thing) he reconciled the Empire to the Holy See, and accepted *Heraclius*'s Crown, which ſhe, together with her Son, preſented to the Church. The Holy Drone who filled St. *Peter*'s Chair, rather ſlumbering than awake, had yet all the Obſtinacy in favour of her, his Miſtreſs, that Ignorance and good Will could inſpire; he even abſolved her from the Murder of her Husband's Brothers, *Nicephorus*, *Chriſtopher*, and others that ſhe

ſhe caus'd to be made away at *Athens*, and then, as the *Roman* Emperors were wont to do, ordered her ſelf to be drawn in a gilded Chariot, the Patricians attending on her like her Slaves, through *Conſtantinople*; in her way ſhe ſcattered Money among the People, which trivial Donative, was miraculous, coming from her! And now all the Race of *Leo Iſauricus* were extinct (unleſs her Son) ſhe every Day gave out ſuch Speeches as might make his Friends apprehenſive, that his Life ſhould not be long, for as yet he had never reigned! whilſt *Stauracius*'s Popularity and her own Audacity fitted them with Preparatives to ſtep into the Imperial Throne, whenever ſhe ſhould think fit to declare it vacant.

And now ſhe took another Air and Manner; Her Pride and Covetouſneſs found none upon Earth ſo great and ſo rich as her ſelf; when ſhe entered the Cirque or Amphitheater, ſhe forbore to ſit where the Empreſs's uſed, becauſe that was mixing with other Ladies, whom in her haughty Soul ſhe deſpiſed, but in the moſt infamous Corner, caus'd a Throne to be rais'd for her ſelf, and three or four more of her Companions, whom ſhe vouchſafed to ſuffer in her Preſence, for ſhe was grown too great for Converſation, like a Deity, ſelf-ſufficient to her ſelf in every thing. As ſoon as ſhe entered, her Cuſtom was to turn her Back upon the Audience, after giving a Look of Diſdain and Contempt around her, and in a little

a little while (as if her mighty Soul was above thoſe petty Amuſements, and ſcorn'd to be ſo meanly entertained) ſhe would riſe and abruptly depart, without reſpect to the Order of the Performance, or what Confuſion ſhe muſt make among a Set of fawning Followers, who all watch'd her Nod, with baſe Adulations worſhipping that triumphant Idol, equally the Repreſentative of thoſe two miſchievous Deities, Pride and Avarice.

Then was *Taraſius* advanced to the See of *Antioch*, by his Habit only appearing to be of the Temple: *Taraſius!* who was as great an Original in his Kind as *Irenc.* He had all the Pride, Ambition, Turbulency, Inconſtancy, Violence, Obſtinacy, and Spirit of Perſecution, that is ſuppoſed to have infected the fallen Angels. Nor could a more advanced Age bring an Allay to his Fury; he would have made an excellent Pope, when what they call Hereſie was to be extirpated. In his Youth he had been of the Orthodox, but finding Idol-worſhip was coming to be the faſhionable Religion, he profeſſed and preached it, and ſo was made Biſhop of *Antioch*, without the leaſt Bluſh or Reſerve of Modeſty, at hearing what were his former Opinions recited; he ſeem'd to have grown craftier, but not more holy; nor did he pretend to it, indulging his amorous Vein, and making as many Conqueſts over the Bodies of the fair Sex, as of their Souls. He was once upon his

Knees

Knees to a Lady, afterwards famous in the Altar-Service for the Sweetneſs and Compaſs of her Voice, the fineſt Singer of her Age; the good Prieſt laid about him with the Zeal of his Function, and beg'd her for Heaven's ſake, and ſomething more, to be kind and have Mercy upon him, it might be a means of ſaving his Soul, for he ſhould die of Melancholy or Deſpair, or turn Self-Murderer, if ſhe continued to be cruel.

The Biſhop of *Galatia* alſo became a Convert to Idolatry, or rather to *Irene*'s Power, and the Court. This holy Merchand would have made an incomparable Vender of Books; Nature fits every one with a peculiar Genius; for he underſtood the Value of their Editions more than the Value of Learning: He was Maſter of an extraordinary Library, which he had found the Art of getting, without paying Extortion; and becauſe he would be ſure to be a thorough Divine after he was made Lord of *Galatia*, he ſet himſelf to ſtudy the Cure of Bodies, the better or eaſier to come at that of the Soul.

Theſe and others of the ſame Principle, were aſſigned (noted for indefatigable Induſtry) to manage a Council that was met at *Conſtantinople*, in the ſeventh Year of *Conſtantine*'s Reign; but the Citizens and Soldiers underſtanding the Deputies were pack'd for *Irene*'s Purpoſe, ſuch as would reſtore Image-Worſhip, they couragiouſly drove

drove them out of the City, as fast as they arrived there, which obliged the Empress to adjourn to *Nice*, where the first general Council sate. Three hundred and fifty Fathers out of the East and West, met on this Occasion; the Number of the *Italian* Bishops gave the Idolaters the Majority. They decreed, That Images should be made use of, but not worshipped with *Latria*. The Pope's Agents were so rampant, that they would have as much Respect paid to the Idols, as if the Deity were visibly present, which the Fathers would not allow, though they were most of them *Irene*'s Creatures, whom she had perverted to Idolatry since she came to the Administration, and had been disgusted concerning *Stauracius*. This Council was never received by the Orthodox Christians. Seven Years after *Charles* King of the *Franks* called One at *Frankfort*, where three hundred Fathers assembled, who condemned Images and the Synod of *Nice*. The good Patriarch of *Constantinople* could only give Examples of Purity, he had no Power remaining; and tho' perhaps the most learned, the most pious, the most eloquent Divines that ever adorned the East, were then Prelates of the Empire; yet Ignorance, Stupidity, Idolatry, and Persecution, under *Constantine* the Orthodox, had like to have bid fair for the Extirpation of them, and of their Worship.

It

It had been *Cæſar*'s good Fortune ſtill to be beloved by his People, who pity'd his unhappy motherly Infatuation, rather than expoſed it. Whatever Miſcarriages happened, were all attributed to *Irene* and her Miniſters, not to him; they would not know, That a Prince far from Evil in himſelf, is ſtill anſwerable for all the Evil he ſuffers others to commit under the ſacred Umbrage of his Name. *Conſtantine Cæſar* thought not of any, or rather thought not at all. *Æmilius* and *Irene*'s Artifice kept him from Reflection: How could he believe himſelf in the Wrong, who was hourly applauded for being in the Right? All that approached, offered Incenſe to *Cæſar!* and ſounded *Stauracius*'s Glory! The Empire, he was told, never made ſo great a Figure as under his Direction; the *Barbarians* trembling at his very Name: His Name! which was ſufficient of it ſelf to ſettle or overthrow Provinces and Kingdoms. All the known Nations of the Eaſt and Weſt ſhrouded under the Wings of his Eagles for Protection: He was their only Aſylum! Letters, Ambaſſadors, Congratulations ſtill came cramm'd with *Cæſar*'s Glory, and *Stauracius*'s Succeſs!

Does the wiſeſt Mortal ever have Recourſe to Remedies, when the whole Body of his Phyſicians, upon whom he depends, tells him he has no Occaſion for any, or rather, that his State of Health is ſo well confirm'd, that whatever Alterations happens, muſt be to his Prejudice? This was *Conſtantine Cæſar*'s

ſar's Caſe: He was truly, luckily beloved by his People, and no leſs happy abroad. He ſaw none but what tickled him with the Repetition of his Praiſes, his Glory and Reputation; he did not ſo much as diſpute but that he was adored as a viſible Divinity; the real rankling Sore that lay latent, and was but skin'd over by the artful Gloſs *Irene* and *Æmilius* gave, was to all Intents concealed from *Cæſar*, who could not apprehend the Malignancy, when he knew of no Diſtemper.

But *Irene*, who now regretted even that Shadow of Empire which was yet in *Conſtantine*, ſaw, that whilſt he was ſo beloved, ſhe could not ſtep into his Place with her ador'd *Stauracius*: Her firſt Artifice was to get him to marry *Theodecta*, *Mary* the *Armenian* his Wife being ſtill alive, and nothing laid to her Charge reflecting on her Chaſtity, by which ſhe knew he would quickly become odious, and her ſelf be revenged for what that Maid had done againſt her. *Taraſius* performed the Ceremony; for which *Plato* the Patriarch, and others, the chief of the Clergy of *Conſtantinople*, excommunicated *Taraſius*; but *Conſtantine*, or rather *Irene*, impriſoned *Plato*, and rais'd up ſo furious a Perſecution, againſt the Orthodox Clergy, that even the moſt ſanguine of the Empire, could not but perceive they were now in good Earneſt bent upon Image-Worſhip, and upholding the Church of *Rome*, to the Deſtruction of the *Greek*.

Vin-

Vindictive *Irene* was reſolved to take this Opportunity to vent the Envy and Malice brooding in her Heart againſt *Plato* Patriarch of *Conſtantinople* and his Adherents, for having oppoſed *Stauracius*, and been ſo forward in their Excommunications; ſhe wou'd try her Right and Title, whether Religion or her ſelf ſhould reign. How durſt thoſe ſaucy Prieſts diſpute what ſhe directed? Or pretend to argue upon the Validity of the Emperor's Marriage, when ſhe had adviſ'd it? Now was the Struggle, which ſhould be mortify'd, the *Greek* or the *Roman* Church: *Irene*, that furious new Convert, who never was of any Opinion, 'till now to do Miſchief, ſate in nightly Councils, contriving how they might get the Patriarch condemned; not as he was a Man, but as a Prieſt contrary to their Worſhip; not for himſelf alone, but for his Brethren in him, who took upon them an Office that did not appertain to them. What had they to do to excommunicate for Houſhold and State Concerns? Cou'd not a Man marry, or let it alone, but they muſt interpoſe with telling what was juſt and fit? Their Buſineſs was only to preach Holineſs of Life, the Salvation of Souls, not to buſie themſelves with what Men did with their Bodies. Cou'd not every one live as they would for them? Shortly, if this was encouraged, one ſhould not ſhift a Scene, or remove an Officer, but Leave muſt be asked of the Patriarch, good Man, who tho' he made the Care

of

of gaining Heaven his Pretence, his Aim was to come in for a Share in the Dominion of the World, elſe he had never dar'd to thunder his bold Reflections and Excommunications upon thoſe who had *Cæſar*'s Commiſſion for acting, and did but what Conſcience, and the Exigency of Affairs, required.

Irene, *Cethegus*, *Cicero*, *Sergius*, *Cataline*, the illuſtrious Prelates formerly mentioned, and others of the Junto, met in Conſultation at *Æmilius*'s, to debate of puniſhing the Patriarch of *Conſtantinople* in the moſt glaring Manner: Wiſe *Cicero*, tho' thrown into the Idol-Party, was no great Bigot to any Religion, and therefore advis'd, 'That '*Plato* ſhould be ſet at Liberty, with ſevere 'Advice not to meddle in Excommunicati-'ons, nor ſuffer his Brethren any more to 'concern themſelves with a Thing ſo remote 'to them as an imperial Marriage. No-'thing, he ſaid, advanc'd, or made a Cauſe 'ſo conſiderable as Perſecution, the Parent 'of Perſeverance; from whence reſulted a 'Sanction that made it venerable to the 'People, and took into its Train a Sort of 'good-natur'd Animals, conſcientious Fools, 'who catched the Spirit of Pity from one 'another, by way of an infectious Imita-'tion, whence Millions had been cajolled 'into a Cauſe, and even out of their Lives, 'as if it were inglorious to ſhow leſs Ob-'ſtinacy than their Leaders had done. Con-'temptible Beginnings could not be made 'great, but by the Apprehenſion they gave, 'like

'like neglected Libels, or Flowers without 'Moisture, that die away of themselves, 'and never spread but when they appear of 'Importance enough to provoke the Notice 'of those to whom they are directed, An'swers begetting Rejoinder; whence the 'wisest Part of Mankind never permitted 'any, but silently left the Authors to ex'pect the Reward and Neglect which ill 'Nature merited. He further observed, 'That the Fear of Punishment, awes more 'than does the Punishment it self; many a 'Man has been known to tremble at the 'Thoughts or Prospect of Evil, that when 'it was arriv'd, bore himself couragiously 'under it. That whatever could happen of 'Hardship to the Patriarch, would but the 'more indear the People, who always com'passionate the Sufferers for Conscience'sake, and were ready to idolize as Mar'tyrs, such who met Persecution on that 'Account; at least it would make the Pa'triarch more reverenced and popular, since 'his Behaviour had ever been so blameless, 'that Malice it self could not assign 'him over to the Odium, even of his Ene'mies.

'That the Innovation they were endea'vouring, was to be compass'd more by 'Degrees, than of a sudden; at several 'times, rather than at once; by Artifice, 'sooner than by Force; if they would but 'submit the Conduct to him, he would 'stake his Head upon the Event: Fire and

'Sword

'Sword were very good Arguments to thoſe 'who had already the Majority of their ſide. 'But as he took it, that was not the Caſe 'in Queſtion, Idol-Worſhip having not 'yet been the obtaining Religion; and 'tho' the Biſhop of *Rome* might be Pope 'in *Italy*, yet at *Conſtantinople Plato* was Pa-'triarch.

Cataline, the new made Prefect of *Sicily*, would do ſomething meritorious of his Promotion; and tho' he had not been diſpos'd at this time to be grateful, a Scene of Confuſion and Ambiguity proved ſo agreeable to his Inclinations, that he muſt have very much croſs'd them, not to have puſh'd it to the uttermoſt. So that riſing from his Seat, he thus addreſs'd the Empreſs.

'As there is nothing, Madam, ſo nearly 'ally'd to the Deity, as the Deſire of re-'venging Injuries, I humbly offer to your 'imperial Majeſty, that you will vouchſafe, 'upon this Occaſion, truly to appear their 'Repreſentative. *Plato*, the preſuming Pa-'triarch of *Conſtantinople*, deſerves to be 'puniſhed, not only, as a Miſcreant, in him-'ſelf, but chiefly for a Terror to others. 'He, Wretch! deſpicable in his own Ca-'pacity! A Trumpet Fellow! The Tool 'of the Party! Halloo'd on by a full-'mouthed, noiſie Pack of Currs, to eſſay 'whether your imperial Majeſty, and *Con-'ſtantine Cæſar Auguſtus*, your royal Son, 'are ripe for thoſe Affronts and Mortifica-'tions they intend to offer: Shou'd ye bear

'ſo

'so great an Insult, to what a Height wou'd 'they not be incouraged to Sin? I humbly 'move, That both your imperial Majesties 'would be pleased to call a Synod to punish 'with Characters of indelible Infamy this 'audacious Man: Leave it to my Care to 'get the Majority; if your imperial Ma-'jesty but once empowers me, it will go 'very hard if I prove not too strong for 'hereditary Opinion, *ill-bred Crossness of the Will*, Prejudice of Education, national Re-'ligion, pretended Piety, affected Vertue, 'and twenty such slender Oppositions which 'are never so much enforced, as when the 'Wearers design to part with them to Ad-'vantage, and consequently set the greatest 'Value only to inhance the Price. Have 'we not Gold, and Honours, and Power to 'reward those that shall most strenuously do 'their Duty? loyal and conscientious Sub-'jects should be encouraged. Leave it to 'me to select out men of Spirit and Mettle, 'Mettle not to be aw'd and brow-beaten 'by those Bugbears with which our Patri-'arch long has rid us; Men of Fire and Am-'bition, bright and daring, with so happy 'an Eloquence, that were the Goddess of 'Vertue to be arraign'd before them, their 'Noise and Gloss, could seemingly turn her 'into Vice! and give even her self to 'doubt whether she yet had an Entity. 'Madam, and my Lords, I hope you will 'find what I say, reasonable. Were it not 'hard, that we, who have waded through

'so

'so many Difficulties, and are now in Pos-
'session, should part with our Hold, for a
'Notion, or fear of Excommunications!
'No! No! We will contend! We will
'wrestle to the last Drop, before we lose
'those Images which your imperial Ma-
'jesty, and *Cæsar*'s gracious Goodness have
'entituled us to. You shall behold us
'trembling with Zeal! Yearning for Re-
'venge against that Excommunicator, vehe-
'ment for Persecution of the Persecutor!
'Stammering, and even foaming at Mouth,
'out of an unbounded Desire to acquit our
'selves, and make that sorry Fellow con-
'temptible: Will not all the Auditors be
'of our Side? Shall we not even carry Ju-
'stice before us? Will they endure to hear
'what he shall offer in his own Defence,
'or rather let us not suffer him to make any?
'*Cicero*, Madam, is wise; but the wisest
'may be mistaken: As this Scene shall be
'managed, I hope we shall force him (with
'all his Coolness) to confess he was not in-
'fallible, and that we only were in the Right,
'and himself in the Wrong. I doubt not
'but Your imperial Majesty will obtain
'from the Synod such a Sentence as shall
'for ever keep Busy bodies within their
'own Pale! They shall be glad to meddle
'no more with Marriages! and Emperors!
'with Excommunications! or Fulmination-
'ons! Should we despise, or neglect to pun-
'ish, as the noble *Cicero* advised, they would
'not interpret it our Contempt, but Fear.

'Let

'Let us proceed boldly; let us ſtrike ſure 'and home; let us even leave none to re- 'member they were injur'd! *Order ſucceeds 'Confuſion:* I prognoſticate this will end in 'the utter Extirpation of our Enemies and 'their Hereſie; let us ſecure this Point, 'and we may aſſure our ſelves of the reſt. 'Have I for ſeven long Years been buſying 'my Brain to bring Things to this happy 'State, to have them loſt by Puſillanimity 'or Lenity, miſcalled, by the wiſe *Cicero*, 'Policy? No! No! Let's diſpute no fur- 'ther of the Fact, but haſten to aſcertain a 'glorious Event.

'I can produce irreſiſtible Orators; ſuch 'who always carry the *Forum* of their Side, 'beſides the witty *Stelico* on ours. What 'tho' he grows dull, has recourſe to Authors, 'and is often forced to go to the Shades for 'Recruit; a Man is not obliged to hold 'out for ever; we muſt not let him lay 'down, becauſe he is ready at any Occaſi- 'on; tho' I muſt tell you, my Lord, 'tis a 'hard Taſk to be forced to be witty, be one 'in never ſo appoſite an Humour; but he 'has ſtill Fire and Malice enough to do our 'Buſineſs: They call him in Contempt, a 'Bread-Writer, a ſorry Seſterce Fellow; 'but his Pen is generally acceptable, he plea- 'ſes thoſe whom he ſtings; a commodious 'uſeful Hireling, ſtops at nothing, goes 'through thick and thin: He cants admi- 'rably, and pretends to Vertue, but is as 'ingrateful and unfair as one could deſire.

'He

‘ He'll lay on any Colours, and is ſo great an
‘ Artiſt, he can metamorphoſe, in a Twink-
‘ ling, the brighteſt Heroe into a dirty Sca-
‘ venger. Then as to the other Extreme;
‘ has he not made a very Deity of me?
‘ and given me and ſome of my Fellow-Pa-
‘ tricians, ſuch gay Cloathing, that I defy
‘ our beſt Friends to know us in his Garb?
‘ He has almoſt perſuaded me to believe (did
‘ I not feel the contrary) that I am juſt!
‘ couragious! religious! and very near,
‘ merciful! and I have rewarded him for
‘ it, and would have done more, but that
‘ 'tis not Politick being too liberal, leſt the
‘ poor Rogue ſhou'd get above his Neceſſi-
‘ ties, and grow too great for Buſineſs, or
‘ elſe indulge too far his native Genius to
‘ Lazineſs and being governed by his Wife.
‘ Where ſhou'd we then meet ſuch another
‘ diligent, obſequious, trembling, dutiful,
‘ mercenary? Many indeed are willing, but
‘ how few are found able? *Stelico* ſhall make
‘ it his Care to daub and miſ-repreſent even
‘ the brighteſt and greateſt Characters, to
‘ threaten and ſtigmatize with his Pen,
‘ thoſe whom we fear and diſapprove; he
‘ ſhall prepare Mens Minds for a favourable
‘ Approbation of our Proceedings, viliñe
‘ to the Life thoſe of our Enemies, and
‘ when we have done our Parts, applaud us
‘ for the Well-Performance.

This Speech of *Cataline*'s, was received with a *Plaudit*; even *Cicero* himſelf ſubſided, ſeeing it was the general Wiſh, and *Irene*'s particular

ticular One, to have *Plato* ſacrificed to her Reſentment. Only hot *Cethegus* ſaid, 'He 'knew not what Occaſion they had for a 'Synod, their formal Paces and tedious 'Lengths wou'd ſpin out a tedious time; 'His humble Opinion was, That *Cæſar* alone 'was ſufficient to command, and for his 'Part, he ſtood forthwith reſigned, ready, 'and willing to obey.

However, *Cethegus* his Spirit of Perſecution was forced, for once, to mix with the Allay of Time, which was no little Mortification to him. Gracious *Irene* reſigned all Things to the well-pleaſed *Cataline*. A Synod was ſummoned, which he took indefatigable Pains to manage, ſo as to get the Majority on his Side; the holy Patriarch, together with the reſt of his Brethren, that had joined with him in the Excommunication of the bold Biſhop of *Antioch*, was brought out of Priſon, not to hope any Thing from their Defence, but to receive their Sentence: All that eccleſiaſtical Zeal and Fury could ſuggeſt, was put in force againſt them, and Divorces juſtifyed. Never were *Barbarian* Pirates, nor a *Banditti* ſo unpittifully inſulted. Pride and Ignorance, mixed with a wordy Eloquence, foreign to the Purpoſe, were made uſe of to condemn them for their Excommunication; the Harangue was one perpetual Train of Invectives; they offered nothing ſubſtantial, they had nothing to offer, and therefore were to ſupply the Defect of Matter of Argument,

by bitter Satyr, and twanging hyperbolical Reproach and Contempt. Chriſt had poſitively forbidden, that any one ſhould divorce his Wife, unleſs ſhe was convicted of Adultery: *Taraſius* of *Antioch* had dar'd to remarry the Emperor, *Mary* his firſt Wife being yet living, for which the good Patriarch, and others of his Brethren, had excommunicated him; which being according to the Command of Scripture, *Plato* could very well make appear, he acted but to obey That and his Conſcience. He received all the haughty ſtinging Inſults of his Enemies, their Pride, Arrogance, ill Manners, and Scorn, with a Humility truly primitive, far from recriminating; he lowly bow'd at every Period of Reproach; and when he was put to prove, Whence he took his Authority for Excommunication, he acquitted himſelf to the Applauſe of all his impartial Hearers: His Defence was ſo holy, ſo moving, ſo humble, ſo unaffectedly natural, ſo free from Oſtentation or Vanity, that it drew Tears from the Eyes of the Spectators; who reflected how he had been perſecuted, impriſon'd, ruin'd in Property, abandon'd to the Friendſhip of the Faithful, and every way an Object both of Admiration and Pity. However, all he could ſay, ſignify'd nothing to thoſe who came prepar'd in their Hearts to condemn him, for daring to meddle with *Conſtantine*'s ſecond Marriage, and in that the Buſineſs of the Empire: Full of the Eloquence of thoſe of their own Side, and deaf

deaf to his, he was convicted, and remanded back to Priſon, whilſt the triumphant *Irene*, and her Party, got a Decree to confirm *Conſtantine Cæſar*'s Marriage with *Theodecta*; *Cæſar* himſelf appearing in Place, not to judge of the Merits, becauſe they were determin'd before, but by his Preſence, to [illegible]gorate and ſkreen thoſe who acted on the Empreſs his Mother's Side; tho' in regard to his double Marriage, againſt the Honour, Conſcience, and Intereſt of his own. But ſo well they had manag'd the native Timidity of his Race, as to tell him, if double Marriages were condemn'd, he ſhould loſe his Title to his Wife *Theodecta*, and conſequently her ſelf; that if they remov'd the Foundation, the Marriage was neceſſarily deſtroy'd; which ſo alarm'd *Cæſar*, that his former Tranquillity was no more; all gave place to his Fears, and the Deſire he had ſtill to preſerve to himſelf the Poſſeſſion of his new Empreſs.

Taraſius, who had marry'd *Conſtantine* to *Theodecta*, now tranſlated from the See of *Antioch*, and made titular Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*, in the room of *Plato* (tho none acknowledged him but thoſe on his own Side, *Plato* being ſtill eſteemed Patriarch) pretended to prove from Scripture, 'That 'tho' ſecond Marriages (the firſt Wife ſtill 'alive) were in themſelves expreſsly forbid-'den and unlawful; yet in Caſes of great 'Neceſſity, ſuch as the utter Extinction of 'the Race of *Leo Iſauricus* for want of 'Heirs (which *Cæſar* could not have from

'*Mary* the *Armenian*, whoſe Conſtitution 'was deſtroyed by Diſeaſes) they might be 'diſpenſed with; or rather, Diſpenſations 'were lawful, as Inclination and Neceſſity 'ſuggeſted; expreſsly againſt St. *Paul*, who 'forbids us to do Evil that Good may come 'of it. The new Patriarch inſinuating, that 'twas a Law and no Law, binding or not 'binding, ſometimes to be broken, as Con-'ſcience or Deſire would prompt. The Ex-'igency of the Caſe could only determine 'the Point; but as to this, he boldly ven-'tured, in regard of *Mary*'s Defects, to 'pronounce the Emperor's Marriage with '*Theodecta* lawful. *Plato*, and the reſt of his 'Adherents, ought therefore to be condem-'ned for ſpeaking againſt it, and much 'more, for daring to excommunicate thoſe 'that had aſſiſted, and were the principal 'Actors in it.'

Victorious over the Patriarch, *Irene* reſol-ved to go on, and extirpate, in favour of her Idols, even the Remains of the Ortho-dox; all Places of Truſt and Profit were filled by the Schiſmaticks, there was even a Majority in the Senate; the Legions only could not be affected, for thoſe few great Commanders that were made by her and *Stauracius*, were forc'd to give in to the Tide of the Soldier; all the Empire (by Inſpi-ration) took the Alarm, and roſe as if at one Moment; not a Plebeian, ſcarce a Citi-zen, but became tenacious of that Religion, they had, ſeemingly ſo long neglected; they ex-

exclaimed againſt *Irene* as the Perverter of her Son, they counted up all her Male-Adminiſtration, her Cruelty, the Murther of her Husband's Brothers, her Extortion, her perverting *Cæſar* to Idolatry; for he now gave in to her Taſte, and did little in favour of the *Greeks*, or rather all Things in favour of the *Romaniſts*; an univerſal Spirit of Mutiny ſeized the People, the *Armenian* Legions quarter'd in *Thrace* firſt began, and peremptorily required, that the Emperor would take the Adminiſtration of Affairs upon himſelf: they were followed by all the Legions, Provinces, and Cities of the Empire, who at firſt gently, and afterwards more loudly, petitioned *Cæſar*, *That he would be pleaſed to reign alone:* They ask'd, that his Go-Carts might be diſmiſs'd, to find if he were able to walk of himſelf, for as yet he had appeared but as a Pageant, the Repreſentative of *Auguſtus*; they wanted to be introduced, and acquainted with *Conſtantine* their Emperor, and prayed him, that he would act without *Irene*, that they might, as it was high Time, form a Judgement of his Capacity and Temper. If he were orthodox, let him exclude Idolaters from his Perſon, and the Service of the Altar: If he were merciful, let it be ſeen, in giving Repoſe to the World after ſo lingring a War; which though it beſtowed upon them the empty Name of Victory, yet forbore not to drein the Empire of its Blood and Wealth: If he were generous, let Per-

ſons of Merit be preferred; thoſe whoſe only Recommendations lay not in Diſſimulation, and in their Coffers: If he were juſt, let not *Stauracius*'s Legions be the only that were paid; let him remember the Suffering of the reſt, and the long Arrear to the Mariner: If he were wiſe, let him himſelf adminiſter to his People: But if on the contrary; they could with Reſignation, receive any Misfortunes that derived immediately from *Cæſar*, and, as their Duty bound them, ſuffer the Will of Heaven and *Conſtantine*'s, not requiring more than the Eternal Power had thought fit to beſtow; whereas all Things from cruel *Irene*, and thoſe mercileſs Idolaters, her Favourites, were inſupportable. The ſame ſaid the Citizens of *Conſtantinople*, when they found there was no other Way to preſerve the Purity of their Religion, and ſtop the Progreſs of Idolatry; their Rage, animated by their Fears, turned into Fury; they called to Arms: Which the Emperor (who only could) did ſtop the Progreſs of, by ſending him, who had ſo long been term'd Father of the Empire, into Exile, with the reſt of the Male-Adminiſtrators: He re-inſtated *Plato* in the Patriarch's Seat, and permitted the Return of his own Friends about his Perſon; but they could not be appeaſed, whilſt yet the cruel Empreſs remained at Court; they clamoured louder than ever, that ſhe might be delivered to the Soldiers with all her ill-gotten Riches, as lawful Spoil: But the Emperor

peror had a meritorious Tenderneſs for his Mother, though ſhe had deſerved ſo ill of him, and of the State; therefore he required ſhe might only be baniſhed his Preſence, and to preſerve her from the Reſentment of the People that would have torn her in Pieces, in her Paſſage, he himſelf led her out of the Imperial Palace, with great Reſpect (having by her former Blandiſhments been induced to love, and by her latter haughty Severities brought to fear her) accompanying her to another more ſuperbe and coſtly, that ſhe had built at *Elutherium*, where by her own and her Favourite *Stauracius*'s Griping and Extortions, ſhe had laid up an immenſe Treaſure, which *Cæſar* out of his Sweetneſs of Temper, ſuffered her to enjoy.

Then were Mediators diſpatched, who in good earneſt intended to give Peace to the exhauſted Empire, which at Heart, notwithſtanding its Renown, it ſo much wanted; all Things tended under *Conſtantine Auguſtus*'s own Conduct, to the Advantage of Religion and the People. *Poplicola*, and *Agrippa*, of whom we have not yet ſpoken, (though none can be ignorant of his high Quality, Perſeverance, Capacity, and the Share he at firſt had in *Conſtantine*'s Favour) truly Orthodox, and the greateſt Votary of Religion that had yet ever been an Honour to the Muſe; the Prince of *Campania*, *Herminius*, and others, were reſtored to their former Poſts, from which, if they again

depart for Pique or Reſentment, or any other Injury or Reproach, (as having beheld the Miſchief their Deſertion occaſioned) they deſerve to be never forgiven; for had they at firſt ſuffered boldly, and endured the Perſecution of the Idolaters, even to Neglect and Contempt, 'till they had durſt to have crouded others in their Places, theſe Calamities poſſibly of the Empire had never been: Then ſhined forth the glorious orthodox Empreſs *Theodecta*; (*Mary* the *Armenian* juſt before expired): Then did ſhe meet the Reward her Vertue merited from the Approbation of the Church and People, and the Honours the Emperor, her Lord and Sovereign, ſo well (when not directed by *Irene*) knew how to beſtow. Acclamations followed her, with the Approbation of all thoſe who crouded about her Perſon, and had ever heard her Fame, and the Extent of her Deſerts.

Thus miraculouſly was the *Greek* Church delivered from the ſlaviſh Terrors and cruel Perſecution of the *Roman*, and her ſacred Purity preſerved from the Pollution of Hereticks and Idolaters. Nothing leſs than a Miracle, a Miracle due to the Prayers and Examples of thoſe holy Prelates, that inceſſantly implored Heaven for Redreſs, and gave Examples to the Earth, could have relieved her from the Jaws of that Lion, who in his Heart had already devoured, and would have left her even without a Name, or a Memorial for any to remember that ſhe had ever

ever been: The Fortitude and Reſolution of the Legions and People, came not from themſelves; it was the Inſpiration of that Almighty Power, who will never abandon his Church, though for the Sins of many, he may ſeem for a time to leave her mournful Beauties oppreſs'd with Grief and Deſpondence, 'till his interpoſing Goodneſs renews her Charms with quickning Luſtre, and cauſes them to ſhine forth clear and ſtrong, after the Diſſipation of thoſe Clouds, that had for a while obſcured her Brightneſs.

The Count *de St. Girrone* would have reſted here, but that Monſieur the Envoy, without ſtaying to return him the Thanks that he deſerved, deſired him to exſpatiate a little upon *Stauracius*'s Character, who had filled the Eaſt and Weſt with the Report of his Victories, what he had already heard did not ſeem ſatisfactory enough; to whom when the Count had anſwered, that he had little more to ſay of him, but by way of Repetition, or ſumming up what had been ſpoken before, which perhaps his Excellency would find tireſome and dull, he paus'd a while, and thus continued his Diſcourſe.

Stauracius the *Thracian*, having retrieved himſelf from the Exigency of narrow Circumſtances by ways ſo infamous, that no generous Man, in the laſt Extremity, could ſtoop to, found Fortune, that fantaſtick Goddeſs, (who hovered over him at his Birth, and cry'd, Thou ſhalt be mine,

thou art my Darling) unaccountably kind and indulgent to her Adopted, upon whom ſhe diffuſed ſo great a Share of her Bleſſings, that an extraordinary Courage was by no means neceſſary to accompliſh him, ſuch an one as her Minion ought to be, ſince by her Favour alone ſhe caus'd him to gain Victories, to gain Cities, as it were by an Impulſe of Deſtiny, that ſo it muſt be, as if Fate and Fortune ſhould ſay, You are our Agent, and nothing ſhall be able to prevent what we deſign. He came into the Field in a lucky Point of Time; at the Period of the *Perſian* Empire, that had flouriſhed long, and was grown to ſo gigantick a Height, as to be ſhaken by her own Weight, a degenerate Timidity ſucceeding that Courage, which under *Cyrus* had rais'd them to univerſal Monarchy. Kingdoms have doubtleſs their Bounds and Revolutions, as well as other ſublunary Things, therefore would the *Perſian* have fallen, though *Stauracius* had never been born, who had no occaſion to contribute any one Vertue but good Luck, towards ſo tremendous an Event, unleſs it were allying himſelf to *Irene* and *Æmilius*.

Fortune does not always chooſe the moſt Worthy, yet ſeldom do her Favourites prove altogether unworthy; but when a Foundation is ill laid, the Building generally proves irregular: It ſeems to me therefore as if *Stauracius* rather choſe to eſtabliſh himſelf by Ingratitude and Treachery, than Vertue and Fidelity, becauſe he rejected the Means that lay fair

fair before him to attain that End; and as our good and gracious Mother Nature, is ſaid to ſend no Poiſon, but ſhe provides an Antidote, the Vice of Avarice, (*Stauracius*'s Darling) though ſo deſpicable in it ſelf, doubtleſs preſerved the *Greeks* from a more deſpicable Conſequence; for had he had a Nobleſs of Soul, or even had not been ſo ſordidly covetous, aſſiſted as he was by *Fortune* his Parent and his Miſtreſs, What might he not have done? Where might he not have reign'd? But however ambitious he might be, Money ſtill had the Aſcendant. His Succeſs in Battle he look'd upon only as a larger Means to exhauſt the Conquered, and ravage with Impunity; advancing only his own Creatures, thoſe that were Acceſſaries in ſo baſe a Work. Had a Man of *Cataline*'s Make, had thoſe Opportunities, he would quickly have been the moſt dreadful Thing upon Earth: But *Stauracius*'s Mediocrity could riſe no higher, or rather ſink no lower, than doing all Things, without omitting the meaneſt, to increaſe his already unnumbered Store.

He was a Man governed, or rather aw'd by his Wife, to whom he durſt not but ſubmit his own Underſtanding, in concert with her Creatures, acting nothing abroad but what they firſt adviſ'd at home. Happy in having a Temper ſo complying; for it was in Conſideration of that, and him, that *Pactolus* and *Ganges* gave up their ſhining ſandy Gold, the glittering Eaſt its Riches,

Riches, and the fertile *Campania* her Fruitfulneſs. His Army was fed, and cloathed, and pampered, whilſt the half-ſtarved naked Legions of *Aſrick*, *Greece*, and *Iberia*, groan'd under a long Arrear, fed only with diſtant Expectation, exploring a wintry Sky, and the parching Summer Sands of *Mauritania* defenſeleſs and expos'd! whilſt *Æmilius* drain'd the Empire, to prevent even *Stauracius*'s Deſires; the Flower of the Soldiery, the Heart of the Treaſury, were perpetually ſent to re-inforce an Army, that could not but overcome, when Nature and Fortune were for them, Fate and Deſtiny againſt their Enemies.

His Perſon, Quality, and Reputation, procur'd him many Favours from the fair Sex, whoſe Hearts are generally the Warrior's Prize; but when he grew too old to pleaſe without any other Conſideration, being fixed to his Principle of Covetouſneſs, he went in ſearch of much cheaper Pleaſures, and found his Account with a Reverend Matron, in a common Houſe of Entertainment, where, as Occaſion called, he uſed to come *Incognito*, and through a Glaſs-Door with a tranſparent Curtain, ſeeing and unſeen, make choice among a Number of fair Ladies. The *Courtezan*, who was ordained for his Evening Diverſion, had a Preſent of One Hundred and Twenty Nine *Seſterces* from his Highneſs; ſo deſpicable a Reward, that his Page or Footman, that perhaps ſucceeded him, would be aſhamed not to give more.

more. Then for his Probity, he promis'd whatever you required, but was ſure never to perform, unleſs you brought an Equivalent in your Hand. Owing all to his Prince, he yet arrived to that height of Inſolence, as not to yield him the Diſpoſal of any thing; complaining upon the leaſt Attempt, that his important Services were neglected, and the Reward aſſigned to others: Juſtly an Enemy to Peace, becauſe Peace would certainly be an Enemy to him; prolonging the *Perſian* War, leſt his own Power ſhould end, never valuing the Lives of the Soldiers, ſo that he but preſerved his own, nor weighing the exorbitant Expence of a foreign War to the People at home, whilſt enriching himſelf abroad. His Ambition would have had no Bounds, had not his Avarice confined it; which happening to be his Aſcendant, has proved not leſs miſchievous, though the other might have been more fatal.

Monſieur *le Count*, anſwered *Horatio*, perceiving St. *Girrone* had done ſpeaking, You are a bitter Enemy; I hope at leaſt you are as good a Friend; they are generally Conſequences of one another. My Lord, reply'd the Count, I beg your Lordſhip not to miſtake me. I have no perſonal Quarrel to thoſe I have been ſpeaking of, they have done me no particular Injury; it is only becauſe they are great and glaring Enemies to Vertue that I am an Enemy to them, and therefore I muſt quote Precedents;

dents; *Xenophon*, *Thucidides*, *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Saluſt*, and thoſe other Writers, who have impartially related the Imperfections even of Heroes, are valued more particularly for their Sincerity. It is not becauſe they were ſuppoſed to have received Injuries, or even been acquainted with all thoſe whoſe Imperfections they thought fit to record, and therefore could have no perſonal Prejudice; but becauſe an honeſt Man is impatient to have Juſtice done to the Worthy and Unworthy. Who can bear to have the Oracle of an Empire live in a Courſe of Craft, Deceit, and known Adultery, and not deteſt thoſe fine Qualifications, that want force enough to teach him this plain Leſſon, That no Man has true, good, ſound Senſe, who is immoral? Thoſe very Advantages he poſſeſſes, make him more deſtructive to the Community. Vice is very infectious! and will not the half-witted Man, who has not enough to be throughly honeſt, be apt to think an Imitation, after ſo bright an Original, very pardonable, if not laudable? Have not vicious Habits their Faſhions as well as Garments? 'Tis the Great that make Examples, which the Little are proud to follow: Ought they not to ſet a double Guard upon themſelves, ſince in Them a Nation often ſins? Methinks 'tis hard, and I have often wondered at it, why that Man ſhould be thought uncharitable, a Satyriſt, or Libeller, who but repeats with his Pen, what every Body fearleſsly reports with his Tongue:

Tongue: Is it becauſe the Reproach is more indelible? Let the Great take heed then how they give Occaſion; let them beware how they ſit to have the Picture of their Vices made immortal. Do you believe the Liberty ſuffered at *Athens* in their Dramatick Pieces, did not reſtrain ſeveral who were viciouſly inclined, fearful of ſeeing themſelves repreſented? The Satyriſt muſt be thought of uſe to his Country, though I can't forgive him, that betrays the Weakneſs of his Friend, or any Secret that he happens to be let into, of what Nature ſoever; or who, having been obliged, or received into Families, finds the defenceleſs Part, and expoſes their Foible to the World: Thoſe are Meaneſſes below Contempt, ſcarce any can be guilty of them. I muſt always condemn the Perſon from whom Scandal firſt ariſes; him that gives a Man or Woman (perhaps yet young in Vice) to the Ruin of Tongues, and throws their Reputation to the Winds, to be torn and ſcattered by malignant Fame. I would have every one tender, even how they repeat any Thing diſadvantagious of another, 'till he be very well aſſured not only of the Truth, but that the Matter of Fact is no longer a Secret: Nay, and even then, I would have him diſtinguiſh between a Start, and a confirm'd Habit of Vice. We have all our Frailties; the Suppreſſion of them is doubtleſsly meritorious; but the Glorying in them, by an oſtentatious long Courſe of Evil, and refuging

ging under the Splendour of a Great Name and Quality, is ſomething ſo abominable, as muſt give Offence to every honeſt Man. How likes the grateful Perſon the Ingrateful? Ingratitude is the vileſt of all Vices! and moſt oppoſite to natural Equity, and yet it is the moſt common; it is never found among Brutes, not even the moſt ſavage and cruel: The Lions are to be mollify'd by Benefits; Men alone are naturally ingrateful; and yet there is ſomething in it ſo ſhameful, that there was never yet one found, that proved an Advocate for it, or that would confeſs himſelf guilty: Therefore when we behold it in a Prince, have we not Liberty to decry, deteſt, and expoſe it? In like manner, to ſee unbounded Covetouſneſs, Gripings, and Extortion crouding the Souls of thoſe who ought to give profitable Examples to the People beneath them, is abominable! And ſo in reſpect of all thoſe other Defects, which I have obſerved often in the *Conſtantinopolitan* Heroes, and which are ſo obvious and confirmed, that not a Child, who has ever heard of the Name of *Cataline*, but knows his Irreligion, Wickedneſs, and Artifice! of *Cethegus*, but is acquainted with his Vanity, Cruelty, and fiery Ill-nature! of *Stauracius*, but deteſts his Ingratitude and Avarice! and ſo of the reſt. Therefore, my Lord, purſued he ſpeaking to *Horatio*, 'tis not that I am unfair, but becauſe that they are notoriouſly foul. If we ſpeak of them at all, we muſt

ſpeak

ſpeak of them as they are; and tho' perhaps a great many may think, 'twere better to let the Subject alone, I ſay again, that 'tis the Duty of every particular Perſon to contribute what he can to the Service of Vertue, and is it not for her Service to decry Vice, even in the Greateſt? nay, 'tis there more particularly our Duty, becauſe it may warn others from coming into their Faſhion.

The Count has Reaſon, anſwered Monſieur *l' Envoy*; but we do not hear him ſay any Thing of *Irene*'s Return to Court, and of *Conſtantine Cæſar*'s being more infatuated than ever. Becauſe, my Lord, modeſtly reply'd the Count, that I know no further than what paſs'd whilſt I was at *Conſtantinople*. The Empreſs-Dowager, as ſhe was beginning to be call'd, was juſt then gone to her fine Houſe in *Elutherium*, and *Stauracius* with her; Things took a new Turn at Court; the Idolaters were ſuppreſſed, and the Emperor called about him his own Friends: But this Change was not above four Days before I departed, ſo that I forbear to ſpeak of what I have ſince been only informed of by others. I'll aſſure your Lordſhip, the Abode I made at *Conſtantinople*, contrary to my Genius which has not yet took ſuch a ſerious Turn, forced me to appear a Politician in my own Defence; for there is nothing but Politicks and Religion the Mode, unleſs in *Julius Sergius*'s Palace, where Luxury reigns at the height. If you would

would diſcourſe of Love and Gallantry, you muſt have recourſe to thoſe antiquated Beauties, who know not how to go out of the Road of their own Time, and would ſtill be admired, though contrary even to Nature, as well as the Faſhion. Tell a young Lady ſhe's handſom, and ſhe'll preſently ſtare as if ſhe thought you mad; 'tis not now-a-days that they hear any ſuch Things: But ask her, who ſhe's for, the Pope or the Patriarch? and ſhe'll underſtand you preſently; and after ſhe has delivered her Opinion, ſhe'll defend it with a Volley of Arguments. Implore a tempting Beauty, talk of her Cruelty, and beg her to have pity; ſhe'll preſently ask you, Is the Patriarch, *&c.* in Danger? Do they deſign to puniſh him? and eagerly conjure you, for Heaven's ſake, to let her into the Secret? In a word, the moſt illiterate, the leaſt ſpiritual, have a Chain and Rote of Argument, which, by hearing nothing elſe, they are become entire Miſtreſſes of, and can diſcourſe upon, to the Excluſion of their formerly adored Topicks, Scandal, Cloaths, and Gallantry; Heavens! how they throng'd to hear the Patriarch of *Conſtantinople* examin'd! Every Day, and all the Day, they beſieg'd the Aſſembly. I remember I once ſate by a certain Lady, who had been conſtantly there; ſhe ran on mightily in the Praiſe of Solitude, how much ſhe was an Admirer of that, and hated a Croud; yet ſhe had been forced to riſe every Morning at Four a-Clock to come to that odious

odious Aſſembly: Then talking of what they deſigned to do with the Patriarch who had been the Occaſion of all this Buſtle, ſhe wiſhed he were crucify'd for it: For her part ſhe lov'd Moderation, and did not deſire any Thing worſe ſhould come to him. This, my Lords, was the Court-Strain when I was at *Conſtantinople*.

The greateſt Pleaſure I found was in an Adventure that happened to me of the *Aſian* Side, where I was retired upon account of an Indiſpoſition, thinking the Air and Solitude a better Means of Recovery than the Croud and Vapours of a Court. I left my People at my uſual Reſidence, and took only my Valet and one Slave: I chanced into a neat Houſe, with an agreeable Landlady; and becauſe I avoided Company, I paid her her Price for the whole, though much more than I had occaſion for, or deſigned to uſe. I had ſcarce been there two Days when ſhe came to me, and intreated me to ſpare her ſome Part for a Lady of Quality, and her three beautiful Daughters, who deſigned to remain *Incognito*, having ſome Meaſures to obſerve before they appeared at Court, and could not conveniently be any where but at her Houſe, whom ſhe could truſt. I told her, I found the way in the Eaſt was to be mercenary; I could do nothing without a Bribe; but if ſhe would promiſe to introduce me to their Acquaintance, the whole Houſe, unleſs my own Apartment, ſhould be at the Service of

of the Ladies. You may be ſure the Bargain was quickly ſtruck, and, after a Night's Repoſe, I had the Honour to be admitted.

One muſt do the Perſon, who appeared the Mother, this Juſtice, that ſhe looked very youthful to have three ſuch well grown Daughters; ſhe was perfectly fair, but infinitely affected. It had been the Faſhion when her Ladyſhip was the Faſhion, and ſhe knew not how to depart from it. I had the good Luck, to pleaſe her, without deſiring it; I don't know why I call it ſo, doubtleſs any young Fellow, of a promiſing Conſtitution, might have done the ſame, though my Eyes and Heart were already directed to one of her Daughters. She was as quick as Lightning, and obſerving my Attack, would prevent my Affections taking that Route; and therefore, by ſome intelligent Glances and Nods, got rid of thoſe inſupportable Companions, that would deſtroy her Claim to Youth and Admiration.

The firſt Thing ſhe ſaid, was to tell me, She marry'd extremely young; That there was ſcarce Thirteen between her ſelf and her eldeſt Daughter; That her Lord was an old Man when ſhe marry'd him, and ſhe had ſuffer'd an inſupportable Martyrdom, had not his Quality obliged them to be very much at Court, where the Gallantry that then reign'd, compenſated for any Mortification that one met with at Home. She ran on

on next in a long Chain of how many Lovers ſhe had had, and, under feigned Names, gave me a Catalogue of Swarms that had ſuffered for her: I did not aſk which way. I think ſhe put no leſs than three Emperors into her Liſt, beſides a Train of Conſuls, *Nobiliſſimi*, and Patricians: She deſtroyed my paſt Wonder every Moment with new; I thought, if ever I ſhould ſuffer Martyrdom under a Female Tongue, it was now. Thus far ſhe did me a Kindneſs, that not knowing very well what to ſay to her (reſolving not to be put upon the Roll for one of her Lovers) I could ſcarce have furniſhed any Thing on my Side for Converſation; being naturally ſincere, I hate vain Oblations and Flattery, and have ever found my ſelf at a Loſs, how to begin with a Woman I was not diſpoſed to love: A pretty young Lady has ſomething in her Face, her Perſon and Manner, that gives one a thouſand agreeable Hints. I would poſitively have ſome Method found out to acquaint all Women with their Decay; they ſhould be told when they begin to be no longer charming, for they will never know it elſe: Nothing is ſo ridiculous as their carrying Things to Extremity; they would join the Spring to Autumn, *May* and *December*, the two Ends of Time, in a True-love's Knot. When a Man, Owner of either good Nature or Politeneſs, happens in the way of a Woman that will be taking, and finds him ſo, what a fooliſh Part muſt he act! I took ſuch a Surfeit

feit that Evening of an elderly Lady's Amours, that I have run away ever ſince when there was the leaſt Danger of being left alone with any of them.

At laſt, Heaven be praiſed! a Collation relieved me: Take her out of her vain amorous Strain, and ſhe was very good Company, underſtood the World, and a Court, and had ſeen much that way, but was poiſoned with Affectation and Self-Conceit; ſhe had been uſed to thoſe who flatter'd her Charms, and ſhe could not be reconciled to Indifference; it was eaſie to find where ſhe had her Education. I had not the leaſt Inclination to enquire of her, who ſhe was? which I believe ſhe would not have took ill, tho' never ſo much againſt the Rules of good Breeding: Curioſity is often a Proof of liking, which I quickly found, upon the Return of the young Ladies, who fill'd their Places at Table with us. I took care to confine my Eyes, tho' I could not my Wiſhes, ſo that Supper being over, I made a Pretence to retire, tho' her Ladyſhip would fain have engaged me at *Cheſs*, a Game ſo ſedate, that I wonder how the *Mercury* in her Temper would ever permit her to learn it.

I was ſo happy in an Hour after, to find the Ladies in the Garden, who were diverting themſelves at my Coſt; they rallied me for the Complaiſance their Mother had for me, which I had received with ſuch an awkward Air, that as they were pleaſed to ſay, they pity'd

pity'd me for it; we laughed good Part of the Night away in an agreeable Converſation, tho' I found they were very much upon the Watch, for fear her Ladyſhip ſhould know of the Liberty they took. I was ſo happy to ſingle out her that had charmed me; we began a Commerce ſomething more tender than Gallantry; all I could learn from her that Night was, that ſhe was marry'd more for Intereſt than Inclination; ſhe even proceeded to tell me, that it was dangerous for young Ladies in her Circumſtance to converſe with Perſons ſo agreeable as I was; this rouſed my Vanity, that had lain latent ſince my Departure from the Court of *Orleans:* I had heard nothing like an Amuſement of that inchanting kind in the politick Air of *Conſtantinople*, tho' 'tis true there are the handſomeſt Women of the World there. The *Greeks*, your Lordſhips know, have the Reputation of it, but they are ſoured by the new Faſhion *Tour* of Religion and Politicks; tho' I would not have you think that they are a Jot more holy, lead better Lives, or are grown more wiſe: On the contrary, their Impertinence is now in the wrong Place, and therefore a thouſand times more intolerable, ſince we can ſooner forgive an Abſurdity that's natural, than one that's acquired.

I conjure your Lordſhips to believe, that I never found my ſelf in ſuch a Surprize ſince I was born, as the next Morning, at ſeeing a Coach of Hire ſtop at the Gate, and

and the Empreſs *Irene* lighting out of it, with only one Woman of her Chamber, who lugg'd a ſmall Cargo, which I afterwards heard was ſome Wine and cold Fragments of her laſt Night's Supper which ſhe had cauſed to be ſet aſide by way of good Husbandry, which ſhe is perfectly acquainted with, to come and eat with thoſe Ladies: I with Aſtoniſhment heard, that the old one was her own Siſter. Madam the Princeſs (the Mother was ſo called) her Lord had been perpetual Proconſul or rather Prince in *Mauritania*, but apoſtatizing to the *Sarazen* Religion he was expell'd the Empire, and refuged himſelf in the *Perſian* Court; by which I could recollect how her Highneſs came to reckon ſo many Emperors in her amorous Train. She was a Widow and hated at *Conſtantinople*; for it was ſuſpected, that by the force of Gold dextrouſly apply'd to her Siſter's Foible the Secrets of the Empire were no longer ſuch to the *Perſian*; therefore ſhe durſt not publickly appear 'till the Way was ſmoothed for her, and the Inclinations of the People conſulted. My beautiful Miſtreſs was ſo complaiſant to tell me their Quality, knowing I had ſeen the Empreſs; but ſhe recommended the Secret to me, and ſuffer'd me to value my ſelf upon the Favour ſhe had ſhown me in revealing it. They yet ſtaid a Week longer at that Houſe, where *Irene* came in the ſame Manner every Day for three Hours; ſhe uſed to ſhut her ſelf up with the *Mauritanian* Prin-

Princeſs, and was ſo obliging, as to allow me the Converſation of her Nieces; who were kind in their Turn, and left me no more alone with her Highneſs, whoſe Civilities I did not much pride my ſelf upon, when I once became acquainted with her diffuſive Character.

We all return'd to *Conſtantinople*, where yet the Princeſs remained incogniro; the young Ladies, who had no ſuch Things to fear, were every Day at the Empreſs's, by which means I came oftner on her ſide than before. I thought my ſelf very happy in an agreeable tender Correſpondence with that lovely Lady who had charm'd me; but being oblig'd to follow her Lord into *Sicily*, ſhe carry'd away with her all the Taſte I had for the *Conſtantinopolitan* Court. I could not remain in a Place which her Abſence had made ſo diſagreeable; and therefore departed without Regret, carrying her fair Image with me, which yet I have not been ſo unhappy to loſe the Idea of.

Monſieur *le* Count has finiſhed in a lucky Moment, reply'd the Envoy; I ſee my People coming to tell us they have ſerved: *Allons*, my dear *St. Girrone*, refreſh your ſelf at Dinner, and receive our Approbation and Thanks within.

NOtwithſtanding the ſplendid Entertainment, generous Wines, polite Converſation of Monſieur *le Envoye*, and that of the diverting Count *de St. Girone*, *Horatio* was buried in ſo profound a Melancholy, that it was eaſie to ſee all his Regards were turned inwards, there to contemplate upon what more powerfully affected him, than outward Objects: Not that he was wanting in the leaſt to *Decorum*, or an eaſie Manner of Behaviour; but that Sprightlineſs and Fire which us'd to enliven his Converſation, ſeemed exchanged for a languid Tenderneſs, if not quite ſo animating, yet not leſs moving. It was impoſſible to ſee him, and not take part in all his Concerns; he made it every one's Wiſh to contribute to his Relief, and to ſhare in a Burthen which ſeem'd ſo oppreſſive.

Monſieur *de St. Girone* fail'd not to ſay a great many ſenſible Things to him on the Part of *Ximena*, whoſe Merit and Death, he had learnt from the Prior; but becauſe he ſaw that returning to a Scene ſo doleful in it ſelf, rather increaſed *Horatio*'s Sorrow, he endeavour'd by changing the Subject to one more diverting, to bring if poſſible, though

though but for a ſhort time, ſome Suſpenſion to the Exceſs of it.

Speaking of the Merit of Wives, he aſk'd *Horatio*, If he knew at *Conſtantinople* ſuch a one, naming a Lady who had found a Method to double her Fortune by the Generoſity of her Gallant? by which means her Husband became infinitely fond of her, tho' he had ever been cool till then: At the ſame time continuing his Diſcourſe, he enquired of his Lordſhip, if he was not intimately acquainted with *Gratian* of conſular Dignity? He has drank, my Lord, in Favour of *Florella* the Court-Droll, out of *Circe* and *Medea*'s Cup; for 'tis certainly Infatuation that not leans but bows him that way; he's the firſt Man ſure of Senſe, that doats in ſpight of Nature, or even in contradiction to her. You know *Florella*; alas! can any Thing be ſo forbidding, not to ſay frightful? Yet he paſſes whole Days in kiſſing her Toes, and playing with her Ears, a new Method of Amour, and ſhe brags of it. Will any Body pretend to diſpute of Taſte after this? The honeſt Gentleman her Husband, is the only one in the Empire that knows Them, and knows not their Intrigues; he is ſo jealous of his Honour, it would certainly drive him to Extremity, therefore they forbear to tell him of it, tho' the Affair has been of a long ſtanding. How very much Sincerity, and Ignorance of what 'tis preſumed we ought to know, can ſometimes expoſe a Man? He was, a little before I left

Conſtantinople, at a publick Aſſembly, where the Conſul ſhew'd a very fine Diamond he had lately purchas'd: Every one gave their Opinion of it, at length it came to his Turn; Why ay! ſays the poor Gentleman, with a very ingenuous Air; 'tis very fine; but is it not great Vanity to lay out ſo much Money upon Right, when Counterfeit makes as good a Shew? There's *Bird* at Home as glorious as the Sun, you would ſwear ſhe was ſtuck with Jewels, and all falſe. The whole Company had much to do to forbear laughing in his Face; fortunately he was call'd away, and left them to do it among themſelves, not forgetting to commend *Florella*'s Addreſs, who could paſs the real, ſubſtantial, reſplendent Diamonds given her by *Gratian*, for falſe glittering Imaginaries, on the Credulity of her uxorious Husband.

The indiſcreet Conduct of Ladies, ſuch as theſe, reflect, thro' Miſapplication, upon the whole Sex. I could never give my ſelf a Reaſon why the *Epheſian* Matron of *Petronius* ſhould pleaſe ſo much, unleſs it were for the Sarcaſticalneſs. Can any Thing be more unnatural than a beautiful Lady (who doubtleſs might have commanded the moſt lovely of the Youth) juſt expiring through Grief and Abſtinence, tempted to diſhonour her ſelf, and that Glory ſhe had ſo dearly purchaſed, for a deſpicable common Centinel! Could the Charms of his Meat and Wine, in a Moment, make her forget what had been

been moſt valuable to her, ſo as to paſs to an Extremity like her's, without a bigger Temptation; ſomething more ſhining than could be ſuppoſed to adorn the Manner of ſuch a Scoundrel Fellow? He ſhould have at leaſt allowed her one Night, that Gratitude might have interpoſed in Merit of the Benefit received from her Benefactor, and not have made ſo much haſte unnaturally to corrupt a Vertue that ſeemed confirmed. *Petronius*'s Deſign was doubtleſs to expoſe the Frailty of the Sex, ſhew their Paſſions in full force, and their Reaſon of no Account when compared with them; but had he lived to this Age, had he ever been at *Conſtantinople*, and beheld the wonderful *Porcia*, he would have been a Convert to their Vertue. Your Lordſhip cannot be ignorant of *Porcia*'s Charms. I have never been ſo happy to ſee her, replyed *Horatio*, therefore, pray Count, conſider me as one who hearkens, with Pleaſure, to all you can ſay.

Then your Lordſhip, anſwered the Count, has never ſurveyed what moſt in the Sex deſerves your Admiration! Her Perſon has as many Charms as you would deſire in a Miſtreſs, if from all that beheld her you wanted to have your Choice confirmed and applauded. She is one of thoſe lofty, black, and laſting Beauties, that ſtrikes with Reverence, and yet Delight; there is no Feature in her Face, nor any Thing in her Perſon, her Air and Manner, that could be exchanged for any others, and ſhe not prove a Loſer: Then as to her

Mind and Conduct, her Judgment, her Senſe, her Stedfaſtneſs, her Reading, her Wit and Converſation, they are admirable; ſo much above what is moſt lovely in the Sex, ſhut but your Eyes, (and allow for the Muſick of her Voice) your Mind would be charmed, as thinking your ſelf converſing with the moſt knowing, moſt refined of ours; free from all Levity and Superficialneſs, her Senſe is ſolid and perſpicuous. Lovely *Porcia* is ſo polite, ſo neat, ſo perfect an Oeconomiſt, that in taking in all the greater Beauties of Life, ſhe does not diſdain to ſtoop to the moſt inferiour; in ſhort, ſhe knows all that a Man can know, without deſpiſing what, as a Woman, ſhe ſhould not be ignorant of.

Inimitable has been her Conduct, and 'tis owing to her prodigious Modeſty alone, that the whole eaſtern Empire does not ſound her Glory. She has deſired to live unknown, and has confined her ſelf to a narrow Part of it, elſe her Fame had been as diffuſive as her Merit; wiſely declining all publick Aſſemblies, ſhe is contented to poſſeſs her Soul in Tranquillity and Freedom at Home, amongſt the few Happy ſhe has honour'd with the Name of Friends.

Porcia was marry'd very young to a Gentleman, who poſſeſſed larger Territories than other fine Qualifications: Their Years were unequal as their Deſerts. His Education, which had not always brought him to *Conſtantinople* to converſe, together with a certain Mo-

Moroſeneſs of Temper, made him rather a rigid Maſter, than a tender Conſort to the amiable *Porcia*; yet ſhe never complained, ſupporting his Exceſſes, both in Debauch and Ill-humour, like a Martyr, chearful under her very Sufferings.

Propitious Heaven unloos'd the rugged Chain: He dy'd, ſhe was no longer married, left very young, very handſome, very rich, but very wiſe: The three former Qualifications drew Crouds of Adorers, the latter as dextrouſly diſpers'd them.

Since her Widowhood, ſhe has been the perpetual Mark of thoſe who wanted Fortune, and of ſuch who aſpired at poſſeſſing Merit and Beauty; a Croud of Undeſervers, a Train of Deſervers: The Diſtinguiſhing adore her Perfections, the Generality worſhip her Poſſeſſions. Many are her perſonal Lovers, and who even deſerve to be beloved; but her Reſolution no more to inſlave her ſelf, has left them ſmall Part to hope in her Favour, all in her Eſteem.

Certain of being Heireſs to her Father, a Gentleman of great Riches, together with her own large Poſſeſſions, had ſhe been influenced by her Paſſions, might not ſome tender Sentiment at an unguarded Moment, given her to have made a Choice from out of the Croud that importuned her, a Choice worthy the Name of Happineſs?

Porcia ſhining in true Merit, and poſſeſſed of all things glorious when poſſeſſed of her ſelf, has in every minute Particular

fulfill'd the Character of a Woman of nice Honour and ſtrict Vertue, joining in Opinion with thoſe, who think all Women of Fortune ought to marry once; and fix'd to her own, that Glory permits none of the true Poſſeſſors of it, without ſome undeniable Conſideration, to marry twice.

Strictly Orthodox, *Porcia* has bent her Fortune and Applications to the Advantage of the true Religion. In a Word, no Perfection is feeble, or ſhines dim in *Porcia*; all is ſtrenuous, bright, confirmed, and unexceptionable. She only is worthy to ſupply the Loſs of *Ximena*, in ſo great a Breaſt as *Horatio*'s, were Fortune to do what Merit has done, would ſhe not make the Union? Where more juſtly could we beſtow the Charms of a Heroine, who has done all things for Vertue and Honour, than in the Arms of a Heroe, who has left nothing undone for Fame and Glory!

Horatio, with a Smile, perhaps leſs conſtrained than any that had departed from him, ſince the Loſs of *Ximena*, told the Count *de St. Girrone*, He had Power to do all Things; and if ever he return'd to *Conſtantinople*, his firſt Buſineſs ſhould be to get himſelf introduced to the charming, more than charming, the meritorious *Porcia*. The Ambaſſador ſaid, when his Affairs were diſpatched, he would beg Leave to attend his Lordſhip with the ſame Curioſity, to behold the Ornament of her own Sex, and the Deſire of theirs.

Nothing

Nothing can be more my Wiſh, purſu'd the Count *de St. Girrone*, addreſſing to *Horatio*, than bringing any Diverſion to that deep ſettled Thoughtfulneſs I obſerve in your Lordſhip. I hope I have at leaſt amuſed you in ſpeaking of *Porcia*'s Merit. I reſt expreſsly ſo long upon the *Conſtantinopolitan* Court, becauſe the Adventures of thoſe we know, are incomparably more diverting to us, than of ſuch whom we never heard of; and in this Purſuit, my Lord Ambaſſador, I muſt have leave to forſake your Excellency for ſome Moments, applying moſtly to *Horatio*. Your Lordſhip tells me, 'tis more than three Years ſince you were at *Conſtantinople*. Do not believe, that I have many ſuch as *Porcia* to ſpeak of; we'll change the Scene to the fair *Meſſalina*'s of the Age. Surely you muſt have obſerved *Julius Sergius*; he began to ſprout in your Time; but alas! his Growth is now paſt Knowledge! the talleſt Dignities of the Empire are ſcarce worth his Acceptance! I'm ſure the Sea and Shore are induſtriouſly and daily ravaged to ſupply his Luxury. Who would believe, beholding him diſſolved in a Midnight Debauch, and the Delicacies of his own Palace, playing every Day for immenſe Sums of Gold, which he had ſcarce ever beheld before, that ſometime ſince he had hardly Sandals to his Feet? The ſorry Income that he was born to, could not well afford him a Draught of Wine,

or Change of Habit, to diſtinguiſh him from a Plebeian.

Wiſely, for his firſt Adventure, he concluded with a Reverend Matron, the Relict of a Patrician, and now ſettled in her Patrimony, he began to look big, and thence took it into his Head to be witty: Who can help it, if in ſpight of Nature? But there were a Club, eſpecially one of them, that foreſeeing the riſing Sun, offered, with the *Perſians*, their early Adorations, and were contenred to depart even from their Wit, a Reputation all Men are peculiarly fond of, to adorn their good Friend, and Midnight Companion *Julius Sergius*. 'Twas like buying of Bargains, lumping Pennyworths, wiſely laying out Money in a Purchaſe that you inevitably foreſee will turn to Account. Neither could the lucky Rogue reſt in the acquired Reputation of Poetry, but he muſt paſs on to be a Projector, a neceſſary Engine, a Mechanick for Government, he was bold and forward; the Neceſſity of the Times, and the Exigency of ſome Affairs, needed ſuch Spirits. He thriv'd in all his Pretences, whether to ſerve the Party he had eſpouſed, or himſelf: By doubling and trebling, nor dabling in ſmall, but dealing in great, in a little Time he found himſelf Maſter of a prodigious Fortune. I will not pretend to give you the Detail how he came by it, nor does it concern us; but as the Heart of Man is reſtleſs, perpetually in Motion, to be a Stateſman,

rich,

rich, and conſequently an excellent Poet' were not enough; he muſt refine upon the Matter, and pretend to Learning, Gallantry, and Politeneſs: How ſuperficial ſoever were theſe his Accompliſhments, he made more Noiſe and Glare with them, than did thoſe in whom they had never ſo ſure, ſo deep a Foundation.

Irene and *Æmilius* contributed by a pleaſant Piece of Court-Politicks to his Exceſſes; there was ſuch an Alottment, by theirs and the Junto's Appointment, out of *Conſtantine Cæſar*'s Privy-Purſe of Secret Services, for *Sergius* to keep a Court and Table, to invite and entertain the Young, the Fair, the Idle, the Buſie, the Wanderer, and even the Sedate; not any could defend themſelves againſt the Charms of his Banquets, and the Luxury of his Rewards. I had once, at *Julius Sergius*'s Palace, the Honour of an Aſſignation, by the young Lady whom I adored, the Princeſs of *Mauritania*'s Daughter; but her Charms ſo wholly poſſeſſed me, that I had then no leiſure for Reflection: I ſaw all was gay, enchanting, eaſie, and luxurious; but having been ſo happily introduced, and ſo favourably receiv'd by *Sergius*, I ventur'd another Time alone, with an intent to make my ſelf Maſter, as far as my Memory would permit, of all that occurr'd. Whoever enters there, is oblig'd, like ſome happy Lovers, with regard to what they feel, to take an Oath never to report, whilſt they are in

the

the Empire, whatever they ſhall ſee or hear in *Julius Sergius*'s Court. I am now out of it, and being a Man of ſome Honour, am glad 'tis no longer binding, but am pleas'd to find my Tongue at liberty to entertain both your Lordſhips. This religious Introduction to the moſt nororious Freedoms, baniſhes all Conſtraint; the Young, the Old, the Gay, and the Severe, the Coquet and the Prude, ſeem equally ſatisfyed with the Aſſurance; the mutual Truſt and Fidelity they have in one another, renders them perfectly eaſy; they eat, they laugh, they drink, they dance, they play, they loll, they love with leſs Conſtraint, than in their own Apartments; nay, ſo far are their Freedoms ſtretched, that a Husband, in beholding his own Wife in Company that he would no where elſe approve, is obliged to turn his Eyes, as if to unknow, or at leaſt muſt take no notice of it here: In like manner, a Wife ſtuffed with Jealouſie must not give Fire to the Train in that ſacred Receſs, though ſhe behold her Lord even in the Embraces of her Rival. In a Word, all the rougher Paſſions diſappear, you are allowed to remember nothing but Pleaſure and Intereſt, which is the true Foundation, the inviſible Spring on *Julius Sergius*'s Side, that moves the Machine even in this ſoft, this delectable Retreat.

Here your Diverſions are vary'd according to the Seaſons: If the Heats are extreme, *Sergius*'s beautiful Palace, built upon the

Con-

Conſtantinopolitan Shore, has the *Aſian* Side in an unlimited Proſpect, with the harmonious Daſh of the Sea, that runs between, and divides it from *Europe!* Along the Margin of the Water is raiſed a beautiful Terraſs, adorned with flouriſhing and perpetual Greens, that preſerve their Beauty thro' every Seaſon. Reſplendent Chriſtal Lamps are fixed at equal Diſtances, in Silver and Gold Caſes, as alſo to the Branches of theſe Trees, which on the ſide next the Sea, form a pleaſing Aſcent to the Palace. Fountains and Caſcades make a noble Fall and Daſhing, which joining to the ſoft Murmurs of the Trees, full of *Sabæan* Sweets, perpetually fann'd and in a gentle Agitation by thoſe Breezes which come off the Water, adds an inchanting native Harmony to the artful Conſort of Voices and Muſicians. Here you ſhall find thoſe who hope to be happy Lovers, extended on the Graſs, their Limbs all careleſs and ſupine, reſting their Head (whilſt ſtretched with an Air of Delight, at the Feet of the conſenting Fair) upon their Miſtreſſes Knees, taking a thouſand Kiſſes from thoſe charming Hands, that deliciouſly, and as if by chance, and undeſignedly often wander, and paſs over their Face to oblige them to remember how magical are the Touches of the lovely Beloved.

Diſſolv'd in more ſubſtantial Joys, the forward Lovers tread the conſcious adjoining Groves, enlighten'd as their Charmer's Eyes,

Eyes, with thouſands of Lamps blazing an artificial Day, which checkered with the brown Shade beneath. caſt from the lofty Trees, and mingling Branches, makes that ſylvan Scene vie with the moſt glorious, moſt poetical *Elizium* for Delight, the perpetual falling Bloſſoms furniſhing the fragrant Couch. Diſtant Muſick, the beſt the Eaſt affords, is placed to Advantage, with Airs languiſhing, enchanting, melting, which raviſhes the Ear, and fills the Vacancies of Mind (if any) that Love has left unemployed: Officious beauteous Boys, like *Cupids*, *Hylas*'s, and *Ganimedes*, are placed in call to bring whatever you can imagine of Refreſhing, as Wines or Collation; no Hour, no Obligation, but Inclination tempts you to depart from thoſe Joys you are in poſſeſſion of; 'tis there always the beginning of the Feaſt, a perpetual Supply makes no point of Time neceſſary to enjoy the Whole; you are not obliged to attend a ſupercilious Maſter of the Entertainment, at the unanimous Inſtant he expects, to hear his dull Harangue upon what he deſigns to treat you with; here none are at an uneaſie Moment called, the Moment that perhaps confirms their Bliſs; all are welcome, all are happy, and employed in thoſe Delights, moſt grateful to their Taſte.

You paſs by an eaſie Aſcent, through three Marble Portico's and find the firſt Apartment full of Bathing-Rooms, the Odours, the delicious Spikenard, and all Things

Things luxurious, as well as neat and proper, invite to the Bath when there is no Occaſion; They are diſtinguiſhed by thoſe of the Ladies and the Gentlemens. In the firſt of theſe are young, charming, well-dreſs'd, airy Girls attending for Service; in the other, Boys with their flaxen curling Hair, as wanton and beautiful as little Cupids.

By Marble Steps next you aſcend to the Grand-ſalle, which for height and largeneſs, may vie with any Dining-Chamber of the Eaſt, the noble Performances of *Zeuxys*, *Protogenes*, *Apelles*, and *Phidias* are the Ornaments of it, ſupported with *Corinthian* Pillars, whoſe Foliage is admirable, as is the Painting and Carvings of the Roof that ſuſtains this ample Building: The Beds and Furniture are ſuch as well-choſen Magnificence could invent: Twenty noble Apartments open into the Grand-ſalle by Chriſtal Doors, all thoſe Apartments finiſhed to ſuch a Nicety, as to inſpire Delicacy and Luxury into thoſe that ſhall happen to be the Gueſts; the Gallery is adorned with modern Pieces of Painting, but the beſt in the kind, done by the moſt able Maſters, and the Repreſentatives of thoſe that have been famous in the Sciences and Poetry; there are not only ſuch of the Departed, who have been admirable, but the happy Living find themſelves already ſecured of Immortality (in the Choice *Julius Sergius* has made) of which they are aſcertain'd by being

being placed in his Gallery: There you may behold old excellent *Caſſius*, who in one Comedy has furniſhed out more Wit than could *Plautus* and *Terence* in their whole Compoſitions. *Corvino* lives in an Age unworthy of him, who in exalting the *Drama* to the Perfections of the Ancients, never conſidered his inimitable Performances were to be judged by the undiſtinguiſhing Moderns; the Moderns, who have not only loſt all good Taſte with the very Knowledge of the true Beauties of Writing, but are grown doatingly fond of a Bad, preferring Farce, Noiſe, Sound and Buffoonry, before the niceſt turn'd Wit, the genteeleſt Dialect, and even (which indeed is wonderful, becauſe a Ruſtick is Judge of that) before the trueſt Repreſentations of Nature, wherein *Corvino* is admirable, and in ſpight of their no Learning, no Breading, and Stupidity, pleaſes even the Degenerate; yet far from ſuffering himſelf to be enticed by the Applauſe of an ill-judging Audience, he is contented to depart and pleaſe the Many, who know not why they are pleaſed; he confines all his Excellencies to the few Diſtinguiſhing, yet a Number ſuffers by that Partiality, who can't give an Account why his Writings gives them Pleaſure, but as his Silence give them Pain, they think it hard that ſo excellent a Muſe as *Corvino*'s ſhould upon any Terms diſappear.

I, who

I, who can't be properly nam'd a Judge of the *Greek*, find yet ſuch Inchantment in *Maro's* Strain, that feeling how I my ſelf, a Foreigner, am raviſhed, muſt thence conclude his better Judges, the *Grecians*, entranc'd by him. I could not behold him in *Julius Sergins's* Gallery, without ſomething of Ejaculation, an Oblation due to *Maro's* Shrine from all that can read him. O Pity! that Politicks and ſordid Intereſt ſhould have carryed him out of the Road of *Helicon*, ſnatched him from the Embraces of the Muſes, to throw him into an old withered artificial Stateſman's Arms! Why did he prefer Gain to Glory? Why chuſe to be an idle Spectator, rather than a Celebrator of thoſe Actions he ſo well knows how to define and adorn? *Virgil* himſelf, nor *Virgil's* greater Maſter, *Homer*, could not boaſt of finer Qualifications than *Maro: Maro!* who alone, of all the Poets, truly inſpir'd, could ceaſe to be himſelf; could degenerate his godlike Soul, and proſtitute that inborn Genius, all thoſe noble Accompliſhments of his, for Gold; could turn away his Eyes from the delicious Gardens of *Parnaſſus*, of which he was already in poſſeſſion, to tread the wandring Maze of Buſineſs. Farewel *Maro*, 'till you abandon your artificial Patron, Fame muſt abandon you!

Can *Julius Sergius* with any Modeſty, or indeed without Remorſe, behold the Picture of *Gallus: Gallus!* whoſe eaſie natural Muſe and early Friendſhip, has made both

both of them Immortal! Where is Gratitude? Where is Honour, in neglecting him, the firſt Step upon which he mounted from Obſcurity? O *Sergius!* you learnt not all Things of *Gallus:* You did not effect it, elſe you had been acknowledging, you had been juſt; you would have forbore being vindictive, or revengeful, and have diſtinguiſh'd between private Acts of Friendſhip, and a publick conſcientious Diſpenſation; you would never have forgot the Obligation to reſt upon the Reſentment: Yet ſhall *Gallus* live for ever in his peculiar Strain, his own immortal Numbers, and in the Reputation he has acquired to the Glory of the Empire abroad: When *Julius Sergius*'s Ill-nature and Ingratitude ſhall be only ſpoken of, *Gallus* ſhall ſtill be remembered with Eſteem, with Pleaſure, and Admiration: *Gallus!* who in raiſing *Sergius*'s Fame, has for ever eſtabliſhed his own.

Julius Sergius is ſuperficially gallant, as well as polite, and would be loth to leave the Ladies Room to complain of him, for not affording them a Place in his Gallery; he has ſuffered *Sappho* the Younger to be exalted there, who tho' when living, was Owner of a Soul as amorous as the Elder, yet wanted much of that Delicacy, and all that nice, yet daring Spirit (of which hers is but a faint Imitation) ſo applauded in *Phaon*'s Miſtreſs.

Nor has another of the Sex forbore to intrude her ſelf; *Conſtantinople* abounds in Pre-

Pretenders of both Kinds, the Reſult of that Silence, which has invaded thoſe who are truly Maſter of the Muſes; but this Thing without a Name, is only known by the permiſſion *Julius Sergius* gave her to invoke him as a Patron; if ſhe had any other Art of pleaſing him, he had beſt conceal it, leſt he make himſelf the Laugh of thoſe numerous Coxcombs by whom her Addreſs and Adulations have been ſo often rejected: Much good may it do you, *Sergius*, with *Lais*'s Charms, the Leavings of the Multitude.

The great Intereſt he had, commanding That which commands All, drew many to addreſs to him: For one Seaſon it was become an abſolute Faſhion, none thought themſelves the Poet, if *Sergius* the *Mecænas*, were not the Patron. This Cuſtom induc'd a certain Lady to preſent his Lordſhip with the Labours of her Brain, but ſhe was ſo forbidding, or rather ſo ſhockingly ugly, that *Sergius* with all his good Nature and affected Gallantry, could not afford her a Place in his Gallery, deferring to ask the Favour of *Clarinda* to ſit for her Picture, 'till he ſhould have an occaſion to make a Collection of the Furies, where ſhe may aſſure her ſelf of the Preference.

Delectable lazy *Lucretius*, are you to conclude, as you began, with *Phedra* alone? Are you contented to have outdone the Pattern *Euripides* ſet? Do you believe all that heavenly Bounty of the Muſes was laviſhed upon

upon you to treaſure up in your own Breaſt? That Strength and Perſpicuity of Style, the Numerouſneſs of your Verſe; that eaſie Flow of Numbers, that enchanting happy Art of yours, in Metaphors and Similies, and all thoſe raviſhing Beauties that at once delight and aſtoniſh!

My Lords, I am far gone in the Gallery of Poets, and know not how to get out, not even to take part of *Sergius*'s ſumptuous Feaſt; imagine the Beds carv'd by the moſt exquiſite Workmen, the Quilts and Pillows of fineſt Wool, the double *Phenician* Purple Dye, with Coverings of Embroidery in Gold, Scarlet and Pearls; the Tables either maſſy Silver, or more expenſively inlaid; not *Apicius* himſelf was a greater Epicure than is *Sergius*: *Lucrin* Oyſters, *Britiſh* Cockles adorn his Board, the ſtately Turbut and delicious *Sicilian* Mullet ſwim again in the rich Wines of *Calabria*, cramm'd Peacocks, the *African* Hen, and every Bird that wings the Air, pays Tribute to his Feaſt; the Lake of *Thraſimene*, and the Shore of *Liguria*, provides him Cavear and Sturgeon; in ſhort, nothing is wanting, or rather, all Things are there; with huge *Corinthian* Veſſels, maſſy Plate imboſs'd; Earthen-ware double gilt; Chriſtal Glaſſes: His Muſicians are as admirable in their Art as are his Cooks: Then for Deſert, after a Parade of Fruit and Sweetmeats, who can compare with *Sergius*? Who like him covers the Table, for the laſt Time, with ſomething more

more ſolid than Meat and Drink? There you may behold a vaſt Service of Perfumes, precious Ointments, ſweet *Grecian* Oils and ſcented Waters, even Jewels and Gold in Specie are the produce of his Board, with inchanted Pieces of Sticks ſo artificially carv'd, that 'tis but delivering them to the Imperial Treaſurer, and they ſhall ſtraight at his Touch, be converted into Silver, ſo many Notches ſo many Talents; there are alſo Scrips of Paper, upon which are drawn Hieroglyphicks, intelligible to the Superintendants, who upon Sight exchange them for good Money: What is required here from the Ladies in return to *Sergius*'s Generoſity, is, only to follow their own Inclinations in pleaſing the Men, from the Men to obey and pleaſe *Irene* and *Æmilius*.

Julius Sergius was the only Perſon, when I was there, that ſeemed unentertain'd at his own Feſtival; I obſerved a Cloud upon his Brow, which he, in vain, ſtrove to drive away with Wine and Dice, which us'd to charm him. *Bacchus* is a Familiar of his, he carouzes every Night with that jolly God, 'till he ſometimes loſes the Remembrance of any other Deity: But I would have your Lordſhips to know, how awful ſoever he is at other times in Quality of Stateſman, he is no wiſer than other Men at his own Table, and his own midnight Diverſions. My fair Introductreſs, together with the Honour I had of being Favourite to Count *Martell*, *Charles* the King's Ambaſſador,

baſſador, whom all made it their Buſineſs to oblige, rendered me of no mean Conſideration to *Julius Sergius*; after he had long labour'd himſelf in doing the Honours of his Houſe, running from Room to Room, drinking Bowl after Bowl, he at length found himſelf fatigu'd, and alone, in the Grand-ſalle, only my ſelf who was as idle as he, no charming Fair making me bleſt; and as to deep play ſo many Things are to be ſaid againſt that ungenerous, unfair Diverſion, and nothing for it, that I never purſue it, tho' there were Numbers that bent themſelves to it at *Sergius*'s Palace, and vaſt Sums in every Corner of the Houſe were won and loſt: *Julius*, whoſe Genius that Night was turn'd another way, declined the Dice and came to entertain me, which I was aſſured was an exceſſive Compliment and Self-Denial; I was ſurprized at the Honour; the rich *Calabrian* and *Chios* Wines quickly made us Intimates; but I, who had more Curioſity than Deſire of Drinking, meant only to introduce my ſelf into his Confidence, that he might wander with me from Alcove to Alcove, and explain the Hiſtory of bliſsful Lovers, thoſe Hieroglyphicks of the Happineſs of his Palace.

Beginning to ſpeak of himſelf to himſelf, knowing his Character, that he was vain-glorious, affected Politeneſs and Generoſity; endleſs Topicks, in which perhaps we might have conſumed the Night before

before I ſhould be able to draw him thence, I haſted to his Amours. I think, my Lord *Julius Sergius*, continued I, addreſſing more cloſely to his Lordſhip, 'tis hard, that of all this heavenly Proſpect of Happineſs, your Lordſhip is the only ſolitary Lover: What is become of the charming *Bartica*? Can ſhe live a Day, an Hour, without you? Sure ſhe's indiſpoſed, dying, or dead. You call the Tears into my Eyes, dear Count, anſwered the Heroe ſobbing, ſhe's a Traitreſs an inconſtant proud Baggage, yet I love her dearly, and have laviſhed Myriads upon her, beſides getting her worthy ancient Parent a good Poſt for Connivance. But, would you think it? She has other Things in her Head, and is grown ſo fantaſtick and high, ſhe wants me to marry her, or elſe I ſhall have no more of her, truly: 'Twas ever a proud Slut; when ſhe pretended moſt Kindneſs, when ſhe was all over Coquet, and coveted to engage me more and more; when our Intimacy was at the height, ſhe us'd to make my Servants wait three Hours for an Anſwer to a How-d'-ye, or a Letter, which I ſent every ſucceſſive Morn. As to a Letter, interrupted I, there may be ſome Excuſe for that, my Lord: For what Woman, or indeed Man, can dare to write to a Perſon of your Lordſhip's Character, the Quinteſcence of Wit and Politeneſs, without copy and recopying again? That's true, dear St. *Girrone*, anſwered his propitious Lordſhip, then kiſſing me cloſe, and doing

me

me the Favour of the Glaſs, to let me know he expected I ſhould follow his Example, he drank deeply, and after cry'd out in an Extaſie,

And Wit for ever Scarlet from this Vein ſhall flow!

Then aſking my Excuſe, 'twas a Flight of his own Poetry, he preſented me the Wine, and continu'd his Indignation againſt *Bartica.* He told me, if he pin'd himſelf to Death, he was reſolved not to marry her whilſt ſhe was ſo ſaucy. I don't brag, my dear Count, but methinks I have ſome Qualifications, beſides my Wealth, and being of conſular Dignity, that deſerves as good a Wife; my Perſon is not contemptible, and as to my Wit and Senſe, look into the Writings of all thoſe Moderns who durſt deliver their Opinion, who durſt preſume to dedicate to me; ſee There, what future Ages will think of me; Time was, a Man thought his Fortune made, if he could but invoke *Julius Sergius*; and as to State-Affairs, I'll ſay no more, let Things ſpeak for themſelves, every Body knows how Matters were reduced when I took them in hand. Had they a *Denary* but what was adulterated, and very few left of Them? Who retrieved all? Who did ſuch Wonders that amazed our Enemies, and ſet our very Friends at a Gaze? 'Tis true, I found my Account prodigiouſly in what I did, and have got a good Poſt for Life? What of that?

that? happen what will, they can do me no hurt: Few Governments, my Lord, are as grateful as they ſhould be! If I had my Deſerts, where would *Æmilius* be? and yet he's the fortunate Man; and, tho' I ſay it, crouds into that Station which is my due; but I ſee the Petticoats governs all: 'Tis ſomething indeed to have been able to pleaſe them, I know no other Merit, between Friends, that *Cajus Æmilius* can pretend to. Come, my Lord the Count, pledge me in this ſparkling Bowl of *Calabria*, let us not forget *Irene* that magnificent grateful Empreſs, who when a Man can pleaſe no more, ſtill conſiders him for what he has done; ſo much for *Æmilius*. I might have been as lucky, but the Deſtinies be hated for it, I could not take the Hint and improve my good Fortune; 'twas one Morning when a Piece of foreign News brought me to her Bed-ſide, ſhe coqueted with her Eyes, and every Part about her, but I was an unintelligent Blockhead, and never reflected on't 'till I was going out of her Apartment: I had a good mind to have returned, and endeavoured to have atoned for my Omiſſion, but the Court filled, and ſhe never gave me another Opportunity; Fool and Beaſt as I was, I did not deſerve it; but ſhe has looked upon me ſince with quite another Air: And did I not do thoſe Things you ſee, make theſe Feaſts, and initiate all the Youth of any Conſideration, ſo as to make them fit to bear whatever Impreſſion the Party

think fit, I ſuppoſe I might have been laid aſide. He would have run on for ever, if the Waiters had not introduced *Euriphlus* the Eunuch, and *Maria* the *Aſian* Singer, with a whole Chorus of inferior Voices: Whilſt *Sergius* was buſying himſelf in receiving thoſe Hirelings, who have more Reſpect ſhewed them at *Conſtantinople* than Perſons of the firſt Merit and Diſtinction, I ſtole away, and reſolved to wander thro' that Maze of Bliſs by my ſelf, ſince I found there was no Hopes of getting *Julius* along with me. Each Apartment was acceſſible, all yielding to the Sight by their Chryſtal Lights, and an exact *Decorum* obſerved, not to intrude upon one anothers Pleaſures; but as I was a Stranger, and not very ſolicitous of Fame, I made no ſcruple to pry about, and even to lean my Ears and Eyes to the magnificent Glaſs-Doors, that beſtowed a clear and noble Proſpect of that Happineſs I was in ſearch of, and could not forbear to envy.

Being a Stranger, and having none to explain to me the Names, Perſons, or Adventures of thoſe whom I beheld, I ſhall be able to give but an imperfect Relation.

The firſt that offered was a Lady, well-featured, of an excellent Complexion, with a great deal of Youth upon her Face, but mingled with an Air ſo enterprizing, that I could not forbear thinking ſhe had Courage enough for an *Amazon*. The beautiful Youth

Youth that had the Honour to pleaſe, ſeem-ed all obſequious, and careful to oblige: Whatever had been the tender Moments, thoſe I heard were filled with the Lady's Adventures, and her Conqueſts over her Husband: She walked about as if a robuſt reſtleſs Spirit were natural to her. Would you think it, *Narciſſus*, ſaid ſhe, I am ſtronger than my Lord, and have got the better of him ſeveral times at Cuffs? My Lord! I ſhall never be reconciled to that hideous Name! my Plague, my Fool. He is the ugliеſt Fellow in the Empire! A whey-fac'd, wall-ey'd, water-gruel Wretch! Had my Mother no Body elſe to pick out for me? Ah! odious Creature! But I am bound, and muſt obey; I know my Duty. How do you think we agree about the Point of Superiorſhip? There's ſcarce a Night but we've a Trial of Skill. Our Diverſion is Kicking, and which ſhall kick beſt is the Word, 'till one of us is kick'd out of Bed; thump we fall upon the Floor. The Victory often remains on my Side. Let me ſpeak it, my dear *Narciſſus*, without boaſting, I am a Soldier's Daughter, I was Conquereſs laſt Night. The impertinent Fool wou'd know when I ſaw you; but I made him pay for his Queſtion. Here the Lady repeated the Motion with her Foot, at which ſhe ſeem'd very expert, very much in her Element, and diverted even with the Repetition of her Heroick Exploits: And then, went ſhe on: We obſerve Conditions moſt honourably;

for the Vanquiſh'd, without a Murmur, is obliged to riſe and depart to another Bed: And do not you think, that this Matrimonial Life is very heavenly.

The next I ſaw was a Scene of much more Softneſs, in an Alcove, where repos'd a Lady, under the Figure of *Ariadne*, almoſt naked, as ſhe is repreſented by the Painters in the Embraces of *Bacchus*, for ſuch appeared the Mien of the Perſon that was with her. This more lovely *Ariadne* had an Air of Deſire and Sweetneſs infinitely engaging: She leaned upon the Boſom of her Deity, as if diſſolved in Pleaſure, and crown'd a Goblet that was in her Hand, full of Muſcadine, to the Immortality of their Joys. *Lydia*, her Confidant, and Faſhioner of her Wardrobe, drank deep; then fill'd to *Philomela*, a Nymph agreeable for her Voice, and the Knack ſhe had in pleaſing *Ariadne*. *Bacchus* did not forbear to do Juſtice in his turn, when the Lady, whom he held embraced, playing with thoſe Garlands of Vine-leaves that he wore, commanded *Philomela* to give them an amorous Air; which when ſhe had performed, ſhe drew her to her, and kiſs'd her Lips, with Eyes ſwimming in Delight and a peculiar Satisfaction: Let me die, my lovely Girl, ſaid ſhe, if thou haſt not all the Deliciouſneſs and Flavour in thy Breath, that one can imagine. My dear *Bacchus*, try the Pleaſure of her moiſt Kiſſes; I could wear away a Life upon her Lips, preſs me cloſer, thou

thou enchanting Girl: Not all Mankind can give me ſuch *poignant* Joys! Here followed a very new and out of-the-way Scene, but of what I can only imagine; for dexterous *Lydia* ſlipp'd a twiſted Cord of Silk, which in a Moment left all in the Dark, the numerous Lamps being at one Inſtant not extinguiſhed, but obſcured and covered by Silver Machines artificially contriv'd. I heard tender Sighs and broken Murmurs ſucceed the Light, 'till after a convenient Seaſon of Darkneſs, adroit *Lydia* pull'd the Cord, and all was Day again. The new fill'd ſparkling Bowls grac'd their Hands afreſh; they drank all together to the God of Love, and wiſhed themſelves, and one another, unintermitting Health, to taſte for ever the Joys of Love and Wine in Perfection, as they did now!

I could not forbear laughing, when, in the next Apartment, I beheld that old luxurious Patrician *Cataline* with a young Girl of no extraordinary Beauty. She look'd wholeſome, ungain, and country, thoſe were all the Charms that appeared in her. He affected to cajole her with amourous Tranſports and Artifices ſo eaſily ſeen thro', as indeed are the beſt of his, that I am ſuprized, there are any ſo weak as ſtill to be deceived by him; being but juſt enter'd before I had gain'd the tranſparent Door, I ſaw their Meeting, and with what pretended Ardour he left his firſt Kiſſes upon her Lips. Well, my dear *Corinna*, don't you

find I am a Man of Honour? Tho' I deceive all the World, I'll never deceive thee? How doſt thou like him? I promiſe he ſhall be thy Husband, if thou'lt accuſtom thy ſelf to my Embraces. The Girl ſeemed coy, and he purſued her with his Kiſſes: Why, my Dear, what art thou afraid on? Let me but come to thee, I'll do thee no Hurt in the World. Ask that malicious Slut *Cloe*, my laſt Miſtreſs, ſhe'll tell thee I am a very civil Perſon. I thought I had Impudence enough, but ſhe even out-does me. I remember my Wife was newly brought to Bed of a Son, no Matter how ſhe came by him; there he was, that concerns no Body, as long as I am eaſie why ſhould others be buſie? I ſuppoſe they'll be now upon the ſame Enquiry. That bold *Cloe*, though ſhe had but juſt before left me for a younger Spark, had the Confidence to ſend to me, as ſhe ſaid for the laſt time, for a good round Sum of Money, which if I ſhould have refus'd, ſhe threatned to tell all the Town, upon her Knowledge, that That Boy my Wife had, cou'd be none of mine. Therefore pretty *Corinna*, thou needeſt not be afraid of me; to Morrow thou ſhalt be marry'd: I have fixed all Things with thy Mother, and the young Booby Patrician; neither can his Father, with his covetous Tricks, diſinherit him of all; there's a very good Eſtate ſettled upon him as eldeſt Son: I know ſure what I do: If that old Curmudgeon, that wont afford Oil for his Lamps,

Lamps, nor Meat to his Board, is not reconcil'd, I'll take care of thee, thou ſhalt command all I have. In the mean time accept of theſe Jewels, and be ſure to wear them as Nuptial Ornaments, that thy Husband may think they were given thee by thy Mother. The Diamonds ſeemed to make the Girl more complying; ſhe grew fonder of them than of her old Lover. I did not ſtay to ſee how he ſucceeded, becauſe the diſtance of their Age ſeemed ſo unnatural, I felt neither Sympathy nor Pleaſure.

I was wandring to another Apartment, when I was met by *Julius Sergius*, who did me the Favour to tell me, He had been in ſearch of me, and that the Tables were recovered with a thouſand Delicacies. Since I had not a Miſtreſs to employ me better, he would take no Denial; I muſt return to the Banquet with him. As we were traverſing the Gallery, I was ſtruck with the ſight of ſo majeſtick a Beauty, that my Blood thrill'd, and ran to guard my Heart from the Surprize her Features gave me! Ha! *Sergius!* cry'd I out, as tranſported, What have we here? the *Idalian* Queen *Citherea* herſelf is deſcended in Honour of your Feſtival! Behold her conſpicuous in that lovely, all commanding Form: I muſt make haſte to worſhip her. Come away, Mad-man, cry'd *Julius Sergius* retaining me: Do you not ſee that Gentleman with her? He is her Lover, and a Man of Honour; your Adorations had better take another Turn, or you

muſt expect a Rencounter. And is ſhe then a Mortal, interrupted I? Who? What? for Heaven's ſake, dear *Julius* inform me: Let me have one View more of that inevitable Goddeſs. Let us walk ſilently, and in Admiration, by them. Heavens! what a Symmetry of Beauty! how graceful her Mien! how awful her Preſence! what a Harmony is there in that glorious Face! how well-formed! what Glances ſhe throws from her bewitching Eyes! how arched are her Eye-brows! how finely turn'd her Noſe! I ſhall be diſtracted 'till I preſs the Rubies of thoſe enchanting Lips; there's Incantation in her Smiles: Behold! ſhe ſpeaks, and ſhows a thouſand new Beauties. Was ever any Teeth in the World to compare with her's? How white! how well-rang'd! how red her Gums! how fragrant muſt be that Breath which departs from ſo charming a Mouth! I ſhall run mad in gazing on her. What I can ſay is, That till this Moment I never beheld Perfection. All the Nations I have paſſed through, cou'd never ſhew me any Thing comparable to her. Is ſhe not a Queen, an Empreſs? Had ſhe her Deſerts, as ſhe is moſt Excellent, ſhe ſhould ſurely be the Greateſt. Dear *Sergius*, keep me no longer upon the Rack, but let me know ſomething of her who has inevitably wounded me. She is far from being what ſhe deſerves, reply'd *Sergius*: Her Name is *Alenia*, born of Parents of very good Repute; but dying whilſt ſhe was yet a Girl, they left her with little or no For-

Fortune, to be ruin'd by thoſe Charms which ſhould have rais'd her; for if Beauty, as certainly it is, be a Woman's greateſt Merit, *Alenia* ought to have been Empreſs of the Eaſt. Though her Mind is alſo nearly ally'd to her Form, ſhe is juſt, ſhe is generous, good-natur'd, univerſally complaiſant, and taking even to her own Sex, who can't help admiring, though they envy her, which they have done to ſuch a degree, that deſpairing by the Malice of their Tongues to leſſen the Reputation of her Charms, they fall foul upon her Fame, and ſeverely revenge themſelves there; for if a Lady happens to be but once indiſcreet, tho' ſeduc'd in an Age ſo early, that ſhe knows not the Value of Diſcretion, ſhe is at the Mercy of ill Tongues for ever after, and becomes anſwerable for all they think fit to charge her with, though it be even for thoſe Perſons ſhe never beheld.

But why does not ſome generous happy Man, anſwered I, atone for the Injuſtice of Fortune, and marry her, ſince ſhe has Honour and Gratitude to ſet a Value upon the leaſt Obligation? Who would not be proud of ſuch a Wife? Becauſe, reply'd *Sergius*, there are many that ſeek to ruin the Honour and Vertue of Women, few to repair them; all are fond of having a fine Creature upon their own Terms, ſcarce any on her's, if without a Dowry ſhe raiſes her Petenſions ſo high as Matrimony. The bleſſed Man that firſt poſſeſſed *Alenia*, if he

did marry her, as ſome imagine, has thought fit to diſown it. Was it poſſible, think you, that ſo bright a Charmer could live without Millions of Importunities? Amongſt the Croud that adored and followed her Steps, ſhe has declared in favour of that Perſon you beheld her with, who does every thing elſe to deſerve the Bleſſing, and is envy'd for his good Fortune by all that have Eyes, and know the Value of ſuch miraculous Beauty: I may very well call hers ſo, becauſe I never yet ſaw any who were not charm'd by her, the Eyes of the whole Amphitheatre and Cirque being directed, whenever ſhe appears, to her alone: In the Imperial Gardens, or any other Walks, they divide and make a Lane, that ſhe may paſs triumphantly along. Oh! how unjuſt is Fortune! interrupted I, That that Form ſhould be attended with any Unhappineſs, that an early Fault, before Reaſon could be born, ſhould make her future Character unfair. Can any Man pretend to love, who is in Circumſtances to deſerve her, and not retrieve her Fame? what does he fear? All Mankind in beholding her, muſt be of his Side: Is not ſo much Beauty an Excuſe for any Indiſcretion, granting it were one? But for my part I call it otherwiſe; I term it Vertue, and doing a meritorious Action, to redeem ſo lovely a Creature from the greateſt of Misfortunes, the Aſperſions of the World.

You

You are really charm'd, anſwer'd *Sergius*. So much, I continu'd, that I dare no more behold her, ſince only a Soldier of Fortune; 'twould be Temerity in me, to pretend to the leaſt of her Favours. Were I a Monarch, you ſhou'd quickly ſee how much I ador'd and valu'd *Alenia*.

Hiſt, hiſt, cries *Julius Sergius*; do you obſerve nothing, pulling my Robe to make me attentive? Nothing new but an old Woman, I know her to be ſuch by her Gate tho' her Vail be down; ſhe that ſteals along. That's no ſuch a Sight ſure, anſwer'd I peeviſhly, to divert me from killing *Alenia*'s Proſpect! Follow her! follow her! reply'd he, I give you leave, and then bring me Word what you have ſeen through the Chryſtal-Gates. I obey'd, and beheld an Alcove richly, laſciviouſly adorn'd, even ſuperior to the reſt, where a beauteous Woman was waiting; One, whoſe Face is very well known, and the better, becauſe 'tis none of her own. The old Beldam (in appearance) threw up her Veil, and flew to the Charmer's Arms, who in receiving the Careſs, threw her fair Face over the *Madona*'s Shoulder, and put out her Tongue with a Mien of Scorn and Diſlike; then turning ſhort upon me, the Extaſie ſeemed to require it, the reverend Matron confeſs'd the Figure, or Magical Repreſentative of *Caius Æmilius*; it could not ſurely be himſelf; I burſt out into ſo exceſſive a Laughter, that I was forced to withdraw from my Chryſtal Perſpective.

ſpective. *Julius Sergius* attended me; perceiving I had made the Diſcovery; Come Count, cry'd he, ſneering, the Entertainment waits us; ſhe was once mine; Play and Money gave me an Opportunity of ſeeing her often at her Mother's, but we muſt not be always happy.

Whilſt Monſieur *St. Girrone* was endeavouring to divert *Horatio*, one came from his Tent, to tell him, That Count *Alarick* was taken dangerouſly ill with a violent Fever, Lightneſs of the Head, and Pain of the Side; that he had complained in the Morning, but would not have his Lordſhip diſturbed 'till now, that there ſeem'd an abſolute Neceſſity for the Advice of a Phyſician and a Perſon to bleed him: The Count received the Meſſage with much good Nature and Concern, praying *Horatio* and Monſieur *le Envoy*, to permit him to wait upon the Sick. The Prior ordered his Phyſician ſhould attend him; they found *Alarick* very ill, but his Illneſs appeared not dangerous, becauſe Bleeding and proper Remedies being apply'd (the Envoy's Pavilion affording all Things neceſſary) his Pain began to abate, and he fell into a Slumber, which when the Count *de St. Girrone* perceived, leaving proper Orders, he return'd to the engaging *Horatio* and the Envoy.

After having ſatisfy'd their Curioſity and Concern, about *Alarick*'s Health, Fortune gives in to my Deſires. My Lords, continued

tinued he, with a gallant Air, though I would not wiſh to have bought their Gratification at ſo great a Price as the Count's Danger, yet in the Inclination I have to poſſeſs the Converſation of two ſo polite, I can by no means quarrel with the Incident; apparently it will be ſome time (if the Count eſcapes with Life) before we ſhall be able to continue our Journey; I fear it was the late Precipitation with which we travell'd that occaſioned his Illneſs. I have endeavoured to obey in a long Relation about *Conſtantinople:* My Lords, ſhall not I be obliged in my turn? Will not *Horatio* give ſome Account of the *Iberian* War, and of thoſe Adventures that have made him dear to Fame, or rather the only Man upon Earth that is truly in poſſeſſion of her? *Charles* the *Frank*, and *Theodorick* of the *Vandals*, may be juſtly ſaid to have done ſtupendious Things, but they had Armies to fight their Battles, and Money to pay their Men; whereas your Lordſhip has out-done even Knight Errantry, and took Towns and Kingdoms, as if by Enchantment, without Men or Money! Well may the coming Ages, as certainly they will, think it all Romance, ſince even thoſe that were Spectators, ſcarcely believed what they ſaw, rubbing their Eyes, as if to awaken themſelves from a Dream of Fairy-Land. I never was ſo curious of any Knowledge as what relates to the Actions that your Lordſhip has perform'd: In ſpight of Suppreſſion, Miſrepreſentation, and Envy,

vy, they reached *Conſtantinople*, and with ſuch Eclat, that made the Glory *Stauracius* had been labouring for, tremble from the Pinacle upon which his Flatterers had hoiſted her! All tarniſhed! pale! and quivering! She could no longer maintain her Station; ſhe precipitately deſcended, or rather fell! She in a moment diſappeared when *Horatio* the Immortal was mentioned: You were the Theme that amazed and delighted! *Irene* her ſelf ſaid he muſt be removed, to prevent the People returning to their old Heathen Worſhip; you would again incite Idolatry, and force them to believe there was more in it than Fiction, ſince neither *Mars* nor *Hercules* had performed Things ſo aſtoniſhing as had *Horatio*! Your Diſgrace, my Lord, was owing to your ſelf; you were in earneſt, you meant to overcome, and you had doubtleſs ſucceeded. The World, under your inimitable Conduct had had Repoſe, the Conqueſt of *Iberia* would have been the finiſhing Stroak! that at once had ſhut the Gates of *Janus*'s Temple, and reſtor'd Peace to the Empire of the Eaſt and Weſt. But what then wou'd have become of the invulnerable *Stauracius*? his Valour had been without Employment, nor had the good Intentions of Fortune avail'd him any thing; all thoſe mighty Conqueſts he has ſince gain'd, would never have been; it does not ſuffice to ſay, there had been no Occaſion for them; think you it is a ſmall Thing to take a Heroe ſhort in his Courſe

to

to Glory? No! No! Better a Million of vulgar Lives and Mines of Treaſure ſhould be ſacrificed, be exhauſted, than he abate the leaſt Grain of that ſtupendious Reputation he has acquired. You muſt be contented, my Lord, at being removed as a foreſeen unlucky Incident, that would have prevented, with an over-officious Valour and Conduct, thoſe Matters of Triumph he has ſince met with, and which has concurred to make him an Object at once formidable and fortunate.

Indeed, Monſieur the Count, anſwer'd *Horatio*, with an obliging Air, I know how to take Things ſpoken in Gallantry. I do not pretend to merit any Part of what you have been pleaſed to attribute to me, yet I am ſorry that I cannot obey your Commands; imagine how vain I muſt appear, in giving you my ſelf the Detail of a War which was upheld by Miracle, and where Fortune doubtleſs deſerved the Share which my Friends or Flatterers have made over to me. But becauſe I muſt not wholly refuſe you, be pleaſed to await the Return of one of my Servants, who is gone with two of Monſieur *le Envoy*'s, and his *Paſſe par toute* to *Nova*; I hope they will come back with the moſt agreeable Perſon upon Earth: That City was appointed our Rendezvous, in parting with him I deſigned thither, but the Siege has prevented me; you will find in that Gentleman an inevitable Charm;

there

there is Strength, Sweetneſs, Perſpicuity, Truth and Eloquence in all he writes and ſpeaks; he is an *Excellent Advocate for a Declining General*; oppreſſed as I am by Fortune, do you not think I ſtand in need of ſuch a one? my Friend, my Phyſician, and if the Term may be allow'd, my Lover, as all Mankind muſt be his; you will be charm'd with his Converſation, his Wit is ſo juſt, ſo bright, his immenſe Views have taken in all Things. If we conſider him in his own Profeſſion, there is none more learn'd, more diligent, more generous, or more lucky; his Philoſophy and new Hypotheſes, young as he is, is already quoted by the learned World, with the ſame Authority as *Hippocrates*; his *Latin* is that of the *Auguſtan* Age; he has done ſurprizing Things that and every way: Upon his Return to *Conſtantinople*, I do not doubt but to ſee him as Eminent as his Deſerts, Great in all the Offices of Life. I can refer you to him with an Aſſurance of Satisfaction, ſince none is ſo fit to give an Account of the *Iberian* War, becauſe he attended my Perſon, and was an Eye-Witneſs of all that paſs'd. I need not fear in raiſing your Expectations to do him any Dis-ſervice; for I can give no Character to his Advantage, that he will not anſwer; he is ſo much a Gentleman, ſo well-turn'd, ſo refin'd, his Modeſty only is an Exception againſt him; for in meriting all Things, *Celſus* will hear of nothing; it puts

puts him in Pain even to have his Probity and good Principles commended, which all may own without a Bluſh, ſince Perſons ſhould rather bluſh to be without them, for when Truth and Honeſty are departed, Converſation becomes intolerable.

You give us Pain, interrupted the Envoy, till we are ſo happy to ſee this Gentleman; if he be already arrived at *Nova*, we may expect the good Fortune to Morrow. One common Curioſity inſpired us both, anſwer'd *Horatio*, the young King of the *Vandals*, we are come ſo far to behold him, his Glory has given us Deſire. He is indeed an Original, purſu'd the Ambaſſador, a very new Character, ſo much a King in his Performances, ſo ſmall a one in his Manner, I dare ſay your Lordſhip will agree you never ſaw any Thing like him, but himſelf; yet he's very handſome, I ſpeak only of his Behaviour and Contempt of Grandour, he is as careleſs of his Perſon as he is diligent in War; ſo over-run with Neglect of himſelf, that there is ſomething in That as extraordinary as in his Courage. 'Tis not his time to be polite, or rather young, tho' he be, he is already paſt it, and ſo much paſt it, as 'tis fear'd never to return to it again: That Coldneſs and Stiffneſs which he affects towards the fair Sex, and which the World thinks ſo unnatural, is a Diſguſt he took in a very early Age. Your Excellency, anſwer'd *Horatio*, is acquainted with every Thing:

Since

Since *Celſus* is not yet come, we muſt beg leave of Monſieur *de St. Girrone*, to ſuſpend his Curioſity as to the Affairs of *Iberia*; the Count with a Bow ſeem'd to acquieſce, and *Horatio* addreſſing to him, continued thus. In expectation of my Friend's Arrival, whom it will be impoſſible for you to know and not love him as well as I do; If your Lordſhip permits, I will beg from Monſieur *le Envoy*, the Continuation of what has paſs'd among the *Sarmatæ*: He began the Relation laſt Night, and it will be extreamly obliging, if he be pleaſed to continue it now.

My Lord Ambaſſador, anſwer'd the Count, with a Smile, How comes the heavy dull King of the *Almains* to have out-witted the refined Policy of the King our Maſter, and your Excellency? His procuring the Election of the Prince of the *Saci* unknown, unthought of, in Prejudice to Prince *Armutius*, was ſuch a Maſter-piece, as will for ever retrieve his Character, and darken that of *Charles*. We did not expect a Storm from that Quarter, reply'd the Envoy a little confuſed, our Views were not ſo extenſive, and I acknowledge, we were to blame: But who would have imagin'd that a chriſtian Prince, how ambitious ſoever, would have renounc'd his Religion to worſhip Idols? But there was ſomething more in it than That, Love and Diſguſt were at the bottom, the firſt for his Miſtreſs, the ſecond to his Princeſs; but

but if both your Lordſhips pleaſe, I will return to the Story where I left laſt Night. *Horatio* and the Count aſſured his Excellency that there would be nothing more acceptable, which occaſioned him to begin thus.

The

The Continuation of the History of SARMATIA.

WITH your Lordship's Leave, addressing to *Horatio*, I will sum up in a few Words, to the Count *de St. Girrone*, what I had the Honour to tell your Lordship last Night; which he having accordingly done, ending at the Lady *Honoria*'s Death; his Excellency pursued his Narrative in this Manner.

Fond of any Occasion that could engage me with the Queen, (whom I desired might confide in me, tho' in vain, she was too crafty and distrustful) I one Day happen'd upon that which I imagin'd favourable; because all Women love to hear of their Power, an Opinion of their Charms can countervail Misfortunes. I found her Majesty in Tears: The Physicians had just told her, The King's Distemper puzzled all their Art, and they could form no advantagious Judgment of the Success. I did my Endeavour, by extolling the Happiness she might hereafter expect, to perswade her to bear the present Misfortune as became a Heroine, as she was: I know not whether I did not even go further, and assure her Majesty, that I took

I took ſo great a Part in all her Concerns, that ſhe could not be grieved but I muſt be infinitely diſquieted, becauſe that nothing upon Earth affected me in compariſon to the Intereſts of her Majeſty, whoſe Beauty had made ſo deep an Impreſſion upon my Heart, that Time could not efface. I am not uſed to ſuch Gallantries, my Lord Ambaſſador, ſhe anſwered; neither do I believe that you ſo much as know what you are diſcourſing of. Would to Heaven, I reply'd, with ſomething too great an Empreſſment, that I were ſo inſenſible of what your Majeſty ſays; but to my Misfortune, I am much leſs than I dare tell your Majeſty: Behold, my Lords, what a goodly Foundation here was for the Queen's Rage? Had her Beauty been in its firſt Bloom, the Anger and Ill-nature ſhe aſſumed, would in a Moment have deſtroyed it! Her Brows purs'd, ſhe wrinkled her Forehead, already very obedient and ready by time to run into that Tract, the Rays of her Eyes united in a Point, from whence they darted a Stream of Envy, Pride, and Deſire of Revenge; her whole Countenance became furious and diſtorted, not flufhed with a generous Red, but pale almoſt to Death, or worſe, an aſhy livid Hue, whence in a Moment ſucceeded a Purple that approached near to Black, and made her quivering Lips frightful: Diſdain and Reſentment had turn'd her Blood aduſt, the Veins of her Neck ſwelled, her Voice en-

enlarged, and with a ſhrill and furious Accent, ſhe aſked me, 'How I durſt loſe my 'Reſpect towards a Perſon of her Rank? 'Did I imagine my ſelf in the Court of '*Orleans*? yet even there, the Center of 'Foppery and *des Sotiſſe*, Crowned Heads 'were exempt from ſuch inſolent Attempts! 'That ſhe had long obſerved my Folly, but 'had for her own ſake forbore to take no-'tice of it, till the Thing ſpoke it ſelf too 'plainly; that however ſhe had been born 'in the Country of Coquets and Fops, her 'Education had happened where true Ver-'tue reigned, where Women were conſcious 'that Merit ſprang not alone from Beauty, 'twas Glory that compoſed their Coronet! 'not to be approached or ſullied by Hands 'ſo prophane as mine:' So ſaying, her ſacred Majeſty, with the ſame Air, flounced into the next Apartment, and left me alone; and had I been really a Lover, as diſconſolate as ſhe could wiſh; but Heavens be praiſed, her Diſdain not much tormenting me, I felt no great Remorſe or Diſſatisfaction, nay, was more diſpoſed to laugh than to lament; ſo true it is that the affected Cruelties and Indignation of a miſtaken Prude, ever affords matter of Diverſion, rather than Mortification.

But as contemptible as this appeared in it ſelf, the Conſequences were conſiderable, ſince it excluded her vertuous Majeſty, and her wiſe Off-ſpring from the ſecond Vote, either

either of us, or our Confederates; for Prince *Armutius* not ſucceeding, we might have aſſiſted Prince *Alexis*; ſhe writ that Hour to the King of the *Franks*, complaining in obſcure Terms, of my Inſolence and want of Reſpect, deſiring I might be recalled. The next Day, to make her Indignation more remarkable, ſhe went to the Palace where I was lodged, knowing I was then engaged at Court, and ſearch'd all the Apartments, 'till in my Bed-Chamber, ſhe found her own Picture, which I had bought ſome Days before of a very good Limner at an exceſſive Price; her Majeſty had been told it by ſome officious Perſon, and thinking me unworthy to have ſuch a Jewel in my Poſſeſſion, however dearly bought, came in Perſon to take it triumphantly away without any ſort of Complement, Apology, or Conſideration of the Money it had coſt me.

Some few Days after, the King fell into a Lethargy, which in eighteen Hours carried him off: I went to condole with her Majeſty, but was not admitted: I laughed at the Fantaſt, conſidering how very freely my Heart beat; it was particular, very particular, to be treated as a Criminal, when nothing could be more innocent; the Princes her Sons, except the eldeſt, were ſomething leſs unreaſonable, and received my Compliments of Condolance with a very good Grace, eſpecially the Princeſs whom Prince *Alexis* had the Honour to marry; ſhe knew the World,

World, and thought it could not at all diſadvantage her to be civil to the Ambaſſador of ſo potent a King as *Charles*, in that particular She was much wiſer than her Lord, who took ſo great a Part in the Queen's Reſentments, that it was eaſie to ſee an Air of extream Coldneſs through that forced Civility, which for a while he thought himſelf obliged to pay me.

Prince *Honorius*, High Prieſt of the everlaſting Fire, was proclaimed Regent, with all the Pomp and Acclamations due to their Kings: He came heartily into my Maſter's Intereſts; I was indefatigable, gave my ſelf no Reſt, buying and bribing, extolling Prince *Armutius*, and running down Prince *Alexis*, who ſeem'd the moſt formidable Candidate, though there were ſeveral more that put in. The late King left an immenſe Sum in Jewels and ready Money. The Queen ſtill kept her Court in the Capital, where by her Addreſs, Eloquence, and Generoſity, ſhe drew after her, Numbers of thoſe term'd Noble, and by her Charity, attracted the Prayers and good Wiſhes of the Poor and Needy; her Coffers were however repleniſhed at the Soldiers Coſt, a vaſt Arrear being due to them; for the late King had, for a long time, made it his Buſineſs to pay as little as poſſible, to ſave Money for his Queen and Children, knowing that whenever he ſhould happen to die, that would be the only Service to them; whereas what was due to

to the Army, would be look'd upon as a Debt of the Crown's, and generally to be paid by the next Succeſſor. But the Number of Candidates increaſing, they foreſaw that it would be a long Time before the Election was likely to be determin'd, and 'till then, there was no Probability of their Arrears: To bring Things to a nearer Concluſion, I inſtigated the Lieutenant-General to a Confederacy among the Soldiers, by which they mounted on Horſeback, got into the Field, and exacted Contributions, demanding a ſpeedy Election. Then began the Troubles of the *Sarmatæ*, but we foreſee not when they can have an End. The Regent ſate in daily Conſultation how to raiſe Money to ſatisfie the Demands of the Mutineers, as knowing they had but too much Cauſe to complain. The Crown-General thought it was beſt to reduce them by Force; and eager to be reveng'd upon his Lieutenant, who had debauched ſo conſiderable a Part of the Army from their Duty and his Obedience, drew up the Soldiers that ſtill remained under his Command, and gave the Rebels Battle, but was beaten with conſiderable Loſs, which to all Purpoſes rather increas'd than diminiſhed the Confuſion of the Kingdom. The victorious Mutineers purſued their good Fortune, and took one of the richeſt and largeſt Cities, which having put under Con-

tribution, they eſtabliſh'd their Winter-Quarters, and made a new Standard, the Figure of two Swords, with this Motto, which was inſcribed under one of them, *For our Country*; under the other, *For us, the Defenders of our Country.* Then began War and Deſolation to reign, they loudly demanded that the Queen ſhould be made to retire from the Capital with the Children-Royal, which if ſhe refus'd, they would force her to depart the Kingdom: The Regent went with ſeeming Regret, to tell her Majeſty the unwelcome News; he could not forget the untimely Fate of *Honoria*, nor the Injuſtice of Prince *Alexis*; now was his time to revenge her Wrongs. The Queen received the Order with ſomething more Weakneſs than he expected from a Soul ſo haughty, by which he gueſs'd that her Deſigns were proportionably diſappointed; the Tears fill'd her Eyes when ſhe told his Highneſs ſhe would depart to a Houſe of Pleaſure ſhe had ſome few Miles from *Marſovia*, but could not forbear making bitter Invectives againſt my Proceedings, which ſhe aſſured her ſelf was not by the Orders of the King my Maſter.

This *Inter-regnum* began to wear as miſchievous a Face as long Minorities; never was known more Diviſions, more Confuſions, and more Diſorders in a Nation; the Rebel-

Rebel-Army committed as many Cruelties upon the Lands of the Republick as an Enemy could have done, and to add to their Misfortunes, the barbarous *Huns* taking an Advantage of these Calamities, made a Descent upon the Borders, robbing and spoiling where-ever they came, and putting all to Fire and Sword, sweeping the Inhabitants that were fit for Slavery, hauling them away into a deplorable and miserable Captivity.

The Regent, to put some End to these Misfortunes, sent to the Mutineers to assure them they should be paid all their Arrears, upon condition they would lay down their Arms, or return under the Obedience of their lawful General; but they refus'd, telling the Deputies, That tho' all their Demands were satisfied, they would not disunite 'till a new King was chosen. It was my Business to uphold these Sentiments, therefore I spared for neither Money, or Persuasion to keep them warm, and stedfast in their Resolution.

The Prince-Regent went yet further, and form'd an Association, which he obliged all to sign, where after having provided for their false Religion, they appointed a remote Day for the Election. Prince *Honorius*, as deserving as he was, car'd not to resign the Sovereignty, which during the *Inter-regnum*, was absolutely lodg'd in him;

but that which more gratify'd him, and by which he ſtruck directly at Prince *Alexis*, they entered into a ſtrict Obligation, not to Elect upon any Terms a Native of *Sarmatia*, they pronounced all thoſe to be publick Enemies who ſhould aſpire to the Crown, and ſuch to be Rebels who acknowledged any of the *Sarmatæ* for their King.

The late King had, during a long Reign, made it his Buſineſs to hinder the States from conveening; they had almoſt forgot what was their Authority, 'till now in this *Inter-regnum*, where the firſt Thing propoſed was to reduce the Monarchy to its former Limits, that whatever Prerogatives ſo great a Number of ſucceſſive Kings had unjuſtly got by Incroachment, might be reſumed before a new Election.

New Troubles broke out in the Dukedom of the *Alani*, ſubjected to the *Sarmatæ*; the Dutchy is govern'd by a *Dux*, interpreted among us a Viceroy; the General of the Army has a Power independent of the *Dux*; theſe two mighty Poſts are Hereditary, and poſſeſs'd by Families who have long been Enemies, upon an Occaſion, which, ſmall as it was, has produced large and fatal Conſequences.

There was a *Vicedux*, an Age or more ſince, who had a Daughter named *Amoria*, perfectly handſome, exceſſively good-natur'd, and devout almoſt to a fault, of a ſerious or rather

rather melancholy Temper: She was marryed at her own Requeſt, by her Father, to the Great General's eldeſt Son called *Iagello*; the Youth was wild, young, amorous, and inconſtant; but *Amoria* had made him her Choice, and was exceſſively charm'd with him: For ſome Years he lived in a good Correſpondence with his Lady, whoſe Temper had too much Allay for his Fire, but perfectly underſtanding her Duty, and very much in Love, ſhe made it her Buſineſs rather to force Nature than do any Thing that ſhould be diſtaſteful to her Lord, 'till the Viceroy with whom they lived being dead, and his Son ſucceeding, *Iagello* thought himſelf at more liberty to follow his Pleaſures; the Coldneſs and native Vertue of the Women of the North, not anſwering to the Height of his Taſte in Debauch, he reſolved to try the warmer Southern Climates, and therefore unknown to all the World, he forſook the Court, and wandered into *Gallia*, *Lombardy*, *Ravenna*, *Rome*: In ſhort, after a ten Years looſe Pilgrimage, he felt ſome Remorſe for having abandon'd *Amoria*, a doating Wife, to weep away her Beauties Bloom; his whole Family and all the Friends and Acquaintance he had lamenting his Abſence, for he never took care to let them know any thing of his Rambles but when he wanted Supplies. He had left his Lady poſſeſſed of two beauteous Boys,

which now he felt ſome natural Returns, ſome Sentiments of Tenderneſs for, after ſo long an Abſence. When he was come as far as the Frontiers, he writ a Letter to *Amoria*, wherein he conjur'd her, 'To for-'get all that was paſt, to receive him as a 'Husband who would henceforth bound all 'his Deſires in her alone, and by doing 'her Merit future Juſtice he would endea-'vour to atone for his former Neglect; he 'prayed her to receive him without any of 'thoſe Frowns he deſerved, but to forget, 'if poſſible, the very Remembrance of his 'Fault; begg'd her Arms might be open 'to him, though he confeſſed, he was un-'worthy of ſo much Happineſs, but to 'leave no Thought upon either of their 'Minds that might diſturb that Delight and 'Tranquillity he expected, he required her, 'by the Duty of a Wife, that their Meet-'ing might be without Reproach.'

Amoria, us'd to Melancholy and Misfortune, knew not how to believe that flattering Proſpect of Happineſs which her Lord gave her in his Letter; ſhe read it over and over, ſuffering the kindling Joy to enlarge to Tranſports; ſhe returned him an Anſwer all kind and forgiving! He received it with proportionate Satisfaction, and ſent her another, 'That the next Night he would be ſo 'happy (if the Deſtinies permitted him) to 'reſtore to her a Wanderer, who deſired nothing

'nothing with more Impatiency than the 'Happineſs ſhe could give him; but be-'cauſe he would avoid the idle Congratula-'tions of his Friends, 'till he had firſt been 'bleſt in her's, he begg'd her to conceal 'his Return, and to ſuffer him to paſs the 'Night alone with her, unknown to any 'but their dear Children, and the Woman 'of her Bed-Chamber.'

The indulgent tender Wife, reſolved to comply in all Things with his Inclinations; but the Misfortune was, *Amoria* had been one of thoſe Beauties that fade without the Help of Time; her Grief and Melancholy had ſo totally deſtroyed her Charms, that tho' ſhe was not Old, there did not remain the leaſt Tract or Air of that Beauty which had formerly been ſo conquering; the fair Hue of her Complexion was degenerated to a pale ſickly Yellow, the Roſes upon her Cheeks ſo perfectly faded, that there was not the leaſt Bluſh of their native Vermilion; her Lips were grown thin and livid, the Largeneſs of her Eyes ſtill remained, but ſo as to make her more frightful, becauſe they were forſaken by her Cheeks, and ſeemed ſtaring and hollow: Her Noſe, once ſo well turned, and white, look'd red and large, her Face appear'd fallen, lean, and flat; in a Word, ſhe was no longer that *Amoria*, whom *Iagello* her Lord had known.

She was conſcious of ſome Change, tho' ſhe could not believe it ſo great. We are leaſt acquainted with our ſelves, and will but with Difficulty admit that even Time makes an Alteration to our Diſadvantage; 'tis the very laſt Thing our Vanity ſuffers us to be convinced of, and which we with Unwillingneſs acknowledge though convinced. *Amoria* knew well her Lord was nice of Taſte, even before he had ſeen the Southern Beauties; therefore to prepare him for that Alteration ſhe would have him expect, ſhe ſent him a Letter, a Copy of which is ſtill extant in their Hiſtories, and is counted one of the Maſter-pieces of that Time.

'She begg'd him firſt to believe, That 'the Joy ſhe felt for his Return, was equal 'to that Love he knew ſhe had ever had for 'him, as her deareſt Lord and Husband, and 'which had poſſibly only diſpleaſed by the 'Exceſs; ſhe had learnt by melancholy 'Proofs that a Wife might be thought to 'love too much, though a Miſtreſs never 'enough; that her preſent Pleaſure equall'd 'the Sorrow, which had inceſſantly prey'd 'upon her Mind and Form ſince his fatal 'Abſence, and which ſhe needed take no 'Pains to repreſent to him, it ſpoke too 'fatally, too ſignificantly for it ſelf; the 'Moment he ſhould caſt his Eyes upon her 'Face, he would be able to gueſs at what

'had

'had been her Sufferings, he would think 'it impoſſible a Woman could bear ſo much 'as he wou'd ſee ſhe had done; ſhe there-'fore conjured him to put the Merit of her 'Woes in the Place of her once commend-'ed Beauty, and when he no more beheld 'that Air which had formerly diſtinguiſh'd 'her, he ſhould ask himſelf what this poor 'Mourner had endur'd? She that had made 'a voluntary Sacrifice of that which all Wo-'men ſo eagerly deſire and ſtudy to preſerve; 'when he no longer beheld her Eyes ſpark-'ling with their native Luſtre, he ſhould 'conſider ſhe had wept enough to extin-'guiſh not only theirs, but all the Splen-'dor in the World; nor could Lillies and 'Roſes, ever ſuſtain their Bloom againſt 'inceſſant falling Showers, or rather Storms, 'for ſuch had been the Tempeſt of her Sor-'rows! the Night affording no Intermiſſi-'on or Repoſe, nor the Sun any Refreſh-'ment to her, who no longer counted Sea-'ſons, the Periods of Time, the Alternative 'of Day and Night, becauſe all her Mo-'ments were devoted to his Abſence, and 'to bewail the Remembrance of his Un-'kindneſs!'

Amoria's Letter, inſtead of giving him any frightful Idea's of her Change, filled him only with Tenderneſs and new Deſire to behold her; he thought it a little Artifice of the Sex, to indear her Beauty the

more, and prepare him for ſome ſmall Alteration, which he allow'd was inevitable, ſince ten Years is Time even in the youngeſt Face, eſpecially when once made a Wife, and in theſe cold Climates they never marry very ſoon: But good Heaven! how was *Iagello* ſurprized when he was brought to *Amoria*'s Arms, and knew her not; when he ask'd his Wife for his Wife; when her very Voice was ſo alter'd, as to become ſtrange to him; when he was ſhock'd at her ſight; when his Blood curdled with Averſion; when he ran over her Form to recollect in vain ſome Lineaments of what ſhe had been, his Heart no longer confeſs'd the Charmer that once could draw the Eyes and Wiſhes of all Beholders. Himſelf was ſtill in full Strength and Vigour of manly Bloom, his Beauty ceaſing to be ſo effeminate as before, had gain'd a glowing Vigour that mantl'd upon his Cheeks; there was a daring, ſtrenuous, lofty Air, added by Time and the Converſe of the World; he had liv'd luxuriouſly, but not to deſtroy his Health, he was too great a Self-Lover, for in that he center'd every Thing. *Amoria* beheld him with new Reinforcements of Love and Delight; but when ſhe ſaw that he repelled her Embraces, that he even threw her from him and walked off, folding his Arms, and hanging his Head, telling her he could not bear her Sight, ſhe was ſo very, very ugly!

He

He would, he must be gone again, and never see her more; she gave a Burst to that Woe that had never had an entire Vent before; that Woe which languishingly enfeebled her, and by slow degrees had consum'd, but never united as now in a fatal Point fit for Ruin and Destruction! She stamp'd! she beat her Breast! there was the Anguish! She tore her Dressings and her Hair! but could not weep; she sigh'd! she burst her self with sighing, and fell down upon the Floor in a deadly Swoon, as if her Heart-strings had that Moment crack'd; her Grief was so excessive, that she had not Power to speak one Word to ease her self; her two Children who were there to receive their Father, ran to her Assistance, the youngest, a Boy about twelve Years of Age, was frightned and fell a screaming, which brought the Women; the eldest Son now near Sixteen, the most beautiful Youth of his Time, drew his Sword, and came up to *Iagello*, animated even to Rage, by that Tenderness he had for his Mother, whose Vertue and good Temper made her ador'd and lov'd by her Children, and valu'd by all the World: 'My Lord, says the bold Youth, they tell 'me you are my Father, but I can't believe 'it, whilst I see you use my Mother so in-'humanly; either with your kind Endea-'vours try to restore, and afford her a Re-'ception worthy of her, or prepare to give me

'me Satisfaction for her Wrongs.' *Iagello*, whoſe Paſſions were naturally violent, never ſtay'd to anſwer the lovely Boy any further than by ſome baſe, hot, injurious Names and Reproaches, drawing his Sword, with his Height, Rage, and Strength, he preſently got within him, throwing him down, he ſet his Foot upon his Body, and run him into the Heart, bidding him take the Reward of Preſumption and Paricide.

By this time the Viceroy was alarmed, whoſe Apartment being upon the ſame Floor, the Women ran immediately to tell him his Siſter was dead, and *Iagello* was about to murther her Children; he had heard from *Amoria* of his intended Return, but to oblige both, he would not diſturb their Meeting with Ceremony 'till Morning; he entered juſt as *Iagello*, that inhuman Monſter, had killed his lovely Son, without being able to diſ-engage his Sword from the Body, the Viceroy ran upon him finding him diſarm'd, and with reiterated Stabs immediately laid that *Libyan* Tyger dead at his Feet.

Amoria was more happy than to recover to a Senſe of Knowledge, or ſhe had dy'd again, beholding that Scene of Horror, her Son murther'd by her Husband! her Husband by her Brother! Her Underſtanding never return'd, ſhe languiſh'd three Days in

in a lethargick Fit, which in carrying her from the World, ſent her Shade to reproach that unnatural Father, and moſt abominable Husband.

Iagello's Brother, by his Abſence officiating as General of the Army of the *Alans*, made the Viceroy diſſemble his Return, he conceal'd his Death as long as he could; when it was diſcovered, there happened a long and inveterate War, which ended not but with the Death of the Principals: Since that, an immortal and hereditary Hatred ſeems fix'd between the *Iagello*'s and the *Amorii*; upon every Opportunity they break out into freſh Flames, the *Inter-regnum* afforded them Liberty to proſecute their ever-enduring Malice, which together with a new Incident that happen'd amongſt them, ſet all the Dutchy, and even *Sarmatia*, in a new Combuſtion.

The preſent Viceroy is a Man in the Decline of his Age, he wedded in ſecond Marriage an imperious Princeſs, taken from among the barbarous *Huns*; not to diſgrace her Country, *Goneril* was as ſavage as the reſt, her brutal Soul ſcorn'd to degenerate. The Viceroy had one Daughter before he marry'd her, call'd *Iſmena*, now growing to be a Woman, her Beauty was a perpetual Eye-ſore to her imperious Step-Dame; ſhe caus'd her Lord to ſend her to the Frontier that borders upon the Empire of the *Goths*, there

there to languiſh away her Prime with an old ill-natured Aunt, whoſe uneaſie Temper would never permit her to ſee a happy Hour. *Iſmena* is indeed a killing Beauty. I beheld her in her Misfortunes, and yet nothing was ſo proper to infuſe Delight; her beauteous Eyes, though weighed down by a load of Tears and Grief, ſeem'd like the two contending Elements, but the Fire overcame, and ſhot Flames thro' all the watry Woe. She gives one Concern and Pain, 'till one can relieve her; one can't behold *Iſmena* diſtreſs'd, without accuſing the Deſtinies that did not proportionate her Happineſs to her Charms.

Brutal and ſplenetick as her old Aunt was, *Iſmena*'s Form and Sweetneſs of Temper, won ſo far upon her, that when ſhe was to depart (for the Viceroy apprehending leſt the *Goths* taking Advantage of the *Inter-regnum*, and the new begun Troubles in *Sarmatia*, ſhould, as uſual, upon any Proſpect of Advantage, plunder the Borders, and carry away his beloved *Iſmena* into Captivity, notwithſtanding the Vice-Queen's Diſpleaſure, ſent a Party of Horſe to convoy her to Court;) the Aunt at leaſt regretted, that ſhe was loſing an Object upon which ſhe us'd to whet her Spleen and Ill-nature, without any Returns but Softneſs on *Iſmena*'s Part, who wou'd fain have perſuaded her to have ſecur'd her ſelf at the Viceroy's with her,

her, tho' in all probability ſhe was ſtill to be with her. The old Lady in Love with her own Abode, and truſting Deſtiny, wou'd not forſake it, ſo that *Iſmena* departed without her diſagreeable Preſence and Converſation.

The Viceroy had not judged amiſs; that very time *Iſmena* was upon the Road, a Party of the *Goths* and wild *Ruſſes* came down to ſeek for Booty; they immediately ſurrounded her Chariot, and began to encounter with the Horſe-men that guarded it; their Numbers were ſo unequal, that they ſoon became Conquerors, killing to the laſt Man; they were juſt carrying the beautiful Maid into a perpetual Slavery, when a new Troop appeared on the Part of the *Alani*, with a graceful Youth at the Head, who ſeem'd by his martial Air, as if he went in Search of Adventures, and deſir'd nothing ſo much; he ſet upon the ſavage *Goths*, who ſeeing themſelves out-number'd durſt not ſtand the Attack of regular Troops, but abandoning all the Booty they had elſewhere plunder'd, and the Priſoners they had taken, ran for their Lives; being very dextrous at Retreat (mounted upon ſmall ſwift hardy Horſes) they immediately diſappeared, and left the Commander of the *Alani* to approach *Iſmena*, and make her his Compliment upon her Deliverance.

'Tis

'Tis hard to ſee two Perſons more handſome than the young General and *Iſmena*, they immediately exchanged Eyes, and if it be permitted me to ſay, Souls. There happen'd an inevitable Sympathy; but alas! their Love was born in Sorrow, no ſooner did they know they were worthy each others Admiration, but they began to mourn their mutual Senſibility; no ſooner did they feel that their Heart by ſtrong Impulſe carry'd them to Friendſhip, but they knew their Houſes were mortal Enemies to each other; *Iſmena* being the only remaining Branch of the *Amorii*, of the Viceroy's Side, and *Juvius* the darling Son of the General *Iagello*, betweeen whoſe Families there had 'till then been an unextinguiſhable Hatred! This young *Iagello* had been ſent that Morning by his Father, with a Detachment to ſecure the Borders; he had chanced to reſcue the Daughter of his Enemy from Slavery, the Fears of which had made ſo terrible an Impreſſion upon her Mind, that her Joy and Gratitude ſmooth'd the Way, aſſiſted by *Juvius*'s Graceful Form, ſo that Love found an unforbidden Entrance; her Charms were ſufficient of themſelves; there needed no Prepoſſeſſion but what departed from them, to gain a Conqueſt over any Heart that was not already ingaged. *Iagello* was vanquiſh'd! and being born with a lofty Soul, and Height of Courage, he did not

heſitate

heſitate at the Proſpect of Danger and Difficulty, but reſolved to proſecute his Wiſhes, 'till they were crown'd in *Iſmena*'s Arms, It appeared meritorious to him, and the Work of Heaven thus to extinguiſh that long Hatred and Barbarity of Families by a Reconciliation of their Animoſities, immerging the rougher Paſſions in the more tender. As Indifferency had begun the fatal Diſunion, *Juvius* told himſelf, his induring Perſeverance ſhould end it. *Iſmena* bred to no Diſſimulation, and who for a long time had beheld, at her Aunt's, only Objects diſagreeable, was ſtruck by his Beauty and good Mien: Young and ſenſible as ſhe was, untaught to refuge in Affectation and Cruelty, Habits acquired in the Sex by miſtaken Pride, ſhe would have thought it criminal to begin the Artifice here to her Benefactor and her Lover, for ſuch he immediately declar'd himſelf; and having a Soul as ſenſible as Great, a vaſt Capacity and ſound Judgment, he foreſaw all they were like to ſuffer from their unlucky Stars, and the implacable Hatred of their Families: Therefore after ſome Hours Converſation, he endeavour'd to diſſuade the Maid from returning to her Father's Court, ſince the cruel *Gonneril*, whoſe Ill-nature and Diſhoneſty was the publick Diſcourſe, would certainly prepoſſeſs the Viceroy to their Diſadvantage: She was known an Enemy to Vertue,

Vertue, and the Quiet of Perſons leſs wicked than her ſelf; nor could he expect more Tenderneſs from *Iagello*, who was implacable in his Temper, and not to be mollify'd or influenc'd, but by thoſe more mighty than himſelf; therefore this ardent Lover, full of his new-born Paſſion propoſed, that they ſhould proceed no farther on their intended Journey: but leaving the Road that led to the Capital of the *Alani*, take the Rout of *Sarmatia*, where throwing themſelves at the Regent's Feet, as he was High Prieſt and Prince, he would make it Matter of Conſcience to compoſe the Enmity between their Families, which was of ſuch Offence both to Heaven and Earth, and might afford them a ſafe and honourable Retreat and Protection. Happy had it been for the lovely Pair if *Iſmena* had been influenc'd by this Advice, but our Deſtinies are perhaps inevitable: Sometimes I think that were we to know the Evil that is to befal us, and acquainted with even the Methods by which we might avoid it, yet it would not be in our Power to diſappoint the Deſignments of Fate, which upon any Terms muſt be accompliſh'd.

Iſmena could by no means take ſuch a Reſolution, all that was thrown into her Compoſition was ſoft and tender; ſhe had never dar'd to diſoblige thoſe with whom ſhe liv'd, nor had ſhe any ſuch Inclination.

Love

Love was not yet ſtrong enough to teach her Reſolution and Fortitude; ſhe ſhad already done too much in eſteeming, as ſhe did, the Enemy of her Houſe; but that Fault ſeem'd ſo amiable, it was no longer in her Power to reject it; her Conſent was not at all neceſſary in that Point; Love would have her to take part with him, ſpight of her ſelf ſhe was wounded in favour of the young *Iagello*.

Who when he ſaw he could not prevail with her, as to their Flight, he prepared himſelf to attend her to the Viceroy's Palace; inceſſantly importuned by her, that no Time might be loſt, leſt her Glory ſhould ſuffer by the Delay; 'Courage, my Heart, 'cry'd the youthful Lover, prepare thy ſelf 'to ſuffer. I ſee! I ſee, by way of advance, 'the Extremity of ill Fortune that attends 'us; this is perhaps the only ſmiling Mo-'ment of our Lives, by which it is now 'in our Power to evade our Deſtiny; we 'are ſuffering it to glide away unpoſſeſs'd, 'and perhaps it never will return: But 'however, let us ſtill remember, that as we 'began to love in the Inſtant we began to 'know each other, we never ceaſe ſo to do, ''till we have no longer a Part in the Know-'ledge of any Thing.'

To make ſhort the Entertainment, be pleaſed to imagine all that could be ſaid by a young Lover who knew the Value of Time, the

the Difficulty of gaining another Opportunity, and full of Deſire effectually to engage her to be his Wife; but *Iſmena*, like moſt of her Sex, was firſt to ſuffer Perſecution, by which their Lovers are generally endear'd to them. Many are brought by ill Uſage and Contradiction, to do Favours they had never conſented to, if they had been left free and without Perſecution. *Iſmena* knew not yet the Progreſs her Lover had made in her Heart, nor could imagine, till ſhe was ſeparated from him, how touching would be his Loſs.

The Viceroy was taking the Air on Horſeback with *Gonneril*, and a full Court of both Sexes, when *Juvius* and *Iſmena* with the Detachment under his Command, ſurrounded them. Had he ſtill been an Enemy and not a Lover, he would have purſu'd the Cuſtom between the Families, (when it was not open Enmity) to avoid one another, but alighting, he went to take the Princeſs from her Chariot, who threw her ſelf at her Father's Feet; ſhe wept with Joy at embracing him, and thinking of the Happineſs of her late Deliverance; ſhe began to recount the Obligation ſhe had to the young *Iagello*, who had redeemed her from a miſerable Captivity. The Viceroy ſtop'd her ſhort, and aſked her, 'Why ſhe was ſo 'poor-ſpirited to receive a Favour of that 'Conſequence from the Hand of a mortal 'Ene-

'Enemy? That better it were to die ten 'thouſand times over, or be led away into 'perpetual Slavery, than have been obliged 'to a Race, whom when the Good of the 'State did not require the contrary, he 'ſhould always meet as mortal Foes, and 'never with leſs than deadly Enmi-'ty.'

Lagello, poſſeſsed by his new and Virgin-Paſſion, was unwilling to ſay any Thing that might widen the Breach, but getting on Horſe-back, he deſired the Viceroy not to believe himſelf at all obliged to him for having reſcued the fair *Iſmena*; he had done nothing but his Duty, as ſhe was of that Country, and with a Number of other Perſons made, by the Chance of War, unfortunate; he did not pretend upon that Score, that he ſhould at all leſſen his Averſion, however irreligious and unjuſt ſuch Enmities were: So ſaying he departed, bowing very low to the Vice-Queen, who never took her Eyes from his Face ſince the Moment he appeared, and with equal Reſpect and more Tenderneſs, ſaluting the lovely *Iſmena*, who could only tell him with hers, that ſhe repented of not following his Advice, and that That was the firſt Moment wherein ſhe began to be unhappy, ſince it was the Beginning of their Separation.

Were one to know all the Circumſtances of their Amour, it could not be un-entertaining

taining, the Aſſiduity and Pains the young *Iagello* muſt take to endeavour to get undiſcovered Opportunities to addreſs the fair *Iſmena*. I happened upon none that were Confidants, and therefore go along with the publick Reports and open Matter of Fact; the next Time we hear of him, is in the Princeſs *Iſmena*'s Bed-chamber at Mid-night. *Gonneril*, that imperious Step-Mother and diſhoneſt Wife, had often beheld the well-made *Juvius* with deſiring Eyes, but had never been ſo near him as the Day of *Iſmena*'s Return, when with wanton Glances ſhe had devoured his Looks, and reſolved him for her peculiar Pleaſures, tho' ſhe knew not which way to compaſs what ſhe had reſolved. The Women among the *Huns* are by no means tenacious of their Honour, as are the *Sarmatæ*, nor ſet any other Price upon Vertue, but what may be bought off by Inclination. The Vice-Queen had already given Proofs that ſhe did not intend to confine her ſelf to the Arms of her decaying Lord: She was handſome, tho' with ſomething barbarous in her Air, and very powerful, which gave her Opportunity of gratifying her Pleaſures to whatever Object directed. She hated the Merit and Beauty of her Daughter-in-law, and therefore did all ſhe could to impair the Credit of both; ſhe had perpetual Spies and Agents of Miſchief, with whom ſhe had often, in vain, con-

conſulted how to get the young *Iagello*, ſhould ſhe write to him to tell him her Pains, as an Enemy, (forgetting the Gentleman) he might expoſe and ridicule her Letter; but if he were diſpoſed to a mutual Gallantry, ſhe doubted he would hardly confide himſelf to any Rendezvous that ſhe ſhould appoint, becauſe ſhe had the Reputation of being his mortal Foe, as ſhe was Wife to the Vice-Roy. At laſt, ſhe determined to ſend an Agent in ſecret Services, who without any Credentials from under her Hand, ſhould diſcreetly make the firſt Diſcovery of her Paſſion to the lovely Youth that had raiſed it.

Iagello, who had in vain waited an Opportunity to ſee *Iſmena*, would have ſaid and done all Things to have procured that Happineſs: They had had a long and lucky Intercourſe of Letters, in which he had fruitleſly endeavoured to infuſe Courage enough into her, to make her abandon that Court and *Gonneril*'s cruel Uſage; but no happy Means was found to introduce him to her Sight. The Vice-Queen's Agent and Propoſals he heard, as he writ to the Princeſs, with Horror; for he not only adored *Iſmena*, but was a Lover of Vertue; yet diſſembling his Diſlike, he told the Perſon who ſpoke to him, that not being naturally vain, he could not tell how to flatter himſelf, that ſo great and beautiful a Lady had any Paſſion for him, more eſpecially conſidering

ſidering the Family into which ſhe was marryed, was at mortal Variance with his; but if it were true that Deſtiny had reſerved ſo great a Portion of Happineſs for him, he begg'd the Favour of ſeeing it under the Vice-Queen's own Hands; together with the Key of the inacceſſible Garden, where he would wait upon her at any Hour ſhe ſhould pleaſe to appoint, and put his Perſon and his Life wholly in her Power.

Forgetting to tell your Lordſhips that the Women in that Nation are kept much more ſtrictly than among the *Sarmatæ*, where there is not the leaſt Shadow of Reſtraint, you have doubtleſs wonder'd why, before this, *Iagello* found not an Opportunity to diſcourſe *Iſmena*: The greateſt Obſtacle was the hereditary Hatred of their Families, whence he durſt not attempt the Vice-Roy's Palace; for ſhould he be ſeen there, it would hazard his Life, there was no other Way for him to hope an Introduction, than by *Gonneril*'s Means, thro' the Gardens called *Inacceſſible*, becauſe it was ſacred to the Vice-Queen's, and the Princeſs's Lodgings, where no Men, but the Gardners ever preſumed to enter: There was a Back-door that opened into the Country, of which the Vice-Roy and Queen only kept the Keys; the Walls were of a prodigious Height, ſo guarded with tall Spikes of Iron that it was impoſſible for any one to attempt an Entrance that way. The

The Vice-Queen, whoſe amorous Deſires for the young *Jurvius* were impetuous and impatient, no ſooner heard how bold and brave a Lover ſhe had found, but ſhe haſted to give him thoſe Proofs of her Love which he expected: She writ him a Billet in a tender melting Strain, ſent him the Key which he demanded, and appointed him exactly at Midnight, to come into the Garden, where, at the Door which open'd from the Back-Stairs, ſhe would her ſelf attend his coming, that he might, from her Preſence and her Mouth, aſſure himſelf of all manner of Happineſs and Security,

Iagello no ſooner ſaw himſelf Maſter of that Key, but he cauſed another to be made by it; had he reſted there, and not have gone to the guilty Rendezvous, but upon pretence of Fear or Remorſe, have return'd the Original to the Vice-Queen, he had been much leſs guilty, tho' I will not pretend to judge of the Extent of his Crime. All we know is, that he was introduced into her Apartment. The Excuſe he made to *Iſmena* was, that he had an Occaſion to learn the way, by which from that Garden, one was to get into the Lodgings; however it were, he ſtaid ſome Hours with *Gonneril*, where I gueſs, Cruelty was not his Buſineſs; ſhe her ſelf, in his Return, attended him to the Back-gate, and as he had foreſeen would not leave the Key

with him, but told him, once in two or three Days ſhe would ſend to him again.

The Morning was no ſooner come, but he writ to acquaint *Iſmena*, by means of their uſual Intelligence, that he was Maſter of the *Inacceſſible* Key, and conjured her, if ſhe meant to preſerve his Life, or at leaſt not to drive him into abſolute Deſpair, that he might be permitted that Night to bring a *Flamen* with him, and begg'd of her to meet him in the covered Walk, the next to that into which the Back-Door opened.

To conclude, they were that Night marryed. So bold and neceſſary a Step taken, the young Bridegroom could not reſt there, they diſmiſs'd the Prieſt, and he prevailed with his Wife to let him paſs ſome Hours of the Night in her Bed-Chamber.

Fortune was for once of their Side; ſhe would not deſtroy before ſhe had bleſt them; but her niggardly Favours ſtinted them to a Night, ſhe lent them no more. *Iagello* had prepared all Things for their Flight, which *Iſmena*, now his Wife, had conſented to: Had he been leſs amorous, or more diſcreet, and not attempted to renew the Danger in ſearch of that Happineſs which in a little time he might poſſeſs without Difficulty, he had been ſafe,

ſafe, and *Iſmena* not made miſerable by his Loſs! But fond of that Treaſure which her Arms had enriched him with, he could not live a Moment without it! He importuned, ſhe admitted him, and they were once more happy in mntual Paſſion and Embraces.

But cruel *Gonneril* diſcovered their Commerce. She was inflamed to that Height of Fury and Revenge, that nothing but his Blood could quench her Rage. She found too late, ſhe had been the Pretence, and devoted him to Death and Deſtruction for the Deceit and Treachery he had uſed. Her Charms, when her ſelf was the Judge, ſurpaſs'd *Iſmena*'s, and therefore ſhe concluded he was left without any Excuſe. She went to the Vice-Roy's Chamber, inflaming him by her Invectives to a Senſe of Honour and Revenge: She told him, his Enemy, the accurſed *Iagello*, diſhonoured his Houſe, and was that Moment in Bed with his only Daughter; they took Part of the Guards, and forced the Chamber-Door; the unhappy Bridegroom had ſcarce time to put on his own Cloaths, he helped *Iſmena* to her's, and conjuring her, the Moment the Door ſhould be broke open, to make her Eſcape to his Palace, where his Servants had already all Things in order for their Flight to the Regent of *Sarmatia*, where he hop'd

Fortune would permit him in a ſhort time to meet her. He took his Sword in his Hand, and expected the Croud of Enemies that burſt in upon him. *Iſmena* not being their deſign'd Prey, and full of Dread of her Father's Anger, in that Fright made her Eſcape, without ſtaying to ſee what became of her unhappy Husband, who no ſooner ſaw *Gonneril*, (animating, with Rage and Fire in her Eyes, thoſe that were come to deſtroy him) but he knew his Fate was inevitable; neither had he leiſure for Reflection, they fell upon him all at once, he defended himſelf for ſome time, but over-powered by Numbers, was murther'd! mangled! with as much Barbarity, and as many Wounds as there were Swords, every one of the Soldiers preſſing forwards, to ſhew themſelves the officious Miniſters of *Gonneril*'s Cruelty.

Inhuman and vindictive Monſter! Poor *Iagello* loſt his Life for his weak Compliance with her baſe Deſires, tho' done in order to a lawful Happineſs. Heaven did not approve the Deceit, however vertuous was the Cauſe, but puniſhed him for the guilty Effects.

Neither did ſhe eſcape: The Hand of Vengeance was not ſlow in puniſhing her Adultery! Murder! and Cruelty! The Vice-Roy commanded his Daughter's Cabinet

binet ſhould be ſeized, that he might judge from her Papers of what length had been her criminal Correſpondence with *Iagello*; much to his Surprize and Joy, he not only found they were marryed, and ſo the Honour of his Child preſerved, but as an Allay to that Satisfaction, ſaw the Letter cruel *Gonneril* had ſent *Iagello* with the Key, and which he had ſacrificed in one of his to *Iſmena*, giving her an Account, in Raillery, how he had paſs'd the Night with the Vice-Queen, and what Pennance he had undergone in hopes of Happineſs, the Bleſſing of ſeeing her, which he now aſſured himſelf of, ſince he was become Maſter of the *inacceſſible* Key.

The Vice-Roy throughly convinced, ordered his Wife ſhould be ſeized and kept for her Trial; he cauſed ſeveral of her Servants, and thoſe that were ſuſpected to be Agents in her ſecret Pleaſures, to be racked; a Cloud of Witneſſes informed againſt her, ſhe was convicted of notorious Adulteries, and condemned to the Trial *Ordeal.* A Pile was raiſed of all manner of combuſtible Fewel, with vaſt Quantities of *Bitumen* and other Gums; the Vice-Queen was brought forth, covered by a large Veil of white Taffaty that reach'd down to her Feet, and trailed upon the Ground; ſhe aſcended the Pile with aſſured Steps, Indignation mixed with a

haughty Air, robb'd her of the Pity of the Spectators, for as yet her Face was uncover'd: The Herald read the Charge of Adultery againſt her, and demanded whether ſhe would put her Chaſtity to the Trial of Fire? She anſwered Yes; Give me the burning Scepter; at which the Executioner took out of the Fire (that was there prepared) with proper Inſtruments, a red hot Bolt of Iron, made in the Form of a Scepter, and preſented it to *Gonneril*; having firſt veiled her ſelf, ſhe took it with both her Hands, from whence, at the firſt Touch, ſhe drop'd it upon the Pile; the Miracle was not for Her, an Adultereſs could not expect to touch Fire unharmed, though they ſay, ſhe had invoked her falſe Gods, and the Prieſts had aſſured her, they had charmed the Scepter, ſo that ſhe ſhould be able to endure the Trial; but ſhe was convinced too late, the Pile took inſtant Flame, and in few Moments reduced her to Aſhes: A Puniſhment due to her Crimes, and an Atonement to *Iagello*'s Ghoſt.

Now War and Deſolation, *Bellona* in all the dreadful Attire of Horror and Deſtruction invaded the *Alani*, not a Quarter was free, all were intereſted in the Common Cauſe, either revenging *Juvius Iagello*'s Death, or defending them that had commanded it. Then enſu'd a terrible Slaughter and Maſſacre

ſacre of the Inhabitants that dwelt upon both their Lands; all were filled with Horror! War, Cruelty, and Amaſement! *Iſmena* alone was ſo happy, by means of her Husband's Servants, to ſecure her ſelf among the *Sarmatæ:* I ſaw the lovely Mourner, when ſhe was introduced to the Regent, demanding Vengeance on *Gonneril*, (for as yet her Fate had not reach'd us) and Compaſſion for her Father, who had been miſled by the wicked Artifices of his Wife. It was with a World of Difficulty that they could bring her on the Journey, her Sorrows, her Deſpair, at hearing the Murder of her Lord, had very near occaſion'd her Death: Nothing but the Hopes of Revenge upon her cruel Step-Mother, could have maintain'd Life in her. She caſt her ſelf at the Regent's Feet, bewailing that hard Fate which had made her Happineſs ſo ſhort, her Miſeries ſo laſting; the Audience participated her Woe; we condoled, and in Conſort with her, conjured the Regent to endeavour to ſee Juſtice done upon that cruel Woman. He received *Iſmena* into his Protection, and diſpatched away Orders to the Vice-Roy to come and give an account to him of *Iagello*'s Death; but, alas! all was Blood and Confuſion in that Dukedom, the Furies were enter'd among them, and they were under no Regiment. *Iagello*'s Father and Brother, car-

ried Death and Deſtruction wherever they went: On the other Hand, *Amorius*, the Vice-Roy's Nephew, put himſelf at the Head of their Troops to defend his Uncle, and offend the Enemy: they not only ravag'd and plunder'd the Lands belonging to one another, but became formidable by the Inroads they made upon the *Sarmatæ*; the Regent could only pity, not relieve, the miſerable Condition of his Country; this lawleſs Hour of Plunder and Miſ-Rule ſeem'd to have no Proſpect of a Cure but the Election of a King. Prince *Armutius*, my Prince, ought to have appeared, tho' *Incognito*, to have ſhown and acquainted the People with his Beauty and Merit; I inſinuated how good, how brave, how generous he was; ſo that it would be found to be their own Intereſt to aſſiſt *Armutius*, who, by the Confeſſion of all the World, was worthy the Throne, not only for his perſonal Merit, but the Glory he had acquired in War. I ask'd what they ſought after in an Election? Was it not Power, Valour, Wiſdom, Magnanimity, Liberality, Modeſty, Affability? They were all united in *Armutius*, without any Allay, or the leaſt Cloud to darken ſo much Brightneſs. From my Prince, the Republick might aſſure themſelves of the Reſtoration of their former Happineſs and firſt Splendor, the forgotten

gotten Art of triumphing over their Enemies abroad, uniting domeſtick Diviſions, and teaching their Neighbours how to obſerve the Alliances contracted with them: From him they might expect a Monarch, who would rather chuſe to govern his People by Example than Authority, and be with the firſt in Action as well as Council, and in the Goodneſs of his Manners, prove a Model for the Conduct of others, ſwaying the Scepter by the Standard of true Glory, which was to be obtained not by Succeſſion and Cuſtom, but Vertue: And ſhould he ever go about to violate the Laws, or impoſe a Yoke upon his People, he would find neither Neighbours nor Princes to ſupport him, or who could afford him any Sanctuary; *Gallia* being at too great a diſtance, and the *Almains* and *Illyrians* his Enemies too near him.

During theſe Negotiations, and that I left nothing undone to procure his Election, inſtead of ſeeing him in Perſon as I expected, I received this long Letter from his Highneſs.

My Lord Ambaſſador,

'THE Eſteem which your Excellency 'has formerly made appear for my 'Perſon, the Affection and Acknowledg-'ment I always had for yours, by which 'I have been happily carry'd to do your 'Excellency many Services, ingages me to 'write this Letter, though of ſuch a Na-'ture, that nothing but the extreme Con-'fidence I have in your Gratitude and 'Diſcretion, and by which I give you the 'utmoſt Proof of my good Opinion of 'both, could have drawn me to addreſs 'your Excellency, with a Freedom and Af-'ſurance beyond Precedent.

'I am not, my Lord Ambaſſador, as 'perhaps you may expect, ſolliciting you 'for a Crown: I do not incite you to 'Aſſiduities and Politicks; I alarm none 'of thoſe Hours, Nature has deſtin'd for 'Repoſe; I do not even thank you for 'your Vigilance, your unwearied Induſtry, 'and that indefatigable, but cruel Zeal, 'with which you have ſet *Sarmatia* on a 'Blaze, 'till even the Goddeſs of Diſ-'cord, and her attendant Furies, are glut-'ted with the Effects of your Artifices; 'theſe are Vertues extremely laudable, as 'you are Ambaſſador from the King of 'the *Franks*, and purſue his Intents, his In-

'Intereſts to the height; but as you are 'Agent for Prince *Armutius*, they are 'wounding, they are deſtructive of his 'Happineſs, fatal to his very Life, ſince 'he cannot ſucceed amongſt the *Sarmatæ*, 'but he muſt die for that Succeſs.

'I conjure you, dear *Merovius*, to re-'member if ever you were a Lover (as 'ſomething I have heard whiſper'd of 'that kind) I conjure you not to for-'get, that a Heart truly touch'd, va-'lues nothing in compariſon with the 'Toucher.

'Your Excellency knows what is due 'from Perſons of my Rank to their So-'vereign, I dare not ſeem to diſpute the 'Commands of the King, who is more 'abſolute over us by the Dignity of his 'Merit, than that of his Kindred or 'Crown; he will have me to reign, 'his Intereſts require it, and I dare not 'object that he can't beſtow a Scepter, but 'by deſtroying his Nephew's Repoſe, and 'even taking away his Life.

'Already he has been too fatally obey-'ed, I am married by his appointment; 'and though there be no Vertue want-'ing in the Princeſs, whoſe Beauty and 'good Humour are capable of ingaging 'the moſt inſenſible Heart; yet mine, 'my Lord, prepoſſeſt before, leaves me 'nothing but perpetual Remorſe for not

'being

'being able to do Juſtice to ſo much 'Merit.

'Oh! my Lord Ambaſſador, I ſhudder 'at the Reſolution I have taken, bold 'in my Midnight wakeful Hours, where 'I firſt determin'd to unboſom my ſelf 'to you; yet Weakneſs and Inconſiſt-'encies attend the Execution. Regard 'me———with theſe aguiſh Breaks '——— theſe Interruptions ——— 'Regard me as a Lover, regard me as 'a Sacrifice to Love——— Regard me 'once more, by a Return of Courage, as 'a Perſon proud of the Infamy, the Cha-'racter that attends ſuch, who deſire to 'triumph in no other Name, but that of 'Lover.

''Tis impoſſible to have any pleaſing 'Ideas, but what ariſes from the Perſon I 'adore. Be pleaſed to think as I do, pre-'poſſeſs your ſelf as much as Man can 'be prepoſſeſſed; yet before you com-'prehend a Part of what *Lucaſia* deſerves, 'you muſt elevate your Imagination; you 'muſt recollect your Remembrance as 'to whatever you have ſeen moſt ad-'mirable, either in Life or Painting; 'imagine a Beauty whoſe Rays are ſo 'pointed, that at the firſt Glance ſhe 'darts you through and through; raiſe 'your Conceptions beyond Mortality, 'ſuch as we form of thoſe Etherial Be-

'ings,

'ings, whoſe tranſcendant Make firſt 'taught the World Idolatry! By theſe 'Helps you may attain to ſome ſmall 'Conception of the admirable *Lucaſia*'s 'Perſon! but no Imagination can touch 'the Merit of her Mind! her Good-'neſs! that ſoft Compaſſion which makes 'her deplore, even the Extent of her 'own Charms, and gives her Pain for 'creating Pain to others; ſurvey the un-'equal'd Beauty of her Face, her nice 'gentile Perſon, that inexpreſſible Air, 'a Manner that infuſes Delight and Love, 'the Symmetry of her Limbs, her well-'turn'd Hands, Arms, Neck, and what 'beſides is left to the Imagination: '*Praxiteles* could never give his *Ve-'nus* any thing ſo exact; for not ſeeing '*Lucaſia*, he wrought but after Fancy, 'which never riſing higher than what 'the Ideas are, he never could riſe to 'her, becauſe there never before was 'form'd ſo viſible an Excellence, ſo fi-'niſhed a Maſter-piece, ſo much a Pefecti-'on as *Lucaſia*.

'Satisfied in ſo Goddeſs-like a Form, 'who would not believe that ſhe ſhould 'reſt with Pleaſure upon ſo bright an 'Out-ſide? But *Lucaſia* leaves no Be-'nefit of Heaven unimprov'd; ſhe has 'Art, ſhe has Reading to better Nature; 'ſhe has Application to perfect both;

'ſhe

'ſhe has a faithful Memory, and every 'Ornament of the Mind that can adorn 'and compleat the Courtier; ſhe is dear to 'the Queen; the Queen is beloved and 'reverenced by her.

'Who could not wear away an Age 'in hearing *Lucaſia* ſpeak? With what 'Application does ſhe turn her ſelf to 'Buſineſs? How well fitted for what ſhe 'undertakes? How ſound and deciſive 'her Judgment? How deſerving to be 'a Favourite? Are any in Pain? Let 'none fear being diſtreſſed by the over-'weening Pride of others whilſt *Luca-'ſia* is her ſelf, whilſt ſhe has Juſtice, 'Compaſſion, Tenderneſs, Generoſity, and 'indefatigable Zeal; will ſhe not eſpouſe 'the Cauſe of the Unfortunate? Will 'ſhe not repreſent the Diſtreſſes of the 'Supplicant, to her gratious Sovereign with 'Succeſs?

'How does ſhe perſevere in, and a-'dorn the Holy Religion? What an ad-'mirable Wife? (Jealouſie forbids me to 'recount the Merits of her Lord) how 'does ſhe reverence his Father? Could 'that Godlike Man have ever been bleſ-'ſed in a Daughter-in-Law as he is in 'her? Muſt one not acknowledge that he 'has inſtructed *Lucaſia* in his Arts of Go-'vernment, his juſt Conception of Things, 'his extenſive Capacity, and all thoſe

'Ac-

'Accompliſhments that have made him 'dear to the deſerving Part of his Coun-'try, as his Country is to him?

'*Lucaſia* being ſuch, or more than I 'can repreſent, Do you believe the Lu-'ſtre of a Crown can tempt me from 'loſing the Sight of a brighter Luſtre, 'her Eyes? Can there be half the Plea-'ſure in reigning over the World, as 'there is in being her Slave? O no! 'Though ſhe permit me only to adore, 'not hope! Yet in loſing the Proſpect of 'her Beauty, my Life will be inevitably 'loſt.

'Further, if a Crown could buy me 'to depart from where *Lucaſia* reigns, 'ſhould I not be undeſerving of her 'Pity? I who even tremble with Delight 'at the bare Apprehenſion of being one 'Day able to excite Compaſſion, a Plea-'ſure that thrills my Blood, gives con-'vulſive Throbs and Pantings to my Heart, 'my Hand unable to ſupport the Pen, 'drops in perſpective Extaſies, thinking 'of that *Eliſium Lucaſia*'s Goodneſs can 'beſtow.

'Would I ſhut out my ſelf from all 'that Heaven of Bliſs, loſe the Merit 'of a long-ſuffering Paſſion, and thoſe 'early Adorations I paid to *Lucaſia*'s Eyes; 'for no ſooner could they begin to charm 'but I was ſubdu'd; quit the Delicacies

'of

'of tender Friendſhip, thoſe nameleſs Plea-
'ſures, for black Deſpair and rugged Diſ-
'content! But even if I would, it is not
'in my Choice, I cannot reign over the
'*Sarmatæ*, whilſt *Lucaſia* reigns over me;
'I have no Power! no Will! no Wiſh!
'no Capacity but what centers alone in
'Love: There I can be wiſe, be vigilant,
'brave, be juſt, be honeſt, be bold, be
'humble and ambitious! There I can with
'Pleaſure loſe even my Life, if it were
'in Vindication of, or in Obedience to
'what I love.

'Let thoſe who never knew what it
'was to love, be amus'd with Crowns
'and Scepters; ſollicit, my Lord Ambaſ-
'ſador, for ſome leſs happy more grovel-
'ling Wretch, who can ſtoop to a Throne;
'I riſe to more ſubſtantial Glories, in proſ-
'pect of being by this Sacrifice not unac-
'ceptable to *Lucaſia*.

'Deſtiny will have me depart; the
'King has commanded I ſhould make
'this cruel Voyage; I am haſtning to
'you, but if you would have me to ſur-
'vive the Meeting, order it ſo that my
'Pretenſions may inevitably miſcarry; put
'the Crown on ſome other Head, Me it
'will oppreſs! I ſhall be much more
'acknowledging for the Diſappointment,
'than another for the Acceſſion: In a
'Word, I periſh if I ſucceed! You only

'can

'can cauſe Things to take the Turn
'which my Inclinations direct. How glo-
'rious it will be for me to be diſap-
'pointed, baffled, and what the World
'calls diſgraced; neither ſhall you need to
'fear the King's Diſpleaſure, ſince I aſ-
'ſure you of dividing my Patrimony with
'you, and ſacrificing with Joy to him,
'who preſerves me. Adieu! my Lord
'Ambaſſador, as you ſucceed, I am the
'bleſt or loſt

Armutius.

The Eve of the Election a Courier brought us certain News, that *Beraldus*, Prince of the *Saci* was upon the Frontiers, at the Head of twice five thouſand regular Troops, who pretended he led them only to aſſiſt the King of the *Almaines*, with whom he had an Interview. In a Word, it was known in the Morning, that his Highneſs was not only a Candidate, but had voluntarily renounced the Chriſtian Religion, and made Profeſſion of the Idolatry practiſed among the *Sarmatæ*; all the World wondered at his Apoſtacy, it intirely indeared him to thoſe he hoped were to be his Subjects. The Prince Regent, not to be amuſed by ſuch Pretences, continued faſt to Prince *Armutius*'s

mutius's Intereſts; he knew that the Motives which induc'd the Prince of the *Saci*, were neither Religion nor Ambition, he already reigned with abſolute Sovereignty over a People that reverenced him, and where he had enough of Dominion to make him a conſiderable Prince; but he was ſo unfortunate to love the beauteous *Ethelinda* better than his Princeſs, who was a Lady extreme devout, and ſo tenacious of her Religion, he foreſaw ſhe would never depart from That, to follow him into *Sarmatia*, where he might undoubtedly have the Pleaſure to reign alone, or at leaſt to divide his Power with *Ethelinda*, created by him Princeſs of *Marſovia*. This is the private Reaſon of a Change that has ſurprized all the World, known only to a few. *Beraldus* departing from the true Religion, and his more civiliz'd People, to go to ſteep himſelf in Idolatry, among a Nation too fond of Liberty, barbarous, avaritious, and ungrateful, in view of marrying *Ethelinda* after the manner of the *Illyrians* with the Left-hand. This attractive Princeſs was alſo the Source of *Theodorick* King of the *Vandals*'s early Diſguſt and Averſion to the Sex: But as that is a Hiſtory by it ſelf, I will conclude with the *Sarmatæ*: Who when the Election came to a Scrutiny, the Majority of the Voices were found on Prince *Armutius*'s

mutius's Side, who was immediately declared King by the Regent; which when thoſe of *Alexis*'s Party obſerved, to exclude my Prince, and diſappoint King *Charles* of the *Franks*, they went over to the Prince of the *Saci*. Their two Intereſts being join'd, they out-numbered us, and that Prince was ſaluted King, by the unanimous Conſent of thoſe who had not voted for Prince *Armutius*: They diſpatched a Meſſenger to preſent him with the Crown, together with the Articles he was to ſwear to; the Regent and my ſelf, with thoſe of our Party proteſted againſt the Election, and withdrew our ſelves; but that did not hinder *Beraldus* Prince of the *Saci*, to be proclaimed King of the *Sarmatæ* and *Alani*; he brought his own Troops with him, and ſince that Hour, Heaven, as it were in Indignation for his Apoſtacy, has puniſhed his People for his Crimes, and never left them a breathing ſpace from Misfortunes; one continued Scene of War, Famine, Deſolation, Blood, Deſtruction, and Diviſion, overwhelming the *Sarmatians*, in which *Beraldus* himſelf has been ſo deeply involved, that we may very well ſay, in obtaining the Crown, he has ceas'd to be innocent and happy, perpetually harraſſed by a foreign War, and home-bred Faction, divided in Intereſt, Religion, Duty, and Inclination, his Wife abhorred by him, his Miſtreſs

Miſtreſs abhorring him! yet leading him on to Breach of Alliances, and the Invaſion of the Territories of the young *Theodorick* King of the *Vandals* to whom ſhe was born a Subject; in the midſt of a profound Peace, and full Security, no Provocation given, no War declared, invading his Dominions with War, Fire, Sword, and moſt tremendous Horror!

As the Envoy was purſuing his Relation, a Gentleman came to tell him, That Madam the Princeſs of *Marſovia*, the beauteous accompliſhed *Ethelinda*, of whom he had juſt then been ſpeaking, was returned from her Embaſſy to *Theodorick* King of the *Vandals*'s Camp, where ſhe had been ſent by King *Beraldus*, and was now in her Tent at ſome little diſtance from his Excellency; and hearing of his being ſo near her, ſhe had ſent to deſire the Honour of his Company at Supper: The Count *de St. Girrone* immediately put in his Claim that Monſieur *le Envoye* would be pleaſed to carry him with him, ſince it was to ſee that miraculous Lady, who had divided and inflamed the North: *Horatio* was owner of but little Curioſity, and would willingly have been excus'd, but the Ambaſſador would not depart without him, and ſent to her Highneſs to beg permiſſion for two Men of Quality, to kiſs her Hand: After he had received *Ethelinda*'s Compliment, upon the Honour his Ex-

Excellency and thoſe Lords deſigned her, he told them that however prepoſſeſs'd they were, one by Sorrow, the other by Indifference, he was going to ſhew them a Beauty that would not fail to eſtabliſh her ſelf in the midſt of ten thouſand Difficulties; a victorious, an univerſal Charmer, who yet never met with any that durſt make Oppoſition to her Sway, and an undiſputed Charter ſhe had in her Eyes, of ſubduing all that durſt gaze on ſuch an obtaining, ſuch authentick Brightneſs.

The End of the Third Volume.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM